



DOROTHY WALDECK

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FACULTY

Mr. Maynard Hart, Principal Mr. Chas. Ammermann, Assistant Principal Miss Gertrude Blodgett, Dean of Girls

English

Miss Battle

Mr. Castleman

Miss Debatin

Miss Dockery

Miss Flanigan

Miss Grace

Miss Hachmann

Miss Manbeck

Miss Mills

Miss Nicholson

Mr. Riley

Miss Runge

Mr. Schmale

Miss Olga Solfronk

Miss Stansell

Mr. Stinson

Miss Thiesen

Mr. Tugel

Miss Tyler

Miss Wade

Mathematics

Miss Barringer

Mr. Comack

Miss Eisenhardt

Mr. Grocott

Mr. Grossmann

Miss Long

Mr. Parrott

Miss Remnitz

Miss Williams

Mr. Zeis

Manual Training

Mr. Card

Mr. Davis

Mr. Findley

Mr. Gammeter

Mr. Piliboss

Mr. Reynolds

Mr. Ruch

History and

Social Science

Mr. Birney

Miss Connor

Miss Craig

Miss Cromer

Miss Duffett

Miss Elmore

Miss Helbig

Mr. Kammerer

Mr. Lenney

Miss Mook

Miss O'Leary

Miss Schlutius

Miss Skinner

Miss Simon Miss Smith

Miss Whitelaw

Domestic Science

Miss Gilmore

Miss Mier

Science

Mr. Bishop

Mr. Bock

Miss F. Brown

Mr. M. S. Brown

Miss Ewers

Mr. Katterhenry

Miss Krausse

Mr. Ludwig

Mr. Rohrer

Art

Miss Barbee

Miss M. Brown

Miss Place

Music

Miss Hilb

Mr. Maginn

Gymnasium

Miss Garesche

Mr. Lorenzen

Mr. Neeb

Miss Varian

Mr. Voss

Miss Watt

Foreign Languages

Miss Bennett

Miss Bristol

Miss Comfort

Mr. de la Roche

Mr. Eppels

Mrs. Hospes

Miss Lawton

Mr. Lindsay

Miss Meehan

Miss Rothman

Commercial Subjects

Mr. Callan

Mr. Carlson

Miss Crowder

Mr. Forsman

Miss Harris

Miss Hewitt

Mr. Inbody

Miss Johnston

Miss Kampmann

Miss Peterson

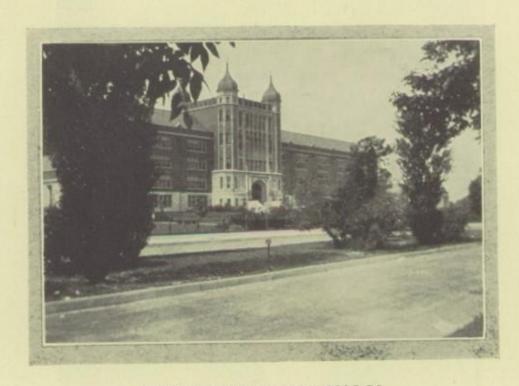
Miss Smith

Miss Laura Solfronk

Mr. Spaulding

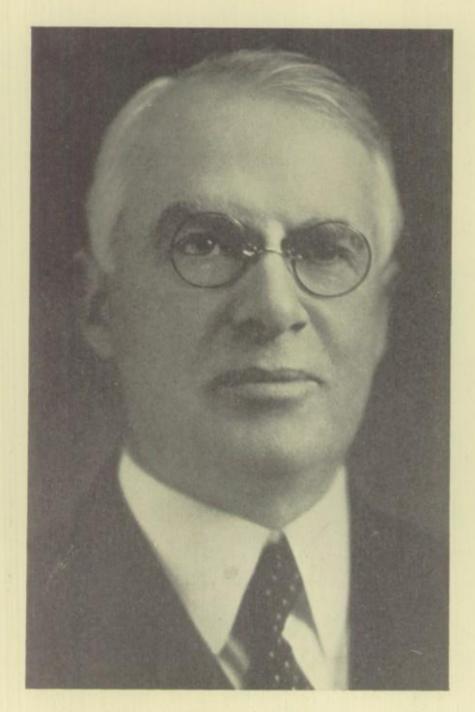
Mr. Stone

Miss Whitbeck



ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

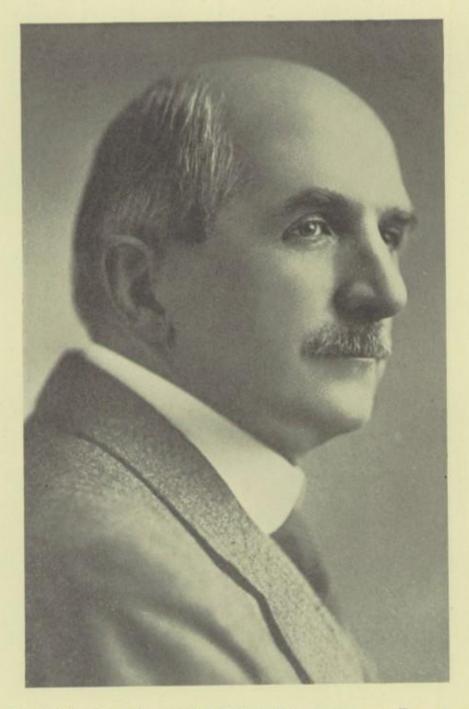




MR. MAYNARD M. HART, Principal

As our former assistant principal, Mr. Hart was well-known for his understanding and helpfulness. Last February we were all very glad to extend to him our congratulations upon his appointment to the principal-ship at Roosevelt. Before coming to St. Louis, Mr. Hart received high honors as a student in Latin and Greek, which subjects he later taught. For many years he has served with untiring diligence in the Public Schools of St. Louis, and his pleasing personality and unfailing efficiency and courtesy have made him the valued friend of both the students and the faculty. Under his executive guidance we have just completed a term which was not only enjoyable but also beneficial to all, and we wish to compliment Mr. Hart on his successful leadership in the capacity of principal.

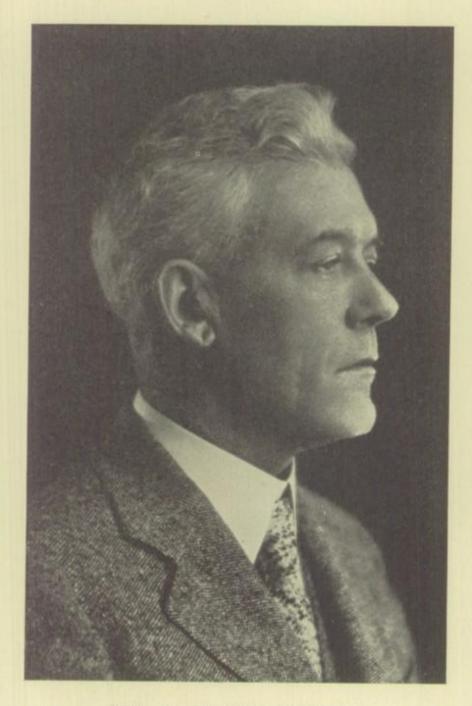




MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN, Assistant Principal

It was a great pleasure for all students who had known Mr. Ammerman as a teacher, to learn of his appointment as assistant principal of Roosevelt High School. We all know that Mr. Ammerman is a mathematician of wide repute. Besides his work as a teacher here, and at other high schools, he was co-author in the writing of several Algebras which are used in St. Louis and other cities as textbooks. Those students who were fortunate enough to come in contact with Mr. Ammerman know not only of his deep understanding and untiring efforts, but also of his willingness to be of service to all. Although many of us regretted that we were to lose him as a teacher, nevertheless, we, this term, have found that, as assistant principal, he is an exceedingly helpful and valuable friend.

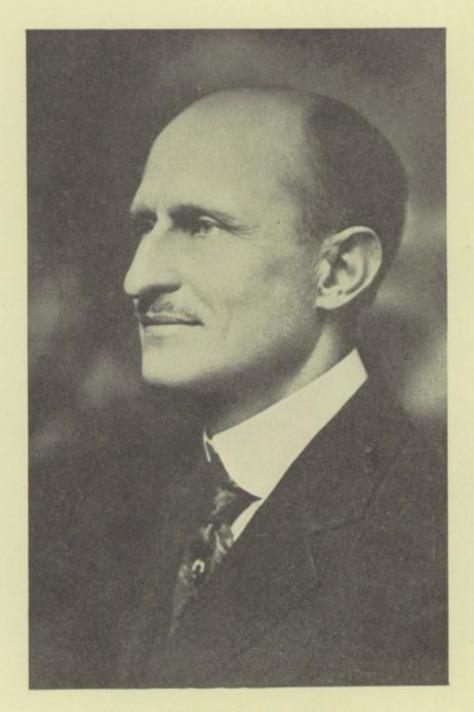




MR. CLIFFORD CROSBY

Though the recent appointment of Mr. Crosby as principal of the Charless Grade School elicited our congratulations, nevertheless we have keenly felt the loss of a valuable teacher and real friend. Mr. Crosby is well-known not only as a teacher, but also as a former outstanding football coach of McKinley High School. Here at Roosevelt, Mr. Crosby taught physiology, was the advisor of a winning group, and later had charge of the bookroom. Always Mr. Crosby served everyone with his unfailing courtesy and efficiency. While rejoicing in his advancement, we all miss Mr. Crosby, whose willing services we have appreciated, and whose friendship we have enjoyed.



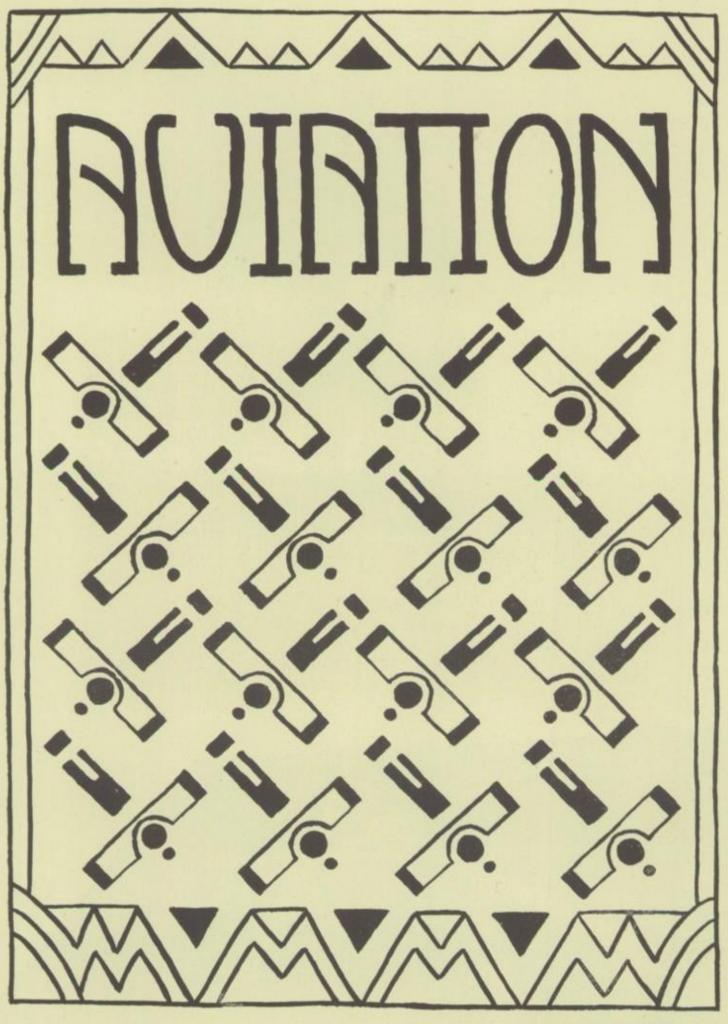


MR. ARMAND R. MILLER

It was with the greatest surprise and sincerest regret that we learned of the resignation of Mr. Armand R. Miller as principal of Roosevelt High School last February. Mr. Miller was indeed a friend to both the faculty and the students, and, under his guidance and leadership in both schools of which he had been the head, numerous new projects and features were introduced. Some of the most important include the organization of a student council and bank, the formation of a chapter of the National Honor Society, and the issuing of a weekly school paper. Since Mr. Miller came to St. Louis in 1901, he has worked in the Public Schools as an instructor in Chemistry and Physiography, and his executive ability has been shown in both Primary and Secondary Schools. We all know how his untiring efforts to make Roosevelt a better school succeeded. Though we were deeply sorry to have him leave us, we hope that he is finding pleasure and continued success in his new field of work as instructor at Harris Teachers' College.



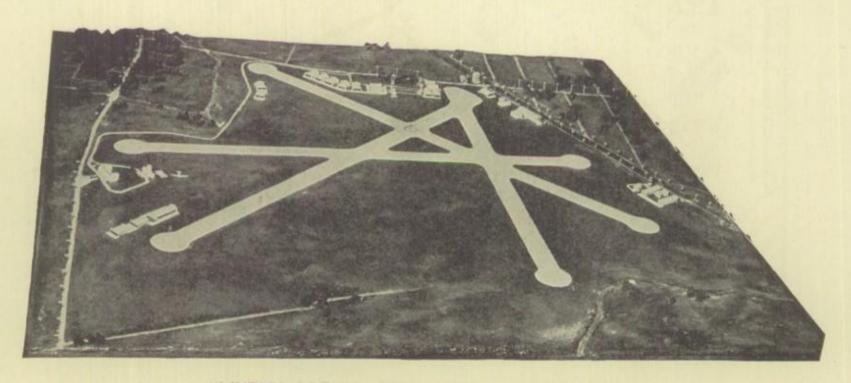
ON PATROL



AURELIA ECKER



"LINDY"



"LINDY'S DREAM-THE "NEW" LAMBERT FIELD

Twelve



UNCLE SAM'S ALBATROSS OF GOOD WILL

ONG after sunset, on the twenty-first day of May, 1927, a trim, silver monoplane soared high above a milling throng of warmhearted Frenchmen, frantic with anxiety. Precariously hovering there for an instant, it careened down over the mob, as the sea petrel skims the endless whitecaps, and Chas. A. Lindbergh soon landed with ease and safety, only to experience a peril which, to him, was greater than the oceanic flight he had just achieved. As he brought his cherished "Spirit of St. Louis" to a stop on this foreign field, his name was necessarily chronicled along with Balboa, Polo, Magellan, Columbus, and dozens of other fearless navigators. Incidentally, like Columbus, he had fashioned his own ship, secured the necessary backing, and, in fact, single-handed and alone, planned and executed the whole voyage. He was an acknowledged champion of navigation—Lindbergh, the Navigator!

A trait of far more importance, however, revealed itself, for the flight, disguised in the raiment of Opportunity, served as an "open sesame" for conveying the good will of the country from which he had flown. "Slim" Lindbergh, truly representative of American "youth incarnate—the spirit which charms and subdues to its purpose all things," was nonchalantly serving in the capacity of America's unofficial envoy of benevolence and good will.

A sea of humanity rushed to greet him, and in doing so endangered the safety of the conquering silver "bird," so recently of trans-Atlantic fame. Only by the heroic efforts of the French police was the daring navigator delivered to the waiting welcome of the American Ambassador to France, Myron Herrick. The "Spirit of St. Louis" was likewise saved from the ravages of the wild mob by the capable French police.

There is no spot on the civilized globe that would not have accorded Lindbergh the same sort of reception that he received from the impulsive people of France. "While it is true," quoted Myron Herrick, "that unusual ties bind this country (France) to ours, it is not doubtful that had Lindbergh chosen London, Brussels, Vienna, or Berlin as his destination, and with the same degree of success, he would have been tendered a similar ovation in any of these cities."

Colonel Lindbergh was deluged with the highest honors that could be bestowed. France, the impulsive, had not witnessed anything like the enthusiasm created by Lindy's success since the days of the Armistice. One of the great airman's first acts was to call upon the mother of the unfortunate Nungesser, who, a short time previous, had made an unsuccessful attempt to do what the American aviator accomplished. This immediately won to the American any of the French people who might have been harboring ill feelings toward the United States for political reasons. The French aviators whom



Colonel Lindbergh later toasted as "the finest in the world" were unstinted in their praise of the plucky Yankee. No evidence of jealousy was noted during his stay on foreign soil.

And so it was that throughout his brief European tour, which consummated little more than a week, with his itinerary embracing Brussels, London, and other high spots of Northeastern Europe, he was lauded tremendously. In accepting the infinite ovations that he received everywhere he went, Colonel Lindbergh conducted himself in a manner that astonished and elicited the admiration of the most capable diplomats in the world. The most exclusive society in the "Old World" entertained this modest chap from "somewhere in the Middle West," and likened his conduct to that of Benjamin Franklin, who won the hearts of the French people many years before by his simplicity, modesty, and frankness. The very day of Lindbergh's landing, the "Petit Parisien" nominated the Flying Colonel for the Nobel peace prize. The newspaper declared that Lindbergh had "united France and America" and that his flight across the Atlantic had done as much for peace and understanding as the Locarno Pact drawn up by M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Herr Streseman.

To the applause which all the world was lavishing on the hero, the Mexican newspapers contributed. "Lindbergh's unbreakable physical resistance, reckless valor, incomparable energy and audaciousness," said "Excelsior," "have gained a triumph unprecedented in aviation, giving to the United States, the glory of having such a hero." Indeed, Lindbergh typifies all the force of a significant race, all the formidable boldness of the most powerful people on earth. Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, Lindbergh—these are the breed of a nation with stupendous vitality.

"El Universal" said it thought of Lindbergh as "representing eternal, inextinguishable youth." "One of the finest things of all," it added, "is the frank and generous spirit with which all the world has hailed the triumph, with an absence of envy and with spontaneous, sincere joy in the performance of a great and glorious deed."

The "Lone Eagle's" next startling achievement was his good will tour of his own country. The flights were intended to prove the safety of air transportation, to dispel all doubt as to the practical uses of aviation, and to promote the air "game" as only "Slim" Lindbergh could promote it. In reality, however, it served as a gesture of good will, cementing the bonds of inter-state friendship.

War with Mexico was assuming an aspect of possibility and even probability. Various groups of American citizens seemed to be actively fomenting hatred between the peoples of the two republics. Exchanges between Washington and Mexico City revealed the strain under which government officials labored. Dwight W. Morrow gave up a remarkably profitable partnership and accepted the relatively minor post of Ambassador to Mexico. Slowly,



then, the tension seemed to lessen. Then, suddenly, the eyes of the world were again focused on the illustrious "Lindy" as he winged his way to the land of inveterate strife in acceptance of an invitation by the late President Calles and the respective presidents of the other small republics below Mexico.

Mexico hailed the young Galahad of an airplane generation and honored him for his modesty, his self-control, his intrepidity, and his resourcefulness, just as his country had taken him to its heart as the symbol of the qualities it most admires. He was its ambassador of good will. His compatriots felt a new kinship to the Mexicans when they perceived that they, too, were stirred to the depths of emotion by the sight of this young man. Lindbergh inaugurated the ties of friendship between the United States and Mexico. "In the glow of the new friendship," Morrow informed the press, "peaceful negotiations can be successfully carried out."

Lindbergh, who risked everything and sought nothing for himself, provided the spark which lighted the fires of international friendship. He made Peace as thrilling as War. In so doing he has mightily served his own country and ALL countries, for his exploits, enhanced by the fire of Youth incarnate, have had a universal appeal.

And with this Lindbergh era—Destiny marshalled before the Nobel committee, which canvasses the field to find the man who has best contributed to the cause of peace, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh—the peer of them all. By doing his self-appointed task gloriously, he has lifted the fogs of ill will and let previously antagonistic people see each other in the clear light of international good will.

GAIL LEE POTTER.

LINDBERGH

The day was dark and dreary,
When he started across the Atlantic;
But Lindbergh wasn't weary,
For his ideals were gigantic.

He started on his non-stop flight,
With some cookies as his ration.
He brought his ship through the perilous plight,
And stunned the whole creation.

His name will live in history,
With men of times gone by.
He has solved the long sought mystery—
He has crossed the ocean by sky.

-Arthur Stroup.

"LINDBERGH FLIES ALONE"

Alone?

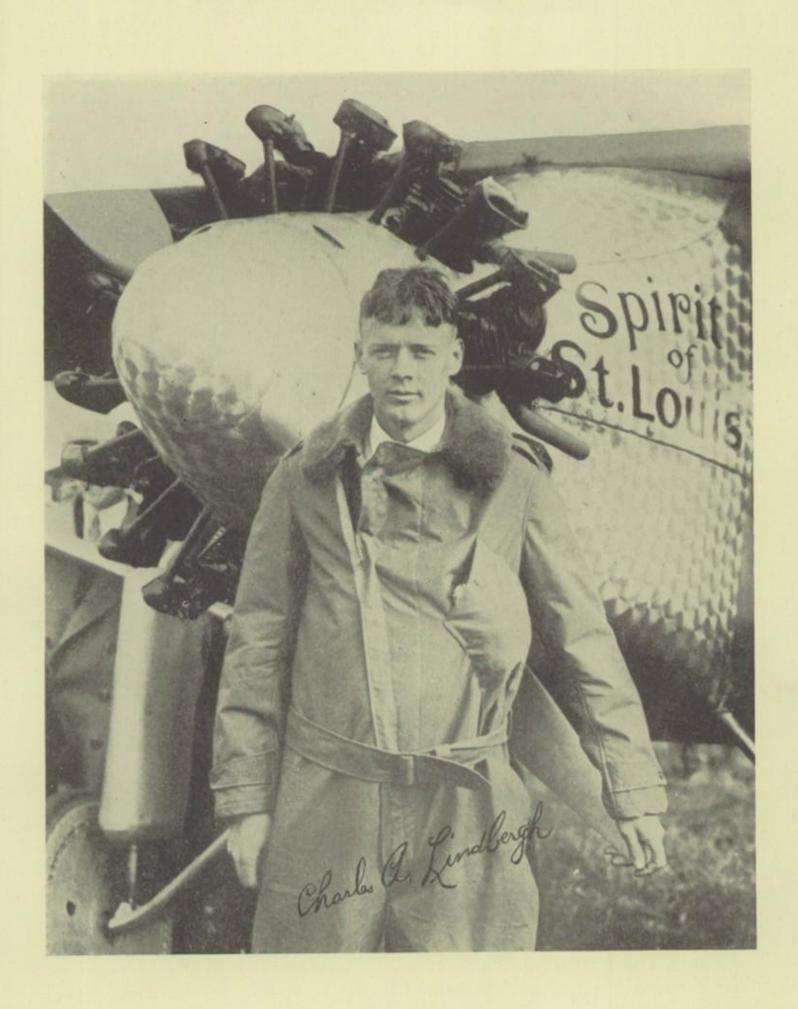
Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weigh down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rarer spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?

The Sun

May 21, 1927





THE LINDBERGH TROPHIES

TROLLING through Jefferson Memorial, home of the Lindbergh Trophies, one sees many beautiful gifts. So many are they in number that one could spend many days wandering up and down the aisles, admiring, conjecturing, and marveling—admiring the beauty and richness of the gifts, conjecturing the occasions on which they were presented, and marveling at the size and number of them. It is not the beauty of the gifts, it is not their monetary value, which impresses the onlooker, but the feeling and sentiment which prompted these thousands of gifts to the world's greatest airman, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. No trophies of Alexander or Caesar, which were won in battle, were ever more admired than these trophies of that great national hero, who battled and conquered the treacherous Atlantic. Each Sunday thousands wait in line to have the privilege of viewing the trophies presented to this warrior of the air of the twentieth century.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has received gifts from every part of the United States, and from every part of the West Indies, Central America, and Mexico. Nearly one-half of the earth's population has recognized his great feat.

The "Flying Colonel" has enough medals to cover several coats, enough silver service to furnish several homes, enough watches to start a business, enough keys to cities to make him feel at home wherever he goes, enough linens for many a trousseau, enough tapestry to cover several rooms, and, above all, enough modesty to withstand any attacks of personal conceit. Any other man, seeing all these gifts, would become proud; but there is no such word in our Colonel's makeup.

A fourteen-karat gold-embroidered matedor's hat and cape, a fourteen-karat gold thermos bottle and a rhinestone-studded miniature of the "Spirit of St. Louis" are among the outstanding presents to our "Slim." Above all, though, Lindy likes best a roll containing the signatures of ten thousand San Francisco school children, which was presented to him while he was in that city.

Each and every gift represents either a country, city, or state, which has recognized and bowed to the intrepid flying of our Good-Will Ambassador.

These gifts ought to mean many things to each and every St. Louisan. They ought to mean that St. Louis was one of the first in promoting trans-Atlantic flying; that each trophy represents another tribute paid to St. Louis' own boy, Lindy; that when one views the trophies, one should be reminded that it was our own Slim who helped to put St. Louis "on the map,"—with his "Spirit of St. Louis," that Lindy is conferring a great honor upon St. Louis by permitting his trophies to be on public display, and we should all view them as a means of paying tribute to our Colonel. However, the most glorious trophy of all is St. Louis' own Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

MELVIN STRASSNER.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF LIGHTER-THAN-AIR FLYING

VIATION is a stupendous term covering the entire art of flying. It is, in general, of two divisions: lighter-than-air and heavier than air. Dirigibles and balloons are included in the former group, while airplanes, heliocopters, and ornithopters make up the latter.

Hundreds of years ago, a few persons had enough foresight or imagination to suggest that some time in the future men might fly. The severest ridicule was all that they received for their predictions, and everywhere they went they were denounced for their impossible views.

Gradually, however, people began to see some logic in these ideas, and a few enterprising scientists and inventors began to experiment on flying. In the early eighteenth century coal-gas had been prepared, and a few years later hydrogen was discovered. Nevertheless, the first balloon contained nothing but air, differing from ordinary air in only one respect—that it had been heated.

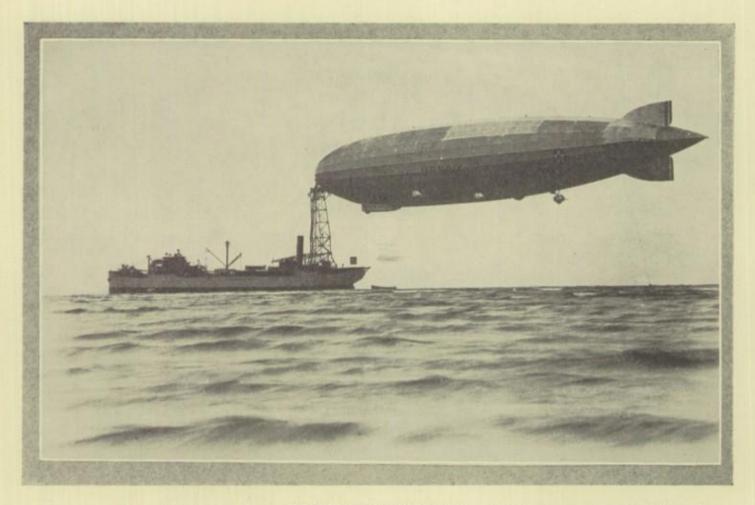
In the latter half of the eighteenth century there lived in a small town in France two brothers, Stephan and Joseph Montgolfier, who, inspired by the clouds floating in the sky, began their experiments with paper balloons, much like those the children of today use on the Fourth of July. Meeting with great success they repeated their experiments on a much larger scale and were so pleased that in 1783 they gave a public exhibition of their invention. Great excitement spread through France, and finally, in the latter part of the year, a young Frenchman by the name of des Roziers agreed to make a voyage in the Montgolfier balloon. His trip was a great success. He traveled over a mile and three-quarters, the first step in the conquering of the air by man.

The only other important balloon of the original type was the "Flesselles" balloon. This was a truly mammoth bag, 126 feet high and 100 feet in diameter. This balloon stayed in the air for a full hour, a record achievement; but the more efficient coal gas balloon was destined to supersede this old fire type of craft.

The heated air type was at a serious disadvantage because of the necessity of a fire so close to the fabric. In 1784 Pierre Charles built a small bag using hydrogen in place of air. This was so successful as to warrant another balloon much larger. In spite of the vast importance of his balloon, Charles did no more experimenting in the science. However, his principles started flying upon a new era.

Until the time of Charles, all flying had been done in France, but in 1784 a Mr. J. Tytler, who lived in Edinburgh, made an ascent in a fine balloon. All London was agog with excitement, and when an Italian, Vincent Lunardi, flew his small craft in that city, over 20,000 persons were attracted





THE SHENANDOAH Official photograph of U. S. Navy Dept.

to the event. In 1795 came another epoch in air history when a Frenchman, Jean Blanchard, and an American, John Jeffries, flew across the English Channel in two and one-half hours. This was the first over-sea voyage ever attempted by man in the air and was undoubtedly an achievement of unsurpassable importance. Aviation thus began to assume world-wide importance and soon after the English Channel flight other countries took up the science. Development of the balloon after this time was limited to a few minor mechanical changes.

In 1852 the whole method of lighter-than-air flying was changed when Henri Gifford, with a desire to propel a balloon in spite of the elements, invented a small craft propelled by a steam engine. His airship would go only four miles an hour but it was the beginning of the practicability of the airship.

The final, and by far the greatest achievement in lighter-than-air flying was that of Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, a German militarist, who, after his retirement from the army in 1891, devoted most of his energies to the construction of an airship which would not change its external shape upon deflation. He regarded this of fundamental importance in the construction of a balloon, and so, in 1900, he built the L Z I without any assistance from his government. After he had demonstrated the capabilities of his craft, he

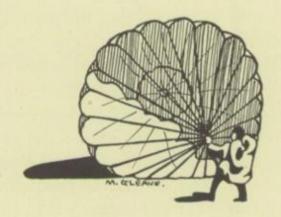


became a national hero. He subsequently built the L Z 2 and L Z 3, both successful far beyond expectations.

The longest flights on record are to the credit of these dirigibles, one of which was the Z R 3, built after the war. The Z R 3 started from Fredrichshafen, Germany, in November, 1924, and sailed to the United States in seventy hours. This was a striking proof of the reliability of the airship, and the great possibilities of dirigible transportation were demonstrated. But the trip of the Graf Zeppelin, the largest airship ever constructed, was really the most remarkable flight in the history of the airship. On her voyage to the United States from Germany, she fought the raging elements for one hundred and eleven hours, and, in spite of a broken rudder, managed to reach America. The return trip to Germany was made in the record time of sixty-nine hours. The journeys of these two airships gave the world an unlimited amount of confidence in flying. The results, however, are left to the future.

In spite of the remarkable development of the airship, the science is only in its infancy. It is, however, very certain that the human race, having once been put in possession of a practical aircraft, affording quicker movement than anything preceding, will never quit the air again. Immense improvement must come. Changes in size and shape are not improbable and perhaps in the future we may see machines able to travel on the road, on the water, or in the air indifferently. But there is no doubt that for ease, comfort, speed, and cost of transportation, nothing will surpass the airship. In our speculations as to the future, we must not forget the past and its pioneers who have contributed so much to the science. We cannot bestow too much admiration on these men who have been responsible for the marvelous development of aviation.

KIRK JEFFREY.





WINGED VICTORY

YOUNG Grecian lad stood at the small window of a castle, and gazed sorrowfully upon the sea. He did not see the sapphire-blue waters of the Mediterranean, nor the fleets of sailing vessels that were anchored close by, for he was remembering past glories—when he had been the envied son of Daedalus, the most famous sculptor and architect of the times. But now—all was changed. Daedalus had fallen into the disfavor of the Greek king, Minos, and, with Icarus, had fled to this lonely castle.

The boy turned away from the opening, and said, "Oh, Father, when can we leave here safely?"

Daedalus lifted his eyes from the strange lump of wax he had been molding, and answered, "Have patience, my son. In a few more days we shall leave—never to return."

"But how-how can we go without being seen and captured?"

Daedalus only replied, "Wait, soon I shall be ready."

Several days later the father informed the boy that their escape from Crete was assured. At the impatient questioning of Icarus he showed him four waxen shapes, molded to resemble huge wings with one side carefully feathered.

"But-but-I don't see-" faltered the boy.

"Let me explain. I have watched the gulls as they alighted near us. Why can not we do as they—fly far above the reach of King Minos and fly to Sicily, to safety there? So I fashioned these wings, a pair for each of us, and I have tried them and—my son—I found success!"

Icarus could hardly restrain his joy. To leave this gloomy castle and go out into the world again! It was unbelievable! In his joy he scarce heeded his father's warning—as Youth has ever disregarded the advice of Age. Daedalus was saying, "Be thou cautious. Go not too low, for the water will dampen the feathers; yet fly not too high, lest the rays of the sun melt the wax of thy wings."

The sun was just rising over the horizon when the two captives, after putting on their wings, left the gray stone wall of the place of their confinement. Daedalus had instructed Icarus in the method of slowly moving his arms, imitating the graceful, gliding movement of the gulls. They started slowly at first, testing and proving the strength of their wings. The sun was now at its zenith as these two unusual figures steadily winged their way over the Mediterranean Sea, heading for the island of Sicily.

But Icarus grew tired of merely flying in one way, and daringly flew close to the water. Then, again heedless of the warning of Daedalus, he soared high up into the air. Higher, higher he flew until he found that the



stiff wax was melting—and his wings were drooping. Desperately he moved his arms, but his wings refused to uphold him—

A little while later Daedalus looked for his son, and, not seeing him, turned back with fear in his heart. A few feathers on the surface of the water told the sad tale.

The father continued sorrowfully to Sicily, and there, before the altar of his patron goddess, destroyed his wings, vowing with despair in his heart never to fly again.

The scene has shifted from sunny Greece to the shores of our own country and the time has changed to the present century—

The Atlantic, in a gay mood, was splashing its green waves high upon the sand dunes of North Carolina, and seemed trying to reach the feet of a man who was walking slowly down the beach. He did not notice the splashing water or the gray gulls that alighted near him, for his mind seemed occupied with some intricate problem. He had reached a slight elevation in the ground when he began to take note of the great distance he had come from the little town of Kitty Hawk. The scene that met his eyes was indeed a beautiful one. Before him stretched the expanse of blue-green water, every wave topped at its crest with white foam. Far out over the water, sea-birds were circling over the waves, searching for food, and overhead was the deep blue sky banked with clouds. It was on this his eyes rested. Suddenly he felt imprisoned—his body confined to the earth while he wished to be soaring high in the air—higher even than those birds he so envied.

"It CAN be done, and we will do it!" he exclaimed aloud, and, turning, strode back toward the town.

This young man who was so earnest in his desire to fly was Wilbur Wright, who, with his brother, had long been interested in the problem of flying. It was here at Kitty Hawk that they had for several years made experiments with gliding machines, making many discouraging flights that had ended disastrously, wrecking their machines and often injuring themselves. But they had persevered, and now were working on a machine which would have a petrol motor, and which was expected to make a sustained flight.

As he neared the town he saw his brother, and, hastening up to him, said breathlessly, "Orville, I believe we've got it at last! Look here—" and he explained his solution of a problem which had worried them.

"By Jove, you're right! Hurry, let's try it out."

So the two hastened to their shop where they began changing the construction of part of their plane.

The men had heard of the attempts of a Professor Langley to invent a plane that could make a flight, and knew that as yet he had been unsuccessful. Yet they greatly wished to be the first to successfully accomplish such a wonderful feat, and were both working extremely hard.



One day when the plane was nearing completion, and the men were eagerly waiting for the day to arrive when they would test it, Wilbur, to obtain some rest after hours of work, again walked down to the beach. The ocean was gray and ugly and the sky was as somber as the water beneath it. The man had not gone far when a boy ran up to him saying, "Oh, Mr. Wright! Your brother sent me to tell you that he has learned that a Mr. Langley has tried to fly his machine and it failed—plunged into the Potomac. All the papers tell about it. They are all laughing at him now and say it can't be done. The pilot was almost killed, too, they say."

"Thank you-I think I'll walk on."

"Yes, sir. That's all right, sir."

As Wilbur walked slowly on, he thought over the information he had received. Failure—ignominious defeat—perhaps even death might be the result of attempting this thing that everyone called fool-hardy. Were they fools to expect to be able to leave this earth? Was it perhaps better to abandon the idea? No, never! Risk they might incur, defeat for a time they might have to endure—but complete failure? Never! And so, completely decided, he gazed up at the sky, and, through the dull bank of black clouds, suddenly appeared the sun.

A few days later the world was startled to hear of the first sustained flight by an aeroplane under its own power. The Wright brothers had won success! They had brought to fulfillment the age-old dream of mankind for conquest of the air. Unlike the characters of the Greek myth, they were undaunted by previous failures and disasters. Man, today, under the inspiration of their leadership, fearlessly dares new and thrilling adventures in the air and is always winging onward—and upward.

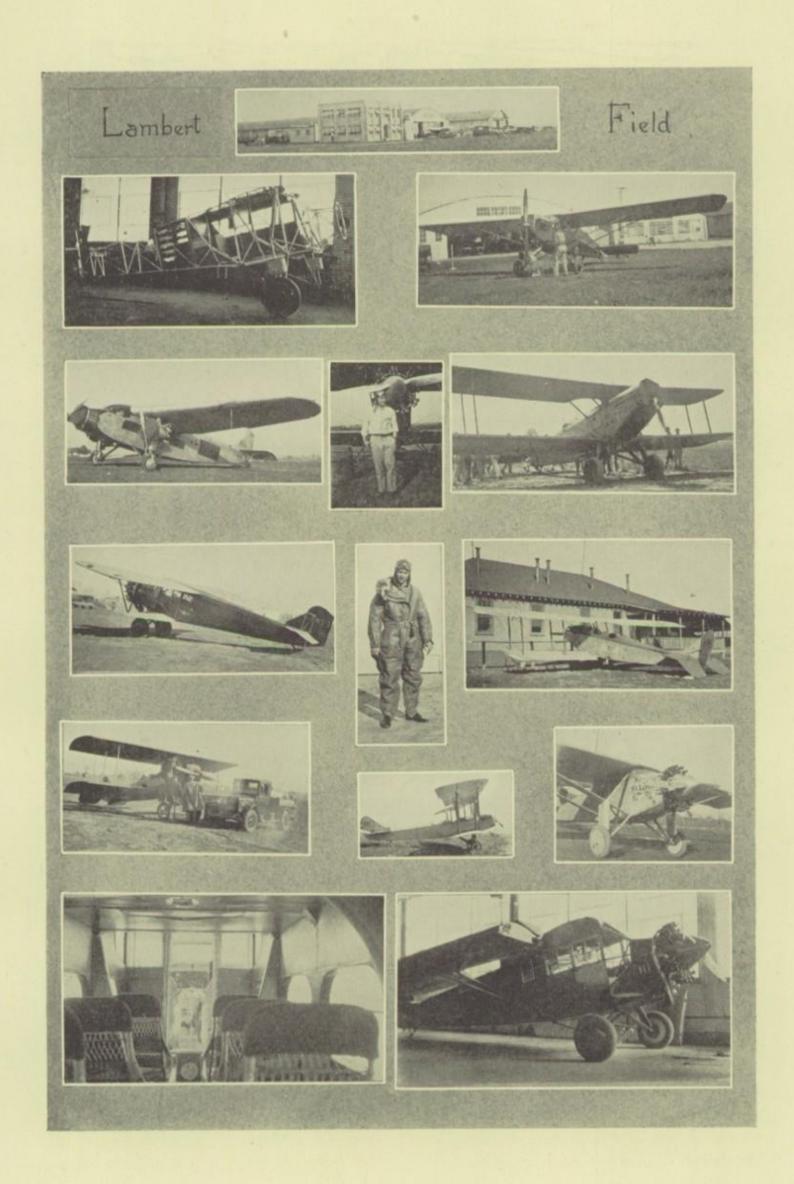
(Chosen as Best Article Submitted.)

PATRICIA KELSEY.

LAMBERT-SAINT LOUIS FLYING FIELD

AMBERT FIELD dates back to 1923, when Major Albert Bond Lambert financed the taking over of a tract of seven hundred acres of land near Bridgeton, which is just west of Saint Louis. The place is now known as Anglum, and is the home port of Col. Lindbergh. At the field one may see bustling activity at any time of the day; men, planes, factories, and every sign of endeavor and energy remind one of a beehive; everything is orderly, and everyone is striving to further the cause of aviation.

Aviation, from the very beginning, commanded a great and ardent following, and for that reason the project of Lambert Field grew so rapidly, that today there is every reason to believe that it will some day be one of the finest flying fields in the world. Saint Louis is the logical aviation center of the United States, because it is so centrally located. Fully realizing the won-





derful opportunity, the citizens of Saint Louis are making a determined effort to make their city the country's aviation center, or the Cross Roads of the Air. They voted a \$2,000,000 Airport bond issue in August, 1928. The money from these bonds will be used for the erection of buildings and the making of other improvements which will create an airport similar in purpose to that of our Union Station. It will be known as the Saint Louis Airport.

Early in the history of Lambert Field, Major William B. and Lieutenant Frank H. Robertson, brothers, who had been Army flyers, took over a government contract to carry air mail between Saint Louis and Chicago. Recently they were awarded another contract to carry mail between Saint Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha. Four Ford tri-motored planes, each costing approximately \$51,000.00, will carry mail, passengers, and express to and between these points. Two tri-motored planes are now in passenger service between Saint Louis and Chicago, a trip being made each day. A Cesna Ryan Brougham which is capable of flying from 160 to 170 miles an hour is used exclusively for photography. Two trucks which are equipped with gas, oil, water, air, and mechanical aids, can service a plane on the field, thereby eliminating the necessity of bringing the plane to a hangar for such service.

There is now under construction a steam-heated, electrically illuminated hangar which will cost \$100,000.00. Privately owned planes may be garaged in these hangars for the nominal sum of \$30.00 a month. There is also on the field a repair garage which is capable of overhauling twelve airplane motors a week. Body repairs of all kinds can also be made in this garage. There is also a similar but smaller hangar for mail planes and equipment only. It was built at a cost of \$25,000.00. The U. S. Army has two large, modernly-equipped hangars in which are kept various types of army planes and equipment.

There are two flying schools on the field: one is conducted by the Robertsons and the other by Von Hoffman. They are both of very high standing, and they are reputed throughout the country for their efficient graduates.

Visitors cannot help feeling at home, for the men on the field are very courteous, and always take time to answer questions and explain. Every man is doing his very best to further the cause of aviation. Most certainly a keen interest in aviation is shown at Lambert-Saint Louis Field.

At Louie's lunchroom, a simple but cozy building, a visitor may mingle with aviators from all parts of the country. The room is decorated with pictures and parts of planes. There is an intangible something about the place which makes one sorry to leave. To sit among the men and almost feel that you are one of them; to see an old friend of the "boys" arrive from some faraway part of the country, and hear his welcome in Louie's lunchroom, the place they usually visit first, is indeed a pleasurable experience. It was at Louie's that Lindbergh—"Slim"—passed so many happy hours with his flying comrades and buddies.



At the north end of the field, the Robertson Airplane Factory is located. This is a most modernly equipped plant where efficiency and service are the constant bywords and are noticeable in every branch. At this time their production is three Robin Monoplanes a day. Many of these planes are shipped to foreign countries.

Each plane, when finished, is taken up by a test pilot who does everything in his power to break the plane, and to find any weak spots which might have been overlooked during construction and inspection. The planes are taken up 6000 feet or more, and stunts of every description are performed; a test under which a plane with any kind of weak spot would surely "crack up."

The Ryan Aircraft Company of California have seen such great possibilities and opportunities in Saint Louis as an airport that they are moving their factory here. A large, modern plant is now under construction near Lambert Field.

Saint Louis owes much to the Robertson Aircraft Corporation for the wonderful work it is doing toward making Lambert Flying Field the finest airport in the world, and Saint Louis the Cross Roads of the Air.

ROY LANG.

"LINDY"

Lindy had a little plane
Which stood full many a blow,
And everywhere that Lindy went
The plane was sure to go.

He took it with him on a hop
Across the ocean wide;
It made the people cheer and whoop
To see him take that ride.

And so the people all turned out
To do him honor true;
He had so many dates to fill,
He didn't know what to do.

It is all over with by now,
But still the memory clings—
That splendid feat of his,
The greatest of all things.

And so we celebrate his day
By making little poems,
Although we're not all poets
Like Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—Bertrand Flowers.



SCOTT FIELD

(As seen by the Staff-May 1928)

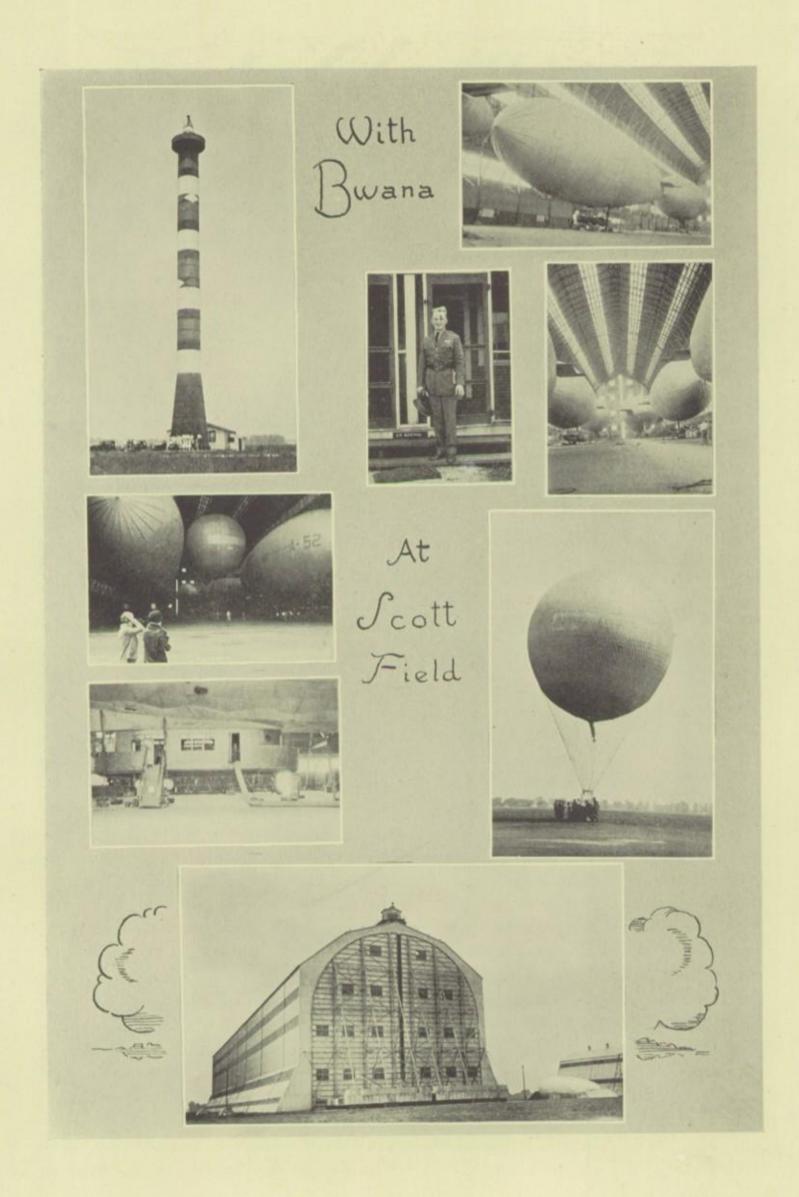
COTT FIELD, Belleville, Illinois, is one of the few U. S. Army posts working with lighter-than-air craft exclusively. There is only one heavier-than-air ship stationed at the field, all others being visiting craft, so that it may be readily seen that Scott Field is identified primarily with lighter-than-air developments.

We drove along the concrete highway, past the sentry, and we were at Scott Field. For miles we had been able to see the giant hangar, but, as we came closer, we saw many other buildings grouped around the base of the huge building, like the dwellings of serfs grouped around the castle of the feudal lord in medieval times. We drove along past the barracks and machine shops, to the hangar, where we met the officer, Lieutenant Koenig, who conducted us upon our tour of inspection. We passed into the hangar and were truly awed by its gigantic size. It is sufficiently high to house a fifteen-story building as it measures 185 feet from the ground to the top. The length, 800 feet, is equal to almost three city blocks. The structure can accommodate the Los Angeles with some two hundred feet in length to spare. The building ordinarily houses the four dirigibles stationed at the field, three of the non-rigid or "blimp" type, and the other, the semi-rigid RS-1, the largest ship of her type in existence.

Our guide took us thru the central and motor cars of each of the four ships, explaining the general principles of operation and construction. The ships are generally roped off, due to the souvenir craze of the public; therefore it is a privilege to be taken thru the cars.

After a careful inspection of the four dirigibles, we were taken to one end of the building where the doors were to be opened. Every time the huge doors are opened it means that Uncle Sam has expended \$3, for such is the cost of operating the huge doors. It might be explained that these doors are not for the purpose of foiling thieves, or anything of the sort, but merely for the purpose of minimizing air currents thru the building, which might, at times, otherwise render the huge ships within unmanageable. There are two steel doors at each end of the structure, each one of which weighs 2400 tons. These doors are mounted upon wheels which run upon steel tracks and are counterweighted by huge cement blocks. Each door is separately controlled by electric motors and is operated from a control tower located upon the cement structure of the door itself, the whole of which moves upon steel trucks over rails. The entire arrangement is really a marvel of modern engineering.

We next proceeded to the parachute room. Here, all of the field's parachute equipment is kept. Very stringent regulations govern the use of the





"chutes," each of which is carefully gone over and inspected after each opening.

Next, we were taken to the great steel mooring mast which can be seen from all parts of the field, its odd design of yellow and black causing it to stand out from its surroundings. The tower is 175 feet high and has been built to accommodate the Los Angeles, or, in fact, any ship now in existence. Gasoline, oil, and water, are pumped to the top of the tower where they may be transferred to a ship that has been moored.

We had yet one important part of Scott Field to see—we could not overlook the meteorological station, a most important part of the field. Here, weather reports from all over the United States are received and recorded. This station also records certain data to be sent out in turn to other Army ports. We were shown the barometers, thermometers and rainfall gauges, and other instruments used in weather forecasting. The plant for the manufacture of hydrogen and the purification of helium was pointed out, and we felt that the chief points of interest at Scott Field had been covered. We started back to St. Louis just as the siren screamed out, announcing the noon hour. We made our way back to the city, feeling that the time had indeed been well spent.

KENNETT ALLEN.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF PARKS AIRPORT

CAREFUL survey of the great number of airports in the United States gives evidence of the fact that their growth in the beginning was slow. However, the St. Louis Airport Committee advanced the astounding news, this autumn, that right in the environs of our own Greater St. Louis, the Parks Airport "has shown more remarkable growth than any other institution of its kind in the world." And St. Louis tallies again, augmenting its infinite list of enviable achievements, simultaneously invoking the admiration and commendation of a wide-eyed universe.

The Airport Committee, which has visited and inspected the world's most efficient and successful airports, consists of famous pilots, airport engineers, and master efficiency experts. It bestowed this praise upon the heads of the Parks personnel when it attended one of the regular weekly noon meetings of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, held at Parks Airport late last fall. About 80 members were present, who, after partaking of lunch in the cozy Airport Café, completely inspected the buildings, equipment, and facilities of the Parks Air College, the predominating feature of the establishment across the river.

The Parks Airport, home of the Parks Air College, is located just three miles south of East St. Louis. It is recommended by every visiting flyer as





PARKS AIRPORT HANGARS

a modern and complete field and is used by a steady string of airmen. It has a four-way field with natural drainage that makes the entire field available at all times of the year. On the field are the Administration building, head-quarters building, Classrooms, Hangars for a large fleet of planes, and a Restaurant where excellent food is served at reasonable prices. It is patronized equally heavily by pilots, administration personnel men, students and visitors. Then one immediately and quite correctly assumes that he is approaching the Student Dormitory when he hears sufficient merry-making to fairly rock the snug, white building at the northwest corner of the village-like array of establishments. This Dormitory harbors a galaxy of gifted men and boys as well as aspiring young Lindys.

One of the main features of the Airport is its new 12,000,000 candle power air beacon, turned on for the first time, Wednesday, October 24, 1928. It was not intended to light the beacon, which is of the revolving type, until a later date, but work was rushed in order to have all connections completed in time to guide the great 'Graf Zeppelin' into St. Louis. The German ship disappointed us and did not tour the interior of our nation. This new beacon is one of the largest in America and is visible in clear weather for a distance of between 75 and 100 miles. It is augmented by three other large floodlights of 10,000,000 candle power each, which completely illuminate the field for all kinds of night activities, sweeping the heavens each night from sunset until dawn.

The first adjunct of the company's contemplated \$2,000,000 airplane manufacturing plant has been turning out many finished planes, the work being done by the students and instructors. After graduation from the four months' course of flying or airplane mechanics, the students work in the new factory with their erstwhile instructor as their foreman. So the future personnel will probably consist exclusively of Parks trained men. Incidentally the Parks Air College has twice as many flying students now taking training as any other civilian school in the world.

GAIL POTTER.





POLAR AERONAUTICS

F the six expeditions to the North Pole by air, only three have attained their goal and four have returned.

Probably the most tragic and least known of these expeditions was that of the Swedish engineer, Andrée, in company with Messrs. Strindberg and Faenkel. The three explorers, in a French constructed balloon, the Ormen, rose from the specially constructed shed at Vligo, Spitzbergen, on July 11, 1897. On the third day, news was received by carrier pigeon to the effect that the explorers had reached 82.2 degrees north. That was the last bit of trustworthy news received concerning the Swedish balloonists. Frequent rumors were spread abroad, but none were verified.

No other aeronautical expedition left for the Pole until the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition in 1924. They departed from Spitzbergen on May 21, in two planes, the N-24 and the N-25. Three men constituted the crew of each, the Norwegian adventurer, Roald Amundsen, in command of the N-25, and the young American, Lincoln Ellsworth, in command of the N-24. The two parties were separated as they landed on widely separated ice floes near the pole (88 degrees north). After three attempts, in which Ellsworth's companions would have drowned if it had not been for the American's aid, his party finally reached Amundsen's. The men struggled for almost a month to find and to prepare a large floe for the ascension of the N-25 (they had abandoned the N-24). By working with hands and feet, they finally made a runway for the plane's take-off early in July. The N-25 reached Oslo and civilization on July 5.

The next expedition by air in polar regions was Macmillan's, July 5-22, 1925. The expedition was a scientific one undertaken in behalf of the National Georgraphic Society. The three planes, under the command of Richard Byrd, were taken aboard the Steamers Bowdoin and Peary, and were used in flights from Ellesmere Island as a base, for the purpose of exploration and photography. Though they did not penetrate far into polar regions, Macmillan's men made valuable photographs and discoveries. They underwent many hardships to bring these to us.

The most successful year of Polar exploration was 1926. In this year, a glorious race was staged between nations for the honor of being the first to reach the North Pole by air. The American representative, Richard E. Byrd, with his Fokker, Josephine Ford, competed with the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition flying the dirigible Norge of Italian construction. Byrd's plane was brought to Spitzbergen aboard a ship and was disembarked with great difficulty. After one unsuccessful attempt, the plane rose on the morning of May 9, flew to the North Pole, and returned on the same day. Byrd was the first to reach the North Pole by air! Two days later, the Norge left



with a crew of eighteen men, including Amundsen and Ellsworth. The next day, the radio of the Norge reported that she was over the pole.

The American, Norwegian, and Italian flags were dropped. After forty-six hours of flying, the Norge reached Point Barrow and finally landed at Teller, near Nome, Alaska. The Norge claimed the distinction of being the first lighter-than-air craft to reach the North Pole.

The last expedition by air to the Pole was that of the Italia, constructed and commanded by General Umberto Nobile, the constructor of the Norge. The Italia made two trips from its base at King's Bay-one in exploration and the other in quest of the Pole. It was in the afternoon of May 15 that the Italia set out to explore Lenin Land and Franz Joseph Land, of which little was previously known. The Italia brought its crew of eighteen men safely back to King's Bay on the eighteenth. On the twenty-third she set out for her goal. Within twenty-four hours, a radio message was received stating that the Italia had reached the North Pole. The next day, the radio calls of the Italia had ceased and nothing more was heard of the crew until June 9, when hope was renewed by a message announcing that the ship had been forced down on the ice and that the crew was apparently safe. If proper preparations had been made, the Italia would have been safely at rest at her port. Relief parties of several nationalities set out in quest of the lost ship, but only one plane reached her-that of Einar Lundborg, a Swedish aviator. He rescued only Nobile, for his small plane was not capable of carrying a greater load. Thus ended the latest disaster of Arctic exploration.

We may ask, "What is gained by sacrificing all these lives?" The first answer that comes to us is, "Glory." But this is not the only purpose. There is a practical objective. Amundsen and Byrd showed us that men may fly in the Arctic with comparative safety, if they make proper preparations. Byrd states that even night flying in the Arctic is possible and may someday be done. If these statements are true—and who is a better authority than Amundsen or Byrd—these explorations are contributing to the stock of Polar knowledge that may someday make possible a short route between Europe and North America by way of the North Pole.

BAXTER PEARSON.





ARMY AIR SERVICE TRAINING SCHOOLS

HE United States Army has two Primary Flying Schools of the army air service—at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas; and March Field, Riverside, California. Besides these two, there is one Advanced Flying School at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. These schools with their strict military training give the world its best aviators.

To enter a primary flying school, one must measure up to definite qualifications. He must be between twenty and twenty-seven years old, with two years of college training or its equivalent, sound as a dollar physically, with perfect hearing and sight, and well recommended as to character.

In addition to these requirements, he must take an examination at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois. When, or rather, if this examination is passed, the War Department sends a notice to the would-be aviator along with an order to appear at Brooks Field or March Field at a certain date.

After arriving at the flying field, the beginner soon wonders if this flying is as simple as it looked. To be sure, almost anyone can learn to fly an airplane, but to be a successful military pilot a man must learn how to fly instinctively, as if his ship were a part of himself. Consequently, the earliest experiences of the flying cadet are those for determining whether he possesses this elusive quality—whether he is a born flyer.

There are many ingenious devices for discovering whether a man has this inherent flying ability. One of them is a machine known as the orientator which tests a man's ability to "find himself" when tumbled about by the evolutions of a plane. Some other means of testing a man are a whirling chair that determines a man's sense of equilibrium, instruments that test his judgment of distance, machines that measure how readily his muscles respond to a sharp command or flashing signal. In addition, searching questions disclose his family and personal history, his habits, peculiarities, and temperament—all this to reveal any nervous weakness which later might cause him to break under trying circumstances.

If a student survives all this, he starts in the tedious ground work which consists of work in motors, ignition, carburetor, and many other subjects.

After two weeks of ground work he goes up for his first actual flying instruction. The instructor is in the front seat and the student in the rear. The controls are in duplicate, one set for the instructor, the other for the pupil. As they fly, they converse through speaking tubes connected with the earpieces of their helmets. This sort of training goes on for days until at last, at a height of about two thousand feet, the instructor holds up his hands to show that he has relinquished the controls, and the cadet has his longed-for opportunity. He suddenly realizes that flying is not a simple operation of pulling the stick back to go up and pushing it forward to come down, but that an instinctive and synchronized movement of all controls is necessary even to keep the machine in level flight.



Official Photographs U. S. War Dept.



After about ten hours of dual flying, the cadet is ready for solo flights. If he is not capable of soloing, he is in grave danger of being "washed out." If his instructor decides he can not learn quickly enough to keep up with the standards of the class, he is turned over for a check hop with the stage commander. Few cadets ever pass this check. If the stage commander also reports his case hopeless, he is ordered to appear before a board of officers known as the "Benzine Board." If a cadet reports there for misconduct or academic deficiency, there is still some slight hope of beating the board; but if it is for inability to fly, the decision of "washout" is a foregone conclusion.

After eight months of flying and ground work the student is a full-fledged flyer, but there still remains before him four months of intensive military training at the Advanced Flying School at Kelley Field, San Antonio.

Here they are given a few days to get accustomed to their planes. Then they are required to fly figure eights around two white marks given them, make landings on a white circle with the engine cut at one thousand feet, as well as hurdle landings—that is, landing just over a hurdle, as over a fence. There is also training for cross-country flying; training in air gunnery, firing both the Browning head-on through the propeller and the Lewis from the observer's seat. A cadet learns how to handle every type of service plane, from the speedy little pursuit to the giant multi-engine bomber, and constant instruction is given for combat purposes. It was during one of these close formation maneuvers that Lindbergh had his first experience of an emergency parachute jump.

At the end of this army course, a cadet has flown for more than two hundred hours. He has mastered all the tricks in the repertoire of a stunt flyer—loops, spins, barrel rolls, figure eights—for these are the essential requirements in combat work and in acquiring full control of a plane. The test pilot puts a plane through its paces in this way; for if there is any defect in its construction, this will show it up immediately. It, also, gets the cadet used to every position in the air, so that he will not be nonplussed in an emergency.

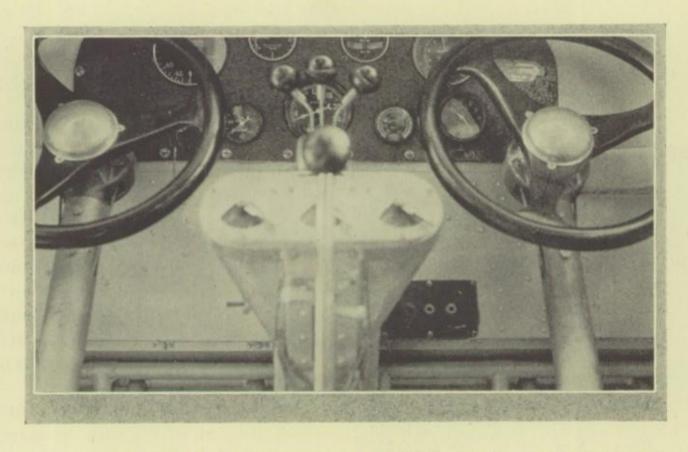
Lindbergh's class near the end of its term at Kelley Field was divided for specialized training into the four branches of aviation—pursuit, bombardment, attack, and observation. Pursuit is the most popular branch, but it calls for exceptional flying ability, and only the finest pilots are chosen for its service. Lindbergh was one of the eight chosen for such training. When graduation day arrived only eighteen remained of his class of one hundred and four cadets who started at Brooks Field a year before.

When a student graduates from Kelly, he has flown more than two hundred hours. He receives the commission of second lieutenant in the Air Corps Reserve, subject always to the call for duty, and in line for a commission in the Air Corps of the Regular Army.

To his inborn navigation sense has been added scientific training in navigation—instruments, maps, map-reading, and other subjects equally necessary to a first-class airman. He is an expert pilot equipped to meet any emergency.

Thirty-six

FREDA CRUSIUS.



TYPICAL INSTRUMENT PANEL ON A MODERN AIRPLANE

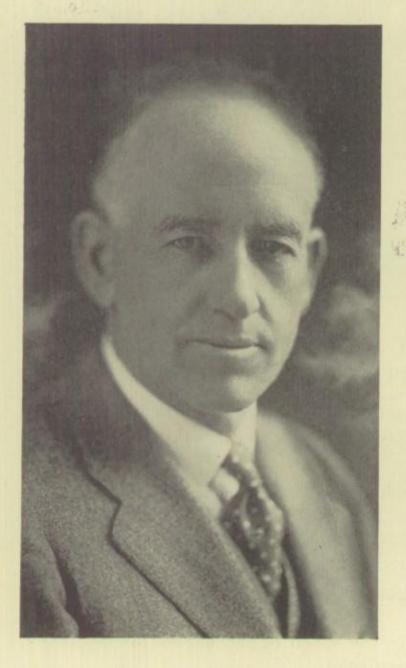
To a person not knowing the significance of the panel, it looks like a miniature of gauges, switches, and lights, but each one gives the pilot valuable information.

- 1. The ignition switch is the switch that turns the electricity to furnish a spark for the engine.
- 2. The self-starter control. (Almost all of the new model planes have a self-starter.)
- 3. The pilot determines his height above the ground by the altimeter gauge.
- 4. The tachometer gauge indicates the speed of the engine, or the revolutions per minute the engine is turning over.
 - 5. The air speed indicator tells how fast the plane is going.
 - 6. The oil temperature gauge gives the temperature of the oil.
- 7. The water temperature gauge gives the temperature of the water—if it is a water-cooled motor.
- 8. The oil and gas pressure gauge gives the pressure of the oil and gas in the motor.
- 9. The ammeter gauge determines how many amperes the engine is using, or how much it is generating.
 - 10. The voltmeter determines the number of volts.
- 11. The compass, or the earth inductor compass that helped Lindbergh on his flight.
 - 12. The switch for lights for night flying.

The bank and turn indicator determines the banking and turning of the plane.

ALEX. MONTIETH.





CAPTAIN HONEYWELL

HERE resides in St. Louis County perhaps the best known and most experienced of International Balloon Racers—Captain Harry E. Honeywell. Captain Honeywell first became actively interested in ballooning about twenty-seven years ago, at which time ballooning was looked upon as a sport only to be indulged in by scientists and foolhardy, dare-devil citizens who desired a thrill. But Captain Honeywell, being no more than a curious person with a desire to fly. took up the study and practice of ballooning, and studied it with such vigor and perseverance that today he is one of the country's foremost authorities on balloons and lighter-than-air craft in general.

In all of his hundreds of trips into the clouds, Captain Honeywell

has never flown any balloons other than those of his own manufacture. He personally supervises the making of the canvas bag, the rope-netting, and the basket, and so successful a balloon manufacturer has he been that, never, in all his trips, has he had an accident of any consequence.

During the war Captain Honeywell played a very active part in our air force. At the outbreak of the war, he was employed in the manufacture of balloons for the training of future airmen. Later he assumed an active part in the training of these students. Captain Honeywell has been the inventor of many little devices to prevent accidents to aircraft, and I should not be surprised some day to hear that he had developed a new and more efficient type of dirigible.

In his twenty-seven years of ballooning, Captain Honeywell has entered thirty-six races in the United States and Europe; as a result of these thirty-six races, Captain Honeywell has taken twenty-three prizes, nine of these being first prizes and thirteen of them second prizes.



It is only due to his skill and quick thought that Captain Honeywell is here today, for many times he has just missed death by valving a little gas or dropping a little ballast. The closest that Captain Honeywell ever came to death was during one of the International Balloon Races held here in America. He had gone as far as the mountains in Pennsylvania, when a bad electrical storm came up. He was completely surrounded by storm clouds, and was using hydrogen gas at the time so that one stroke of lightning in the vicinity of his balloon would have meant instant death. All he could do was to drop a little ballast and try to rise above the storm; whether or not he could do this before he was struck, was the question. He finally weathered the storm and came out all right; but, being a very modest gentleman,



he takes none of the credit himself but lays it all to "Divine Guidance."

Although very pleasant, balloon racing is not without its hardships. In one of the International Races, held in Belgium, Captain Honeywell happened to be unfortunate enough to land in Russia. He was immediately imprisoned as a French spy, but was released after a few days in jail. This was the longest flight Captain Honeywell has ever made. During this trip he traveled some 1350 miles, but he was defeated by another competitor who traveled 1500 miles. Only once while competing in a race has Captain Honeywell failed to rise off the ground. This was during a race held in Belgium when the wind destroyed his balloon before he could get it off the ground, but Captain Honeywell also lays this to "Divine Guidance" for during this race three men were killed.

Not once has Captain Honeywell protested a decision, even though he has been the winner of many races for which he was never given credit. He has shown that he is very public-spirited, for he has very generously donated his trophies to the Jefferson Memorial to be put on exhibition. St. Louis owes Captain Honeywell a great deal, for it is due principally to his efforts that St. Louis is to be the scene of the starting of the International Balloon Races next September.

ROBERT JUDAH.





SKYWRITING

BOUT five years ago, were you among the gazers that watched LUCKY STRIKE being formed in the sky? I was one of those gazers. Being curious to know how this was done, I looked into the art of skywriting.

I found that skywriting is one of the novel after-the-war occupations which had its beginning during the World War. This smoke used for skywriting is the same that was used for a smoke screen around troops on land or ships at sea. After the close of the war, it was not used for any purpose until Captain Cyril Turner, two miles above the Statue of Liberty, wrote, "Hello U. S. A."

The smoke used in this work is made by a secret formula composed of two chemicals which are forced, both at the same time, into a heated compartment in the fuselage of the plane with the outlet at the rudder. The apparatus which produces the smoke must pour out a quarter of a million feet of smoke a second, for less than this amount would make the letters too thin. A greater amount is dangerous because of the high temperature and increased pressure.

As one letter requires seven million cubic feet of smoke to form it, it is necessary for each skywriting plane to take off with two hundred pounds of chemicals on board. Other colors may be used for skywriting, but the white makes a more striking appearance.

The plane operates at an altitude of two miles because of steadier air currents. The engine must turn the propeller over at a rate of two thousand revolutions per minute. Even at this rate, fifty feet in altitude is lost while writing each letter although it is not noticeable. Should the rate be lower, the plane would drop an additional thousand feet and the word would be ruined.

The pilot carries with him a chart of the word or words he is to form. A close following of this chart is necessary in order to cross the t's and dot the i's in the proper places as an error once made cannot be erased.

The smallness of the plane compared with the length of the letters, makes the plane almost invisible, which gives to the writing in the sky a touch of the miraculous. Capital letters are usually made one mile long and the small letters half a mile. A dot over an i may cover a city block. An area of five miles is necessary to complete a word of eight letters, and often one word covers fifteen miles. The immenseness of the letters is not apparent to the onlookers because of the distance separating them and the writer. The only unusual feature is that the words are written backwards by the skywriter in order to present a forward view to the people below, and this is no easy task because the words are written on a level and not up and down as we would naturally expect. Capital "E" is the hardest letter to make because of the right angle turns, while capital "Z" is the easiest to make.

ELSA KOELLING.



THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS

AR above the squalor and the mud, so high in the firmament as to be invisible from the earth, they fight out the eternal issues of right and wrong. Their daily and nightly struggles are like Miltonic conflicts between wingéd hosts. They fight high and low. They skim like armed swallows along the Front, attacking men in their flights, armed with rifle and machine gun. They scatter infantry on the march; they destroy convoys; they wreck trains. Every flight is a romance, every record an epic. They are the knight-hood of this war, without fear and without reproach; and they recall the legendary days of chivalry, not merely by the daring of their exploits, but by the nobility of their spirit." (From a speech of David Lloyd George before the House of Commons, Oct. 29, 1917.)

To Norman Prince of Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts, goes credit for the founding of that intrepid band of American flyers that was later to so inscribe its name in the annals of the Great War and in the heart of every true son of France.

With the outbreak of the war, many young Americans felt the urge to help France, partly because of the promise of adventure and partly because they felt that the services of Lafayette should be repaid. In this spirit many enlisted in the French Foreign Legion while still others joined volunteer Ambulance Corps. With the establishment of Aviation as a medium of waging war, came a popular desire to be transferred to that branch of the service. It was at this time that the idea occurred to Norman Prince that it would be a glorious thing to have an entire Squadron, or Escadrille, of French Aviation composed entirely of Americans. He succeeded in firing his friend, Frazier Curtis, with a part of his enthusiasm and together they set about seeking aid to transform their dream into a reality. These two soon gained the support of William Thaw, Kiffin Rockwell, and Victor Chapman, Americans who had joined the Foreign Legion at the outset of the war. The aid of Dr. Edmund Gros, who was then helping in the organization of the American Ambulance Corps, was solicited. Dr. Gros, aided by friends, succeeded in obtaining the support of M. de Sillac of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, so that finally, on April 20, 1916, the Escadrille Américaine, officially N 124, was organized and placed on duty at the Front. William Thaw, Elliot Cowdin, Kiffin Rockwell, Norman Prince, Charles C. Johnson, Clyde Balsley, Victor Chapman, Lawrence Rumsey, and James R. McConnell formed the personnel of the newly organized N 124 (N indicated Nieuport, the type of plane used by the Escadrille. Later spads were developed and adopted by practically all escadrilles de chasse; then N 124 became Spads 124.)

The Escadrille was composed entirely of Americans with the exception of the commanding officer, Captain Georges Thénault, and his second-in-



Courte.y U. S. War Department.

THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

command, Lieutenant de Laage de Meux. The Squadron was soon joined by Raoul Lufberry, J. Norman Hall, and others. N 124 operated first at Luxeuil, Vosges Sector, but before the end of the war saw active service on some nine other sectors of the Western Front. During the first six months of existence, the Escadrille Américaine suffered the loss of four of its members. Victor Chapman and Kiffin Rockwell were killed in combat while accidents claimed Dennis Dawd and Norman Prince, the Squadron's founder.

On November 16, 1916, the German Ambassador at Washington protested to the American government that the French communiques contained the name of an American Escadrille. Dr. Gros was therefore informed that the name Escadrille Américaine would have to be dropped. Escadrille de Volontaires was at first suggested, but Dr. Gros found this too colorless and suggested the name Lafayette Escadrille. This name was readily accepted and has since gone down in history as representative of a gallant group of young Americans who gave their services, and in many cases their lives, to aid France. The old name of Franco-American Flying Corps was likewise changed to the Lafayette Flying Corps. (The Lafayette Escadrille, like all French squadrons, was limited to a flying personnel of from twelve to fifteen pilots. As the original Escadrille Américaine increased in size it became necessary to send the new American pilots out to other French squadrons, so that, although every American enlisted in French Aviation was a member of the Franco-American Flying Corps, no more than fifteen belonged to the Lafayette Escadrille, formerly the Escadrille Américaine, at any one time.)

The Lafayette Flying Corps was backed by an Executive Committee of which William K. Vanderbilt was honorary president, M. de Sillac president,



and Dr. Edmund Gros (later, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Air Service) vice-president. With Mr. Vanderbilt's great financial assistance it was possible for the Corps to aid its volunteers by paying for their passage from America, by paying their hotel bills while at Paris awaiting their papers, and in many other ways contributing to their needs and comforts. Every member of the Escadrille, as well as the Corps, received a monthly allowance from the Executive Committee in addition to the regular pay each volunteer received from France as a member of the French Foreign Legion. This pay amounted to little, however, so that the monthly allowance from the Corps did much to provide for their comforts. M. de Sillac and Dr. Edmund Gros have already been mentioned and deserve much credit for their untiring efforts toward the foundation and maintenance of the Lafayette Flying Corps.

Upon its organization, the Lafayette Escadrille became incorporated in Groupe de Combat 13 which comprised escadrille de chasse N 15, N 65, N 84, N 124, and later N 88. However, upon America's declaration of war, the Executive Committee of the Lafayette Flying Corps decided that all members of the Corps be asked to offer their services to the United States government. This request was the occasion for much discussion, for the pilots of the Corps hated to sever their relations with France for whom they had fought for so long a time, but, at the same time, they felt that it was their duty to offer their services to their mother country. After much deliberation the pilots of Lafayette decided to offer their services to the United States as a unit. Accordingly, on February 18, 1918, under an agreement between the French and American Armies, the Escadrille Lafayette became the 103rd Pursuit Squadron of the U. S. Air Service, retaining a detachment of French mechanics to instruct the newly-arrived, non-flying personnel in their duties.

The pilots of the Escadrille had hoped to be kept together as a unit, but such was not to be, for by the early summer of 1918 pilots of the Corps and the Escadrille were scattered throughout the new American squadrons as commanding officers, flight leaders, and instructors. A few Lafayette pilots were left with the 103rd Pursuit Squadron which became a training squadron at the Front for new leaders. The 103rd operated with various French Armies and Combat Groups until July 1, 1918, when it was incorporated with the 2nd Pursuit Group attached to the 1st Army, A. E. F.

During its period as an American Squadron the 103rd established an enviable record of enemy planes shot down, former Lafayette men being responsible for their share of the victories.

After the signing of the Armistice, the 103rd Pursuit Squadron was chosen as one of those to be sent into Germany with the Army of Occupation. This order was later rescinded in view of the fact that the Lafayette Escadrille, remnants of which helped form the 103rd Pursuit, A. E. F., had been continuously on active duty at the Front since April 20, 1916. This famous



squadron had fought under the flags of both France and America and had therefore earned the right to be released from further service abroad. Accordinly, the 103rd was placed under order to return to America.

Many brilliant Americans were enlisted in French Aviation. Prince, Chapman, and Kiffin Rockwell, three of the first to lose their lives in the service of France, would have done great things for France and humanity, had they been allowed to live. Lufbery, the greatest figure of the Corps, was recognized as one of the keenest and most skillful flyers in France. He was the American "Ace of Aces" and had 18 officially confirmed victories to his credit before he was finally killed in combat on May 19, 1918. Frank Baylies, a member of the famous Cigognes, Spad 3, the squadron of Guynemer, Fonck, and Dorme, scored 12 official victories over the enemy before he was shot down. Putnam, favorite pupil of the great Madon, was another famed for the reckless bitterness of his attack. He, too, joined the evergrowing ranks of the dead when he was brought down in combat September 12, 1918, after accounting for 11 enemy planes. And so, one might go on indefinitely, recounting the deeds of such men as McConnell, Dawd, Genêt, Haskier, Barclay, Chadwick, MacMonagle, Johnson, to mention a few of those who met glorious deaths, high and above the battlefields of France.

A total of 210 Americans served in the Lafayette Flying Corps. Of this number, 67 were either killed in combat, killed in accidents, or died of wounds received; 16 became prisoners of war; 33 remained in the French service; and slightly less than 100 transferred to the U. S. Army or Navy Air Service.

Such was the history of the Lafayette Flying Corps. Almost ten years later, upon the Fourth of July, 1928, Paris dedicated a monument to the memory of those brave Americans who fought in that Corps, garbed in the horizon blue of France. On a fringe of wood overlooking St. Cloud Park near the little village of Villeneuve-Le Tang, stands a white arch of triumph flanked by colonnaded galleries. Beneath it rest the bodies of sixty-odd Americans, members of the Lafayette Flying Corps, who fought and died for France.

Paris, ten years after the Great War, has not forgotten the dread days of terrifying air raids when scores of men, women, and children were killed, nor can she forget the dark days of Verdun when France was wondering if the world understood the sacredness of her cause. Then came that first little group of American volunteers that was merely to form the vanguard of tens of thousands of their countrymen who were later to come to the aid of France and the Allies, the little group led by Norman Prince and Frazier Curtis that caused a virtual rebirth of the spirit of knighthood and chivalry of olden times. It was a group that was to strengthen the existing bonds of peace and friendship between America and France. Well have they been named, Knights of the Air. Such was the spirit of the Lafayette Flying Corps.

BWANAS



MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERY

AMERICA'S ACE OF ACES

S FRANCE had her Guynemer, Great Britain her Bishop, Italy her Baracca, Germany her von Richthofen—so had America her ace of aces—Raoul Lufbery.

Wherever the lives of men are recorded, there you will find many an interesting tale and story. The story of Raoul Lufbery's life is such, one of continual adventure. Lufbery was born in France of French parents on March 14, 1885. A year later his mother died and Raoul's father moved to America. The story of Lufbery's early life and of his wanderings, world-wide in extent, must be omitted here because of lack of space; however, it de-

serves mention as being interesting, as well as unusual, in the extreme.

In 1912, while at Calcutta, Lufbery had made the acquaintance of Marc Pourpe, a French aviator who had just arrived in India with a fellow airman to demonstrate Bleriot monoplanes. This chance acquaintance with Pourpe proved to be Lufbery's introduction to aviation. Lufbery finally became Pourpe's mechanician and together they returned to France during the summer of 1914 for a new machine, expecting to return to the Orient for another long tour. War was declared, however, and Pourpe enlisted in the French Air Service. A few days later Lufbery went to the Front as Pourpe's mechanic. Pourpe was killed on December 21, 1914, after which Lufbery was sent to the Aviation School at Chartres, where he was breveted on the Maurice Farman and later received training on the Voisin.

Lufbery's first service at the Front as a pilote was in Voisin Bombardment Squadron 106. In the spring of 1916 he went to the Depot at Le Plessis-Belleville for training as a pilote de chasse. Following this training, Lufbery was sent to l'Escadrille Lafayette, May 24, 1916. Lufbery did not see any great action with Lafayette until the beginning of late summer. Then followed many victories in quick succession until, on October 12, he earned the title of "ace," having five officially confirmed victories to his credit. He enjoyed flying alone a great deal—a dangerous business and a privilege granted only to a pilote of rare and exceptional ability. His string of victories increased. He was at home in the air, his Nieuport became a part of himself, his every desire was immediately interpreted through those most sensitive controls.

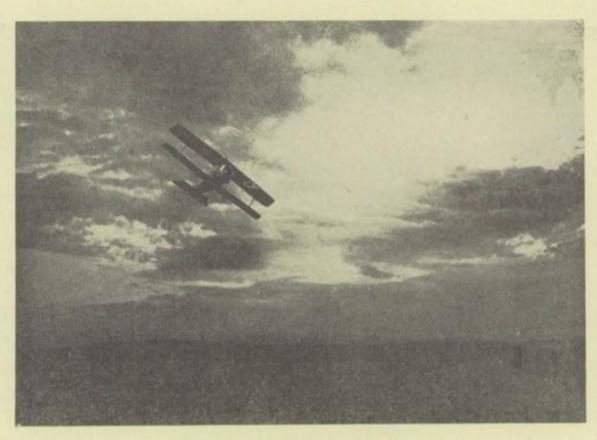


Lufbery soon became a popular hero both in France and in America. French and American newspapers were full of his exploits, children were named after him, silly girls wrote him letters—but he was the Lindbergh of his day, never boasting, never taking any credit for himself, but attributing it almost entirely to luck. On rainy days when flying was out of the question, Lufbery went mushroom hunting or spent the entire day romping with Whisky and Soda, the Escadrille's two lion mascots.

In January, 1918, Lufbery received his commission in the U. S. Air Service. The U. S. Authorities showed poor judgment, however, in sending him to the American A. I. C. at Issoudun, where he was given a roll-top desk, a writing pad and pencil—with absolutely nothing to do. Lufbery was not cut out for such a job, however. His place was at the Front, leading a squadron far above the enemy lines. Such was his desire, for at Issoudun he became intensely lonely and tried every conceivable way of getting to the Front. Relief came at last when he was sent with the 94th and 95th Pursuit Squadrons to Villeneuve in the Champagne Sector. For quite a while both Squadrons were without guns and could, of course, take no part in operations. During their wait for equipment, Lufbery made use of the time by teaching acrobatics and several times led them to the lines where they could merely look on with longing eyes and then turn back toward home to await eagerly the time when they, too, could patrol the lines to offer combat to any wandering Boche.

Guns came and Lufbery's squadron, the 94th, started active patrol duty on April 10, 1918, on the Toul Sector. During the first few weeks things were comparatively quiet, during which time Lufbery led patrols and resorted to his old practice of flying alone. Things began to liven up, nevertheless, and on May 19, the booming of French anti-aircraft guns announced the presence of a German aviator over the sector.

Let us turn to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's account of what happened: "It was ten o'clock when the anti-aircraft guns on the top of Mont Mihiel began shooting at a very high altitude. An alerte came to us immediately that a German photographic plane was coming our way and was at this moment directly over our field. The batteries ceased firing and seemed to have scored a hit, for the German machine began a long vrille, spinning faster and faster as it neared the ground. Just as the onlookers were sure that it was about to crash, it straightened out and turned back toward the German lines. Lufbery's own machine was out of commission, but another Nieuport was standing on the field apparently ready for use. The mechanicians admitted that it was ready, and without another word Lufbery jumped into the seat and immediately took off. About five minutes after leaving the ground he had reached 2000 feet and was within range of the German six miles away. The first attack was witnessed by all our watchers. Lufbery fired several short bursts, then swerved away and appeared to busy himself with his gun, which seemed to have jammed. Another circle over their heads and he had



RETURNING FROM PATROL DUTY

cleared the jam. Again he attacked from the rear, when suddenly his machine was seen to burst into flames. He passed the German and for three or four seconds proceeded on a straight course. Then he jumped. His body fell in the garden of a peasant woman's house in a little town just north of Nancy. There was a small stream about one hundred yards distant and it was thought that Lufbery, seeing a slight chance, had jumped in the hope of falling into the stream. We arrived at the scene less than thirty minutes after he had fallen. Already loving hands had removed his body to the town hall, and there we found it, the charred figure entirely covered with flowers from nearby gardens."

The funeral took place the following day. General Gerard, Commander of the Sixth French Army, came with his entire staff. General Edwards, Lufbery's old commanding officer in the Philippines, together with General Liggett and Colonel William Mitchell of the U. S. Air Service, attended. Hundreds of officers, both French and American, from all branches of army service in the sector, were present to pay a last tribute to a fallen hero.

Lieutenant Kenneth P. Culbert wrote of the funeral to Professor C. F. Copeland of Harvard: "As we marched to the grave, the sun was just sinking behind the mountain that rises so abruptly in front of Toul; the sky was a faultless blue, and the air heavy with the scent of blossoms. An American and a French general led the procession, followed by a band which played the funeral march and 'Nearer My God to Thee' so beautifully that I for one could hardly keep my eyes dry. Then followed the officers of his squadron and of my own—and after us, a group of Frenchmen famous in the stories of this war, American officers of high rank, and two American companies of infantry separated by a French one. We passed before the crowds of American nurses in their clean white uniforms and a throng of patients and French civilians. He was given a full military burial with the salutes of the firing



squad and the repetition of taps, one answering the other from the west. General Edwards made a brief address, one of the finest talks I have ever heard, while French and American planes circled the field throughout the ceremony. In all my life I have never heard 'taps' blown so beautifully as on that afternoon. Even some of the officers joined the women there in quietly dabbing at their eyes with white handkerchiefs. Truly France and America had assembled to pay a last tribute to one of their bravest soldiers. My only prayer is that some how, by some means, I may do as much as he for my country before I, too, go 'West'—if in that direction I am to travel.'

Lieutenant Culbert was killed in combat the day after his letter was written. To him Lufbery had been a shining example, as he was to thousands of young airmen, French and American; and though the war is over and these heroic days gone for all time, perhaps, they keep his memory bright and follow him still.

Such is the story of the life and death of America's greatest of war-time pilots. Although Lufbery is really an exception, many a story could be told of the lives, battles, and glorious deaths of scores of airmen of the Great War. However, it is doubtful if any such story could have embodied the romance, love of adventure, and fearlessness such as was woven into the life story of Raoul Lufbery. Truly he has been called "the greatest figure of the Lafayette Flying Corps."

Note: For Lufbery's official service record, as well as for many excerpts and much information contained in this article, the author is indebted to J. Norman Hall's "The Lafayette Flying Corps."

KENNETT E. ALLEN.



INSIGNIA OF LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS



THE FLIGHT OF THE BREMEN

BOUT dawn, Thursday morning, April 12, 1928, one of the most courageous flights of all time was begun—it was the flight of the Junker's plane, the Bremen.

It was the beginning of the first successful westward flight over the Atlantic Ocean. The plane started from Dublin, Ireland, at 5:38 a. m., Thursday, and arrived at Greenley Island, Quebec,

not its ultimate destination, however, but across the ocean, just thirty-four hours later. It had gone a distance, on an air line, of 2125 miles; it was 500 miles off its course; and it was 1077 miles short of its destination. These figures, however, tell nothing of the troubles the three men on the Bremen met and conquered.

The men on this flight were as varied in career and personality as any three men in the world could be. The man who sat in the rear cockpit and who apparently, but only apparently, had the easiest task of all was Baron Ehrenfried Gunther von Huenfeld. One pilot, a native of the same country as the baron, Germany, was Captain Hermann Koehl, who is best described as staid and calm. He alternated at the controls with the dashing Irishman, Major James Fitzmaurice. It is interesting to note how the men spent that night which might have been their last on the earth. The Baron played solitaire and retired early; Captain Koehl studied weather maps and likewise retired early; but the happy-go-lucky Irishman celebrated his departure by feasting and drinking with other soldiers until his usual bedtime, 10:30.

Neither of the pilots was inexperienced in attempts at trans-Atlantic flights as each had made one unsuccessful attempt previously. As to further flying experience, both men served during the World War in the aviation corps of their respective countries; therefore, they were enemies in 1914, but in 1928 they were "buddies"—and in the same cockpit. The Baron had had little flying experience, but it was not imperative that he should have had such, as his duties were not involved with the actual manipulation of the plane. He only had to see that the gas supply was continuous and to furnish the pilots with hot soup. This was easy as far as labor was concerned, but he had to sit in a small place for thirty-four hours; and, due to the lack of window space, he could only see a small portion of sky and sea. The two pilots alternated at the controls in three-hour intervals. Their vast experience was indeed necessary in flying under and over the fog, and against the winds blowing in all directions.

The flight was hazardous from the beginning. Just before the plane left the ground, a sheep got on the runway and it was only by excellent handling of the controls that the sheep was cleared. This hindrance being passed, another obstacle loomed; it was a large tree exactly in the path of the plane, and again only by precise manipulation of the controls did the Bremen soar



safely into the air. The flight during the first day was uneventful, but it seemed that with darkness had also come trouble. A great fog arose, a great tempest came that threw the plane about as if it were a piece of paper, and it seemed that the plane danced rather than flew. But the Bremen repulsed all efforts of nature to hold her back and went on and on. As the plane went farther north, the use of the compass was destroyed on account of the great magnetic force of the north pole. Darkness was also again hindering the plane. When she reached the territory of the Northern Lights, at first the impression of villages was given, but, shortly, hope of reaching their destination so soon was dispelled.

All that could be seen was icy wastes; the fuel supply was getting lower and lower; but still the trustworthy ship went on. After hours of nothing but icy plains, hope of reaching civilization was disappearing. Thinking that they were traveling toward the north pole, the pilots turned back to the coast of New Foundland. They traveled several more hours without seeing any sign of civilization.

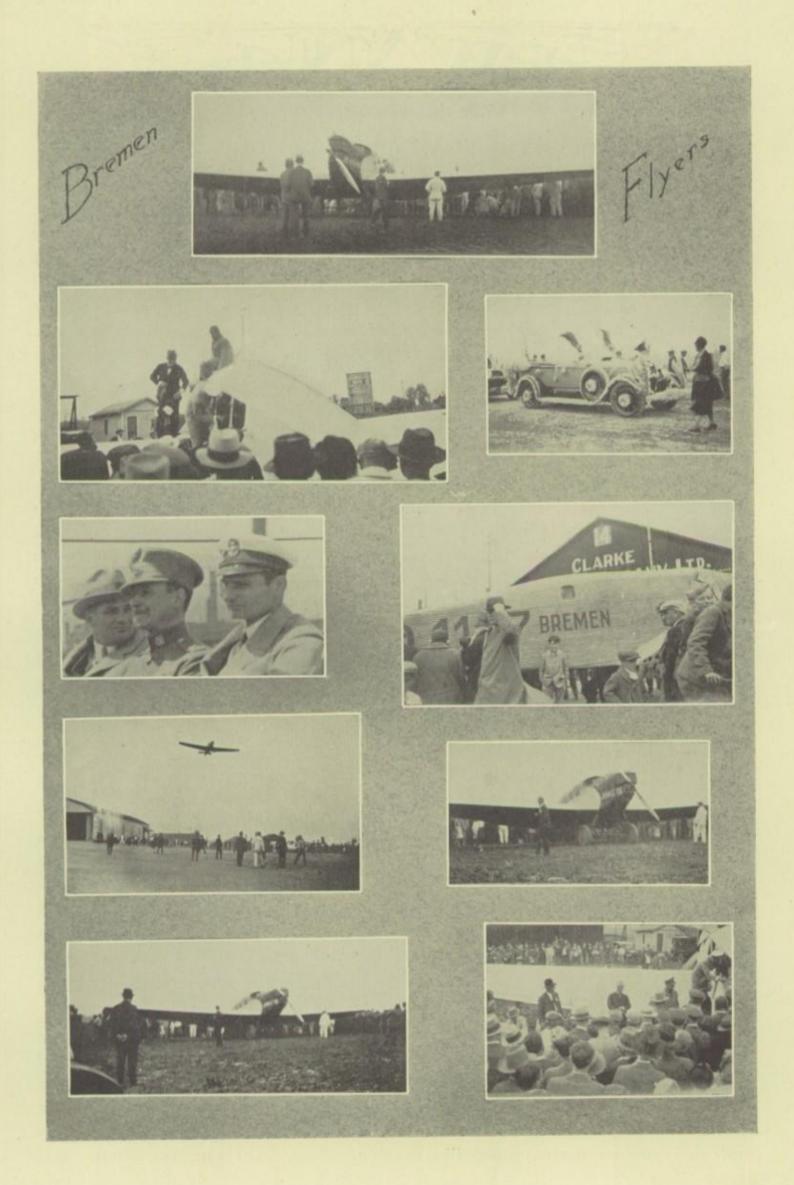
The supply of benzol was just about exhausted when the lighthouse on Greenley Island was sighted. The plane circled the house four times before the crew of the Bremen was certain that it was not another mirage. The plane made a perfect landing on the small island and would have escaped damage if it had not been for the soft ice which gave way under the weight of the Bremen, causing it to land on its nose, damaging the propeller and landing gear.

The feat was accomplished—the Atlantic had been crossed from east to west. Thus it took two Germans and one Irishman to show the world that the impossible was possible. The flight also proved that a lighter fuel than benzol, which weighs ten pounds per gallon, must be obtained, and that a metal plane is necessary for such a journey.

Besides these mechanical facts, the flight helped to promote world peace in the way that it united several countries in friendship, which, not so many years ago, had been contending with each other.

JACK LEHMANN.





Fifty-one



HOW BYRD PLANS TO CONQUER THE ANTARCTIC

HEN you read in the newspapers that Byrd and his party have left for the Antarctic to stay a year or more completely isolated from their fellowman, do you know what hardships, what sacrifices these men will have to make? They are going to risk their lives for adventure and for science. They have prepared as carefully and as thoroughly as has been possible, but the Antarctic has ways of playing strange tricks on those who invade its desolate, icebound coast, and it may be that they shall seem to fall short of their mark.

Even a slight glance at the region that they hope to penetrate will show why that is so. Nature has guarded the secrets of the Antarctic by locking them within a white desolation in which no living thing exists. When man forces his way on foot into this great wilderness, he attempts the most difficult task that can confront an explorer. Men such as Scott, Amundsen, Mauson, who have made such glorious records in the Antarctic, pitted the strength and endurance of their bodies and their wills against odds that seemed almost impossible. And yet they conquered as much as man can conquer when he relies on his own unaided physical self. Byrd and his followers are more fortunate in having the wings of science to carry them quickly over the snow through which the others so laboriously forced their way.

There are two vital parts of an Antarctic expedition: The ship that must remain at the base until the last possible moment, and the living quarters for those who remain behind after the ship has left. These problems have been met by Commander Byrd and the ship and the houses are, for their purpose, the best obtainable. On their strength the health and safety of the members of the expedition will largely depend.

Two ships are to be used, but for very different purposes. One is a wooden ship, capable of withstanding the crushing force of the ice, and the second is an iron ship which would be crushed if caught in pack ice. Iron ships can go to the Antarctic and return in safety if their captains are careful. Norwegian iron whalers go into the Ross Sea every year. But they must pick their way through the ice and return before there is any chance of their being jammed. One of the Byrd supply ships is the Chelsea, a freighter with plenty of cargo room, but it must unload at the earliest possible moment and scurry north again, out of danger.

The City of New York, formerly the Samson, is a wooden ship and can safely face the ice pack and even be squeezed without being crushed and lost. It was designed and built to meet that emergency. It will remain at the ice barrier as long as possible, probably until the last of February or the first of March, so that every man possible may stay to help erect buildings and the wireless masts, build the machine shop, haul supplies ashore and



COMMANDER BYRD

Courtesy of War Dept.

make everything ready for the long winter through which twenty-five or thirty men must live on the ice without help from the outside. That is why the City of New York must be a specially built and exceedingly strong vessel, for it probably will have to batter its way out through the ice under conditions which would sink an iron ship.

The City of New York is very similar in design and construction to other ships which have carried Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen to the Antarctic.



It is a good sailing ship with auxiliary steam power, but with less cargo space than was desired. However, as its function is chiefly to carry the personnel who must return to New Zealand through the ice, the lack of cargo is not serious.

Byrd's equipment, because of his airplanes with all their necessary accessories and fuel, is much more extensive than was ever taken to the Antarctic before, and it was impossible for him to get it all on one ship, as did Amundsen and Scott. They had fewer men and supplies because their work was done on foot with the aid of dogs and ponies.

Byrd's wooden ship is about one hundred eighty feet over all, with a beam of thirty-one feet and a depth of seventeen feet. It is a bark, with yards on the fore and main masts and fore-and-aft rig on the mizzen. It will make about nine knots under sail and about six under steam. When one goes aboard it, the first impression is of great strength and this is emphasized by a glimpse of the hull below decks.

The hull is of spruce and oak. Heavy sheathing is inside the ribs, which are of oak and so close together that it is barely possible to place a hand between some of them. Outside the ribs is another heavy layer of planking and on the outside of it a layer of greenheart. The sides of the vessel are very thick, which will enable it to withstand tremendous pressure from the ice. The boat is constructed so that if it was caught lengthwise in the ice it would be able to buck the ice as if it were water. The bow is reinforced and sheathed with steel for cutting through the ice. This boat has a very queer piece of apparatus on it, one which very few boats have. It is very valuable for it enables the men to replace a broken propeller without putting the boat in a dry dock. There is a hole or well over the propeller. The hole is about four feet in diameter and reaches down to the propeller. There is an enormous iron cap weighing about two tons at the bottom to prevent the wash from the propeller coming up through the hole and checking the speed of the ship. If the propeller is broken the iron cap is unscrewed and lifted up with a tackle, then the propeller is unscrewed and a new one put in its place. Sometimes it might be necessary to send a man down to replace the screws in the propeller. A diving suit is being taken along for that purpose.

The village that is to be set up on the Ross ice barrier will be the largest settlement ever placed in the Antarctic region. It will consist of five main buildings and a number of provision caches. These houses were built only after careful research to learn what was best to hold out the terrific winds and intense cold that is met during the greater part of the year. A house was brought from Norway for inspection and before it was accepted two or three more were made for experimental purposes. The resulting product of all this research and experimentation has resulted in a light, strong, but extremely weather-tight building. All the buildings will be made in the same way.



The walls of the houses will be four inches thick and will be painted a bright orange so that from the airplanes they will be easy to see against the snow. When it snows the roofs will have to be cleaned or it would be useless to paint them. These houses are made strong enough for several men to walk on the roofs. In an experiment in Brooklyn one was put up by inexperienced men in a little more than five hours. It is expected that, despite the numbing cold in the Antarctic, the houses will be erected swiftly. One of the houses to be erected is a large one adjoining the kitchen where the members of the crew will be able to amuse themselves during the long winter months. A piano will be put in there if there is enough room for it on board ship. The moving pictures of the expedition will be shown there and also scientific lectures and discussions will be given. These have been found very helpful by other explorers. The Fourth of July will be celebrated there when the temperature is sixty degrees below zero. There will be at least eight months that flying is out of the question. During this time the ships will be covered with lumber and tarpaulins and buried in the snow. Far to one side of the airplanes there will be a magnetic observatory to which someone will have to go to read instruments. This is apt to be a difficult task during the winter storms, because, on other expeditions, men have had narrow escapes from death when they had to travel only a short distance from a shelter.

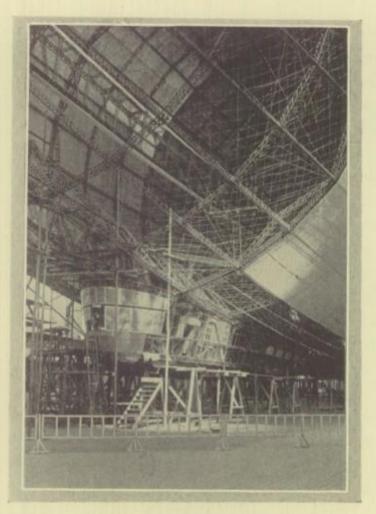
With all this careful preparation these men will probably be better sheltered and more comfortable than the men of any other expedition.

It may occur to you to ask yourself this question: "What can these men do or learn that will justify the expense and great risk of danger of this expedition? Why are they going to risk their lives for some scientific data?" The scientific answer to this question is that the data which might be obtained from this expedition is so far removed from popular knowledge and experience. The human answer to this question is simple: Men do these things because they are men; because in the unknown lies a ceaseless challenge to man's curiosity, to his ever-expanding fund of knowledge. While anything is to be learned of this earth, of its form, its history, its strange forces, men will be found who will not rest until that knowledge is complete.

JACK WERBER.







GRAF ZEPPELIN UNDER CONSTRUCTION

FUTURE OCEAN TRAVEL

IGHTEEN years ago on October 15, 1910, the first attempt to cross the Atlantic by air was made by a dirigible. This brave but vain attempt was made by Walter Wellman of Chicago and his crew of five men in an airship that would now be considered quite small as it was only 228 feet long. The dirigible had been in the air for seventy hours from the time it headed out across that long expanse of water from Atlantic City, New Jersey, when it was forced down and the crew rescued by the Royal Mail Steamship, Trent, about 450 miles east of Cape Hatteras. The airship had traveled 850 miles after it had

been blown from its course. Though this attempt itself proved unsuccessful, it was the forerunner of more successful trips to come.

Since that first vain attempt, there have only been two successful trips before that of the Graf Zeppelin. On July 2, 1919, the British R-34 left East Fortune, Scotland, and arrived at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, July 6. To this ship belongs the distinction of having been the first lighter-than-air craft to span the Atlantic. In one hundred eight hours the ship covered 3,200 miles, fifty-seven hours of which were over the ocean. On the return trip the dirigible arrived at Pulham, England, after it had been in the air for seventy-five hours. The other dirigible to make the successful crossing was the giant ZR-3, now known as the Los Angeles, which left Friedrichshafen, Germany, October 12, 1924, and arrived at Lakehurst, New Jersey, October 15, completing a journey of 5,060 miles in eighty hours. As yet the Atlantic had not been crossed by a passenger airship, but the flights of these two ships paved the way for that memorable trip of the famous Graf Zeppelin.

Once again the stormy Atlantic has been conquered, this time by a ship that could truly be called a liner of the air, the Graf Zeppelin. Leaving Friedrichshafen on October 11, 1928, this huge dirigible headed across Germany toward the Atlantic with Lakehurst, New Jersey, as its destination. Forced by weather conditions to take the longer southern route, the Zeppelin



turned its course down toward the Mediterranean and thence westward across the Azores toward America. Fighting every inch of the way against adverse winds, against squalls and storms, the Graf Zeppelin neared its goal. During the journey a sudden squall ripped off the lower covering of one of the Zeppelin's tail fins. Had it been the upper covering, the dirigible could not have finished the trip; but some of the crew climbed out on the fin, high above the water, and temporarily repaired the damage. The Graf Zeppelin continued on and accomplished its purpose, that of being the first passenger ship to cross the Atlantic by air. On the return trip the dirigible made better time and had a more successful trip. It took one hundred eleven hours for the dirigible to come over to America and only sixty-nine hours to go back, but, of course, a good many hours were taken up with touring the coast on the voyage over. The Atlantic had now been crossed and recrossed by a dirigible that carried passengers and mail each way.

Before the flight of this mammoth airship there was much doubt as to whether or not such a passenger service would be feasible, but since the flight it is evident that it is. The Zeppelin carried twenty passengers and a crew of forty each way. Many more wanted reservations to take the trip but were refused, due to the lack of room. During the one hundred eleven hours which the Zeppelin remained in the air it encountered almost every kind of bad weather, yet the Zeppelin rode through all the storms and landed its passengers safely in America. The possibilities of such a service across the Atlantic have been shown even though the Graf Zeppelin itself proved not to be suited for the service. According to Doctor Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin, stronger and faster ships are necessary before such a service will be possible.

Another ship similar to the Graf Zeppelin, a veritable giantess of the air, is being constructed for such service, the British dirigible R-100. This ship is to be about the size of the Graf Zeppelin and even more luxurious. It will have a promenade deck, a dance floor, and other accommodations that are provided by regular ocean liners. American engineers are now working on the plans of two monstrous ships, each with twice the cubic contents of the Graf Zeppelin. These ships will do much toward the development of the stronger and faster dirigibles which will usher in a regular trans-Atlantic passenger service.

Faster ocean travel is necessary to keep pace with the advance in other fields, and travel by air will be the means of obtaining it. As yet aeroplanes have not been developed to a point where they can be used safely for such service, but in the near future dirigibles will probably be put into regular service for crossing the ocean, thus following the lead of the Graf Zeppelin.

JAMES W. DURHAM.



THE HELICOPTER FLYING MACHINE

EONARDO DA VINCI, even before the first balloon ascension, proposed a lifting propeller ninety-six feet in diameter—the first helicopter. The idea evidently was dropped because of the power required to operate the apparatus. Then, in 1784, only a year after Montgolfiers' first successful balloon ascension, two Frenchmen, Launoy and Bienvenu, exhibited a toy helicopter before the French Academy of Sciences. This toy was the first successful helicopter. Other helicopters, mostly toy models, followed with W. H. Phillips, Penaud, Dandrieux, Emil Berliner, Cornu, and Bregnet, the men associated with the history of the helicopter. Even aeroplanes first got their start from helicopters, for we find that the Wright Brothers first became interested in aviation through a toy helicopter which their father, Bishop Wright, gave to them. Until the last few months the Berliner helicopter was probably the most successful. This machine was designed and constructed by an American inventor, Emil Berliner.

However, before we attempt to explain the principle and construction of the helicopter, it might be well to see just how the helicopter in time will possibly be used.

The most logical place to use helicopters, when they are fully developed, will be in the large cities where so much of the time saved by aeroplanes is lost because the landing fields are so far removed from the center of the city. Here in the city with its many large buildings, it would be very simple to fit up the roofs of a few of these buildings and use them for landing places. Aeroplanes, however, would not be able to use these places for landing because of the long run necessary to take off and land, but helicopters would solve the perplexing problem of saving the time that is lost between the airport and the place of business. Lately, there has been some experimenting with aeroplanes for picking up and dropping mail while the plane is still in the air. This has been worked out with a certain degree of success, but it has not been accepted as yet because of the numerous difficulties involved. Helicopters, however, would eliminate all of these because of their ability to hover over one spot. This same qualification might even recommend helicopters for military use to replace observation balloons.

Knowing that helicopters can be put to practical uses and are not just a theory, one certainly ought to know something about their principle and construction. Until very recent months Emil Berliner had constructed the most successful and simple helicopter. This machine is similar to an aeroplane in appearance, having a fuselage and wings like those of a plane. This machine has a seventeen-foot propeller on top for lifting, and an ordinary propeller in front for horizontal flight. Unlike other inventors, Berliner has



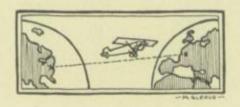
put wings on his helicopter. Due to the fact that the wings offer too much resistance when rising into the air, other inventors have done without them, preferring to rely solely on the lifting propellers to keep the machine aloft. However, the wings on the Berliner machine can be turned so that the resistance offered is negligible. After seeing that theoretically the helicopter is sound, we wonder why it is not more extensively used. This all leads us to investigate the difficulties encountered with helicopters.

These difficulties are not many, but they are very important and have been stumbling blocks in the success of the helicopter. First of all, if the engine fails, the machine would drop like a rock, since, without wings, it would not be able to glide. Some inventors have tried to use wings that fold out of the way when the machine is rising, but the mechanism involved has proved to be faulty and too heavy. Others have tried to use a propeller on top of the machine to revolve like a windmill when the machine falls. This also has not been a success as the propeller does not always revolve fast enough to offset the speed of the falling plane. Secondly, the problem of lateral progression, or horizontal flight, has not been entirely solved. Some machines have used wings with a regular aeroplane propeller in front while others tilt the lifting propellers slightly forward or use other similar devices. However, none of these methods has proven successful until very recent months.

The newest development in helicopters just came lately. A Spanish inventor has constructed a helicopter which successfully crossed the English Channel. This helicopter had very short wings and a large, four-bladed propeller on top. The large propeller and the short wings kept the machine in the air while a regular propeller in front pulled it along. This flight was the most successful since the introduction of the helicopter. But even though this flight was a success in the crossing of the channel, at Paris the machine descended too rapidly and was wrecked, plainly showing that there is still room for improvements.

This new flight, even though ending in a wreck, has opened a new era in the development of helicopters. A generation or so from now everyone will probably think nothing of using the housetops and backyards for landing fields. We probably cannot comprehend this situation, but certainly there is a wonderful future for a plane that is able to ascend and descend vertically—the helicopter.

PREWITT BROOKES.





MISS RAE LAWTON SPONSORS MISS LAURA SOLFRONK



WALTER DAHLGREEN-HONORARY STAFF MEMBER



SENIORS

January 1928

Moderator

Miss Wade

Motto: Onward.

Colors: Red and White.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer Sergeant-at-Arms Charles Thorne Phil Becker Olive Hartman Durand Stanley Edward Bugg

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Robert Judah Rose Joseph Frances Surridge Durand Stanley George Schriever

ROBERT JUDAH

Who is he? Just look at this list and see!

President of Seniors, Associate Editor of Bwana, Editor, Bwana, Torch, Treasurer of Fives, Presi-dent of Sixes, Social Committee of Fives, As-sembly, Student Council, Welfare Committee.

ROSE JOSEPH

To those who know thee not No words can paint, And those who praise thee Know all words are faint.

Vice-president Seniors, Secretary Student Council, President O'ita, Service Pin, Scholarship R's, Senior Play, Torch, Basketball B's, Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff.

FRANCES SURRIDGE

Beautiful eyes are those that show Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Vice-president Fives, Academic "R." Bwana Staff, Vice-president Vocations Club, Secretary and Treasurer Basketball, Basketball Bs, Swimming Team, College Club, Social Committee Seniors, Chairman Verse Committee Seniors,

DURAND STANLEY

Durand is always there. His little book in hand, To collect our Senior fare-Payable on demand.

Bwana Staff, Sergeant-at-Arms Forum, Secretary and Vice-president Forum, Athletic Committee. Chairman Ring and Pin Committee New Seniors and Seniors, Treasurer New Seniors and Seniors. Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Tennis, "R'

CHARLES THORNE

Born to lead!

Mask and Buskin, Student Council Sergeant-at-Arms, Chairman of Citizenship Committee, President New Seniors, Torch, Bwana.

GEORGE SCHRIEVER

Even Webster would be jealous of George's vocabulary.

And some day, we know, he'll write a dic-

Student Council, Treasurer Mask and Buskin, President Mask and Buskin, Bwana, Chairman Citizenship Committee, Program Committee Sixes, Motto Committee Sevens, Forum, Ser-geant-at-Arms of French Club.

OLIVE HARTMANN

Eyes so expressive and dark as night. French Club, Rhythmic Circle, College Club, Mask and Buskin, Torch, Bwana, Secretary New Seniors.

PHIL BECKER

Of this popular lad there's little to say Only that he'll be an actor some day.

Treasurer Mask and Buskin, President Mask and Buskin, Vice-president New Seniors, Sergeant-at-Arms Sixes, Literary Society, Debating Team, Service R, Senior Play.





BEN AUDRAIN

Get out the way!
Ben's coming.
When he gets there
Things'll be humming.

Mask and Buskin, Assembly, President of Fives,
Student Council, Senior Play.

VIRGINIA BUBE

Some girls can draw and many dance, But there are very few who can do both— And one, Virginia, is you. Secretary Art Club, Treasurer Art Club, Rhythmic Circle, French Club, Class Day.

MARGARET BUCKLEY

"Well worth her weight in gold."

Girls' Indoor Baseball, Vocations Club, Speed Club.

LILLIAN CANDA

Laugh and be gay— Tomorrow is another day. Rhythmic Circle, College Club, Basketball.

ESTHER CARMAN
A friend well worth having.
Basketball.

EDW. J. AUFDERHEIDE

Happy am I, from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me? Assembly, Secretary of Band, Treasurer of Novelty Orchestra, Treasurer of Mask and Buskin.

> JOHN BAUMUNK I'll find a way or make it.

ALICE CASHION

This maiden sweet with light brown hair
Is free from worry, free from care.

French Club, Type Club, Basketball, Tennis
Tournament, New Senior Pin and Color Com-

EDWARD BUGG

Tennis is this boy's game
For at it he won great fame.

Swimming Club, Tennis, Sergeant-at-Arms Fives,
Sergeant-at-Arms Sevens, Athletic Committee.
Picture Committee, "R" Club.

ALICE BELEW

Prim and neat is Alice Belew-Conscientious and sweet, too. Speed Club, Comites, Student Council.

GRACE BOLLMAN

Grace cares not for strife—
With a sunny smile she trips through life.

G. A. R., Priscilla Club, Girls' Indoor, Fashion Show.

LEONARD ABERNATHY

Judge by what I am Not by what I do.

LORENE BROCKMAN Lorene's own sweet way Crept into our hearts.

Spanish Club.

BERNICE BRINKMEYER

A quiet miss, yet cheerful, too.
Maids like her are very few.

President Spanish Club, Vice-president and Secretary Spanish Club, Student Council, Speed Club, O'ita, Baseball, Academic R's, Service R, Bank, Rhythmic Circle, Torch.

KENNETT E. ALLEN

"I'd rather be dead than idle."
Swimming Club, Membership Committee New Seniors, Bwana Staff, Social Committee Seniors.

MARTHA BROWNLEE

Martha has invested heavily in bonds—of friendship.

Mask and Buskin, Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, French Club, Service "R," Ujuane, Pep Club, Corresponding Secretray College Club.





MARY ELLEN CHIPLEY

Laughing and full of glee Is Mary Ellen Chipley. College Club, Basketball Treasurer.

RALPH BELTER

In history Belter's voice is low— On the field Belter's voice is—ohl Football.

FREDA CRUSIUS

Your beautiful eyes
And hair of wondrous hue
Will make us always remember you.

Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Rough
Rider, Bwana, Academic R, Service R, College
Club, Mask and Buskin.

LOUISE CONDON

Quiet and sweet is she— But full of "pep" and energy. Indoor Baseball.

ARVA DOAN

Her voice is ever soft and low. A pleasant thing in women. Senior Play.

> ALBERT BENSINGER Wit + skill = Albert.

Stamp Club

GEORGE BESS
But studyin' is wearisome!

ETHEL DUERINGER

None know her but to love her; None name her but to praise! O'ita, Secretary of Carol Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Fashion Show. ADRIEN DUMMERTH
A proper man as anyone shall see in a summer's day.

DOROTHY HAYES A light heart lives long.

BLANCHE HEINTZE Friends slowly won are long held.

AUDREY HIEMENZ

"She lives in deeds, not in years."

O'ita, Art Club, Priscilla Club, Service R, Thrift Club.

HARRY DECKER
Harry's teasing and good cheer
Will surely never cause a tear.

SOPHIE HENDEN

Now, Sophie is a miss demure—

She's loved by all, that I'm sure.

Speed Club.

VERA HELLER
Always bonny, blithe, and gay.
Vocations Club, Speed Club.

JOHN DUNAJCIK
Although he has much wit,
He's very shy at using it.





BETTY EISENMAYER Curly hair and pretty eyes, Very sweet and very wise.

KENNETH BORGWALD

Small in stature—
But have you heard him cheer?
Cheer Leader.

FLORA FOX

Just a good all 'round sport is Flora Fox.

Basketball, Volley Ball, Vocations Club, Type
Club, Priscilla.

MARY ERICKSON

We long shall bear in mind The pleasant thought thou left'st behind. Basketball, Indoor, Thrift Club.

OLIVER BOZDECK

Oliver has gained much fame By selling tickets before the game.

CATHERINE FILSINGER

Girls like Catherine are very rare—
Intelligent, sweet, and extremely fair.

College Club, Bwana Staff, Rhythmic Circle,
Torch, Indoor, Spanish Club, Service R.

VERA IRENE FOX

This maid with eyes of blue
Is sweet and peppy, too,
Priscilla Club, Volley Ball V's, Captain Volley
Ball, Carol Club.

JACK BRATTON

Greeting everything with a smile, He'll attain success after awhile. Radio Club Treasurer, Type Club, Vice-president Physics Club, Engineering Club.

RUTH FREUND

A jolly girl is Ruth— We just can't describe her, 'That's the truth.

Editor of Spanish Club Paper, Swimming Team, Academic R. Speed Club, Spanish Club.

NORMAN BROCKMEIER

Once heard, never forgotten. Student Council, Torch.

MARGARET GIBBS

An attractive girl who lends grace and dignity to the class.

College Club, Vocations Club, Ujuane, Round Table, Service R, Rhythmic Circle.

FRANCES GONGORA

Meeting her is liking her-Knowing her is loving her.

Secretary, Treasurer Spanish Club, Vice-president Spanish Club, French Club, Priscilla Club, O'ita, Torch, Academic "R's", Rough Rider Staff, Spanish Club Plays.

ROY BUSDIECKER

He sits high in all the people's hearts.

Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Property Committee, Forum, Secretary Engineering Club, Academic R, Handbook Staff, Torch.

BERTHA GREEN

First here, then there, Can never find her anywhere.

ROSA GROVE

Her hearty laughter echoes thru the hall— A jolly maiden who is loved by all. Ujuane Uke Club, Senior Class Day Committee, College Club, Senior Play.

BERNARD BROUK

Disturb me not
When I'm making a shot—in golf!

Student Council, Track, Cheer Leader, Swimming Club, Vice-president Golf Club, Indoor Club, "R" Club.





MONICA HACKETT

This maid, demure and fair, Is never vexed with heavy care. College Club, Basketball.

WILLARD CLARK

I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding. Student Council, Handbook Committee, Chairman Social Committee Sevens, Mask and Buskin.

EMIL CORTE

He left three articles in his will:
I owe much, I have nothing, I leave the rest to the poor.
Novelty Orchestra, Hiking Club.

THELMA HALLBERT
Good sense, which is only the gift of heaven.

ELNORA HARVEY

Her chuckling glee,
Her winning smile,
Seem even the teachers to beguile.

Round Table, O'ita, Girls' Golf Club, Service
R, Pep Club, French Club.

DOTTIE HART

Your first name is Dot, But the other is Forget-Me-Not. Spanish Club, Basketball.

HELEN HEATH

Always willing to help others in their labors. G. A. R., Art Club, Basketball.

JOHN COUCH

Every man has his fault-and honesty is his. Football Manager.

KELLY HEITZ

Yes, he's a football hero, And many an honor earned: He's always up and doing Where Roosevelt's concerned. Football, Basketball, Track, "R" Club.

EDITH LANDUYT

Olive complexion, eyes of brown.
A charming face with never a frown.

Basketball, French Club President and Vicepresident, Indoor Club, Speed Club, O'ita.

JEAN LIDDLE

A wonderful companion: She always agrees.

French Club.

WALLACE HEPER

Heper's actions readily put one at ease— He never does anything else but to please. Radio Club, Engineering Club, Physics Club.

> ROLAND HURTER When he speaks all is still.

ROBERTA LILLEMAN

Do not hurry, do not flurry, No good is earned by lots of worry. Vocations Club, French Club, Basketball, Volley Ball, Speed Club, Indoor Club.

ELAINE LUNDBORG

Elaine is a charming lass
And a worthy member of our class.

Vocations Club, Volley Ball, G. A. R., O'ita.

H. RALPH HYMAN

Above you see one, H. R. H.— No. not His Royal Highness. Radio Club, Seven-League Boot Club.





WINIFRED HERLINGER

Golden hair and eyes of blue—
She's a friend that's always true.

Basketball President and Secretary, Ujuane, College Club, Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Verse Committee, Academic "R," Torch.

GEORGE EISENBERG

Of honest, clean, conspicuous type.

Vice-president Forum, Corresponding Secretary
Assembly, Sergeant-at-Arms Assembly, Interscholastic Debate, Service "R."

JOSEPH DINDORF

The world knows nothing of the greatest men. Rifle Club, Bicycle Club, Engineering Club.

MONETA HOEBER

Eyes like a violet, cheeks like a rose, Moneta will always have a handful of beaux. President and Leader of Roosevelt Uke Club, New Senior Entertainment Committee, Basketball, Carol Club, Round Table, Student Council, Rhythmic Circle.

VERA E. HOELL

A popular girl, and an athlete, too,
With Vera around you'll never feel blue.
Art Club, Archery, Basketball B's, Basketball
Captain, Carol Club, Indoor R's, Ring and Pin
Committee, Rhythmic Circle, Volley Ball Secretary and Treasurer, Volley Ball V's and R's.

ORVILLE FRUTH

Your feet are simply not at ease When Orville tickles the piano keys. Secretary Radio Club, President Radio Club, Secretary Seven-League Boot Club, Novelty Orchestra, Secretary Physics Club.

JOHN GRAHAM

Resolve slowly, act quickly: A quiet eye for the quick hand.

LILLIAN JAMES

A laughing face to greet you-

O'ita Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary of O'ita, Librarian of Carol Club, Round Table, Volley Ball, Basketball, Student Council, Vocations Club.

JOHN GROSS

A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the best of men.

WILMA JOHNSTON

A girl who is very pretty
And sweet as well as witty.

Cleveland: Indoor "C," Freshman Club; Roosevelt: Art Club, Ujuane Uke Club, Indoor "R."

ELSA KOELLING

Full of fun and jollity.
Typing shows her ability.

Priscilla Club, Student Council, Speed Club
Secretary, German Club, Thrift Club, Torch.

DOROTHY KELLY

She is a Dot—
And she is small.

Vocations Club, Volley Ball Club, Priscilla Club.

JOSEPH HARTL

He is brave and bold Like the knights of old. Track Team, "R" Club.

KATHERINE LANDLER

In athletics—a "whiz,"
That's what our Kay is.
Basketball B's, Academic R.

EVELYN KOENIG

Adsl Adsl Adsl My kingdom for an Adl Torch, Student Council, Scholarship Pin, Service R's, Business Manager of Bwana, Citizenship Committee, Librarian Mask and Buskin, College Club, Ring and Pin Committee New Seniors.

JOHN A. HECKEL

Some day Johnnie will make a name, For his harmonica will bring him fame. Student Council, Trustee's Office, Service R. Band.





GERALDINE TILLSON

She stirs our pride and wins our hearts, This maiden fair to see. Vocations Club, Spanish Club, Rhythmic Circle.

> IRVIN SHERMAN Blessed are the joymakers.

ARTHUR STUCKENBERG

A tennis racquet in his hand— And he is king o'er all the land. Tennis, President Indoor Club, "R" Club.

IRENE C. TURINA

Here is Irene—a little coquette— She's also an athlete and full of pep. Spanish Club, Archery, Basketball B's, Secretary Volley Ball, Baseball R's, Bank, Service R.

CARLYLE THOMAS

He presses on where others pause or fail. Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Engineering Club, Radio Club, Physics Club, Hiking Club.

CLIFTON STETZEL
Though last, not least in love.

RUTH UPDIKE

Never is careless, always is gay, Happy and lovely she goes on her way. Student Council, O'ita, Volley Ball, Basketball.

FRED TEUTENBERG

Fred is a wondrous lad—
Always busy and never sad.

Engineering Club, Radio Club, Cartoon Club,
Forum, Ring and Pin Committee Seniors.

ALEXANDER LOELKES

To say that Alex is quiet Would be indeed absurd; For he is past master at Art. Student Council, Bwana Staff.

MILDRED POWERS

If popularity were gold,
"Diz" would harbor wealth untold.

Student Council, Chairman of Finance Committee, Rough Rider Staff, Basketball B's,
Volley Ball V's, President Indoor Baseball, Carol
Club, Rhythmic Circle, Service R.

ELVERA RAU

Faithful to friends,
She has no foe,
Out of her way
For you she will go.

Priscilla, Type Club, Round Table, College
Club, Roosevelt Uke Club.

RAYMOND LIPPERT

"Give every man thine car but few thy voice."

Student Council, Literary Society, Football.

HAROLD LEUENBERG

Sincerity itself!

Engineering Club, Literary Society, Swimming Club, Rough Rider Staff.

HELEN JEAN READ

What's work for some for her is play; She knows her lessons every day. Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Scholarship "R," College Club, Mask and Buskin, Senior Verse Committee, Torch.

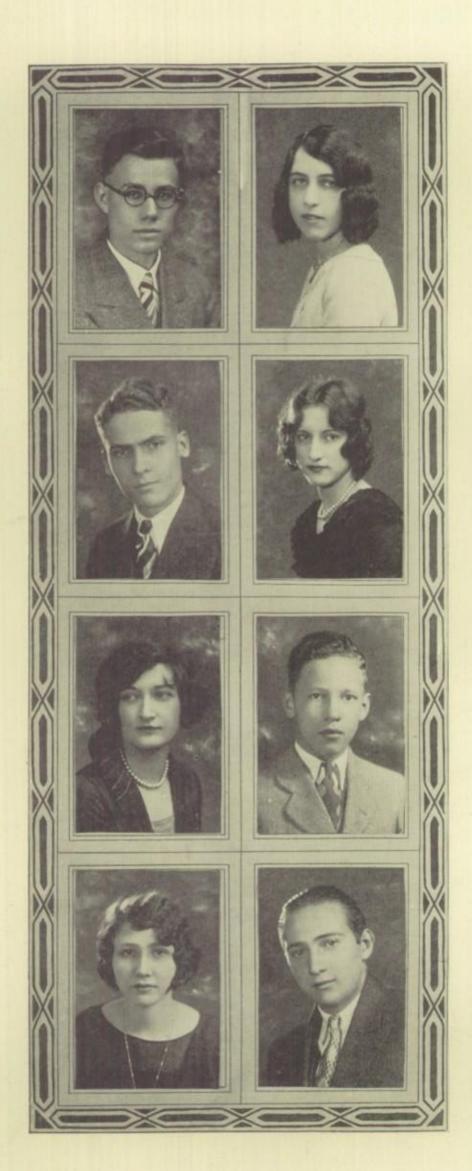
JEWELL REID

As modest, pretty, and sweet,
As any girl you'd meet.

ROBERT McCaughan

I must argue—what is, is not. Engineering Club, Swimming Club.





FREDERICK MAHNE

Manly and quiet—always accomplishing much. Seven-League Boot Club, Rough Rider Staff.

MARIE SAPPER

A sweet maid is Marie—
Happy and carefree.

Art Club, Treasurer Speed Club, Priscilla Club,
Thrift Club, Service "R."

ALBERT MARIEN

All have the gift of speech,
And some are possessed with wisdom—
But who possesseth both?

Secretary Mank and Buskin, Secretary Forum, Academic R's, Senior Play, Identification Committee, Torch.

SELMA SCHNURR

A maiden with a sunny smile Whose friendship is well worth while. O'ita, French Club.

ANNA SCHREIBER Her cares are now all ended.

HERBERT MECKER

What is so rare as this senior boy,
Who's quiet, kind, and good?

St. Paul's College: Glee Club, Lincoln Literary
Society, Orchestra, Sport Editor "Blue Jay"
weekly, Varsity Tennis and Baseball.

THELMA SCHRUM

Take it slow and easy if you want to get along with me.

French Club, Bashetball, Vocations Club.

EDWARD NEWMAN

If asking questions makes one wise, In Edward great wisdom lies.

Sergeant-at-Arms Mask and Buskin, Assembly, Mask and Buskin Play, Social Committee New Seniors, Student Council, Finance Committee, Athletic Committee, Rough Rider Reporter.

CHARLOTTE MATESON

With large brown eyes and lovely hair, No other's charms with her's compare. Priscilla, O'ita, Ujuane Uke Club Treasurer and Secretary, Social Committee Sevens.

ROBERT KESSLER

In all athletics he's inclined
To be the best that you can find.

Student Council, Basketball, "R" Club, Baseball.

FRANCES MATTHEWS

She smiles the livelong day— Driving all the shadows away. Service R. Bwana Staff, Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Priscilla Club, Fashion Show.

RUTH LONDE

A true companion, a hard worker, and a staunch friend. O'ita, Bank, Speed Club.

JOHN KLUTE

John Klute, what a crush! For the girls he'll always rush.

WILHELMINA MILLER

Never is she helter-skelter, Never does she hurry-skurry. German Club, Priscilla, Art Club, Speed Club, O'ita.

CHARLES KOHLBRY

He that can have patience Can have what he will.

MARY MESSINA

Sweetness itself and small in height.

Student Council, Baseball Club, O'ita, Orchestra,
French Club.





WILLIAM MCCULLY

Within his brain great plans do seethe.

Student Council, Cartoon Club, Treasurer Engineering Club, Cleveland Radio Club.

MARGARET REBER

With a fairy's airy grace. Cheerful all the day. Ujuane, French Club, Basketball, Spanish Club, Speed Club, Rough Rider Staff, O'ita, Vocations Club, Carol Club.

ALMA ROGERS

One should give a gleam of happiness wherever it is possible.

Speed Club, Basketball, Indoor Baseball.

ERMA ROBERTS

A tiny girl with lovely hair, Whose sunny smile is everywhere. Volley Ball, Baseball, Bashetball, Fashion Show.

JACK MCMAHON

Jack—the hero of the play—has fame In athletics and all other games. Senior Play, Track, Assembly, Student Council Representative, Treasurer of Sixes, Chairman of Auditorium Committee.

CLARICE RUTLEDGE

Another musician we have in our class And she is a most charming lass. Secretary O'ita, Orchestra, Rhythmic Circle, Senior Picture Committee, Torch.

NORMA SCHLAKE

A pal to you, A girl most true. Secretary of Orchestra, Round Table, Student Council, Social Committee New Seniors.

KARL MANSFIELD

"Courteous and manly in all he does."

Orchestra, Engineering Club, New Senior Color Committee.

LUTIE MORRIS

Charm strikes the sight, But merit wins the soul.

Orchestra Vice-president, Priscilla, Fashion Show, Student Council, Auditorium Committee.

ROY LANG

Here's a boy of might and main
Possessing brawn and lots of brain.

Associate Editor Bwana, Secretary and Treasurer "R" Club, Chairman Class Day, Football,
Track—McKinley.

ANNA MOSSEFIN

Anna is dignified, quiet, serene, Tranquil of temper, and stately of mien. Associate Editor Gold Bug, O'ita; Spanish Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Vocations Club, G. A. R., Indoor Baseball.

JANE NAYLOR

Tall and graceful as a fairy queen.
But as real a girl as you've ever seen.
O'ita, Ujuane, Rhythmic Circle, Social Committee of Sevens, Membership Committee of Sevens, Dedication page of Bwana.

LORINE NORDEN

A lovely girl and very sweet, Surely a pleasant one to meet. Vocations Club, G. A. R.

JOSEPH KREN

Some day Joseph Kren Will rank among the greatest men. Stamp Club, Vice-president Orchestra, Football Manager, Athletic "R," "R" Club.

JACK LEHMANN

Variety is the very spice of life.

Academic R, Service R, Student Council, Finance Committee, Treasurer of Forum, Rough Rider Staff, New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Bwana Staff, Vice-president Student Council, Senior Play, Torch.

LORRAINE O'DELL

Most dainty and small, And loved by all.

Rhythmic Circle, Swimming Club, Speeed Club, Baseball, Ujuane Club.





MILDRED SCHWORM

Dancing or volley ball, Indoor, running or baseball, "Red" excels in each and all.

Priscilla Club, Archery, Basketball B's, President Basketball, Carol Club, Volley Ball R's, President Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball Vicepresident, Fashion Show.

MARTIN MILLER

Witty, wise, and full of song, In the glee club he pulls strong. Literary Society, Orchestra, Treasurer of Band, President of Band, Assistant Director of Novelty Orchestra, Director of Novelty Orchestra, Member of Class Day Orchestra.

WALTER NIEBLING Still water runs deep.

MILDRED SCHULTZE

My duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed By saying that I love to make one happy-if I may.

ETHEL SEAGO

Dainty and sweet— A maiden petite.

Basketball, Volley Ball, Archery, Tennis, G. A. R., French Club, O'ita, Treasurer Vocations Club, Vice-president Vocations Club, Senior Play.

GAIL POTTER

Oh, what a perfect technique! Bwana Staff, McK. Art Club, McK. Crimson, Rough Rider, Assembly, Mask and Buskin, French Club.

> FRANK RENARD Being gifted with a tongue, I use it.

ELIZABETH SPECHT

Happy-go-lucky, fair and free, Nothing there is that bothers me.

G. A. R., Fashion Show, Rhythmic Circle, Academic R. College Club, Carol Club, Round Table.

LUCILLE STARK

Her eyes excel the brightest skies.

Cleveland: Pipes o' Pan; Roosevelt: Welfare
Committee, Student Council, G. A. R.

JOHN ROGUSKI

Our Mayor is sturdy, strong and bold, The best ever, so we are told. Stamp Club, Engineering Club, President Glee Club, Treasurer Literary, President Literary, Student Council, Debating Team, Mayor, Torch.

LEROY SAVAGE

The pride of our football team,
The Captain of our Eleven!

Student Council, Chairman Property Committee,
Baseball, Basketball, Track, Football Captain,
"R" Club President.

ANGELA STEHLE

Angela may be quiet, but she's a deep thinker. Vocations Club. Spanish Club.

VIRGINIA STRANDBERG

Though hard studies she had to bear, Ginnie never seemed to care. O'ita, Priscilla, Rhythmic Circle, Student Council, Fashion Show.

HAROLD SCHMITZ

The mildest manners with the bravest mind. Student Council.

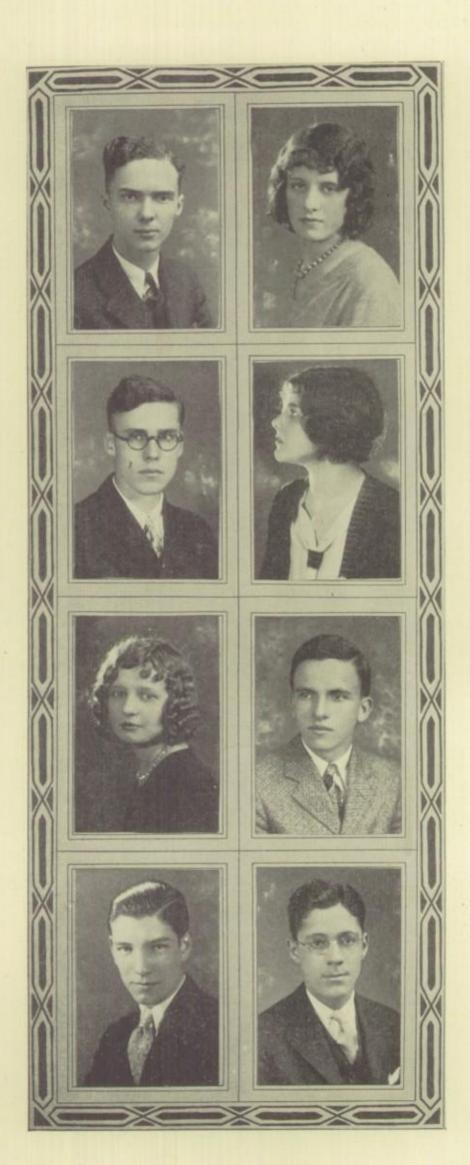
WADLOW SHANTZ Variety is the spice of life.

EDGAR SWATEK

The less there is learned, the less there is to forget.

Chess, Stamp Club, Wrestling Club, Secretary and Treasurer Indoor Club.





DAVID WARREN

In oratory he excels
And he does many other things as well.

Glee Club, Radio Club, President of Forum,
Debating R, Senior Play.

VICTORIA ZIGMAN

Be as cheerful as you may, And you shall cheer by what you say,

> OWEN VYLE Few excel Vyle in golf.

VIRGINIA ZIEGLER

Cheerful and smiling,
Ever fun beguiling,
While mischief she's compiling.

Mask and Buskin, Type Club, Basketball, Class
Day Committee, Identification Committee, Senior Play, Class Day.

MARGARET WILKENDORF

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts. Secretary Ujuane Club, Basketball, Priscilla, Fashion Show, Student Council.

JOHN VANDERBECK

A quiet, brilliant boy at school, Who always endeavors to keep each rule. Radio Club, Forum, Engineering Club, Cartoon Club, Student Council, Chairman of Identification Committee.

> CHAS. TODEBUSH That way with the ladies!

RICHARD BURG

Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, Cartoon Club, Swimming Club, Literary Club, Stamp Club, Mask and Buskin.

JACK WERBER

A pleasant voice and a business-like air.
Make our Jack liked everywhere.

Secretary Forum, Chairman of Athletic Committee, New Seniors, Engineering Club, Secretary Sixes, Torch.

VERA WEBER

A tear for every sorrow, A good wish for every morrow. Spanish Club, Tennis, Indoor Baseball, Basketball.

BYRON THOMPSON

Reserve cannot hide his true merit. Secretary Engineering Club, President Engineering Club, Student Council.

DOROTHY WALDECK

I have no reason but a woman's reason,
I think it so because I think it so.

President Art Club, Vice-president Art Club,
Student Council, Athletic Committee, O'ita.
Winner Title Page Contest, French Club, Volley
Ball, G. A. R.

HAZEL WERNER

So kind and friendly we may say That many friends have come her way.

JULIUS UNRUH

Julius worked, and sweat, and swore. And now, at last, his work is o'er.

GEORGE UTTLEY

In arguing, George has much skill:
For, although beaten, he argues still.

Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Social Committee, New Seniors, Bwana Staff, Torch, Academic R.

RUTH WETTENGEL

Such a fresh, blooming, chubby.
Rosy, cosy, modest, little bud.

Student Council, Welfare Committee, Volley
Ball, Fashion Show, Priscilla Club.





JACK ZOTT

Full of wise saws and modern instances. Football, "R."

OLIVER LEIBER

Wise as Solomon! Radio Club, Assembly, Baseball.

ELDA BLACKBURN

Always doing whatever she can To help and cheer her fellowman.

LUCILLE GREALISH

A steady hand, A friendly heart; When it comes to work, She does her part.

PAULINE HEINRICH

Pauline with her charming ways Helped to brighten "Senior Days."

MILDRED SCHREINER

Neat and charming, Demure and shy.

CLAUDE BLACKMAN

O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

ROLAND COWAN

Jolly and kind-Friendly inclined.

CLIFFORD FOX

In his quiet way

He'll make a name for himself someday. Football, Editor Rough Rider.

Teach, "R" Club.

HERBERT HOFFMAN

Here's a student, here's a friend, Ever ready a hand to lend.



BELMONT NORRIS

We cheerfully asked him how a man could kill time.

ROLAND HUND

Great things through greatest hazards are achieved.

ALFRED KAEPPEL

More is thy due than we can pay.

RALPH KIRCHHOFF

Chase me low, Chase me high, I'm a little butterfly!

WILLIAM H. KRUEGER

And now an "R," to your great joy, Rests upon your sweater, boy. Tennis, "R" Club, Engineering Club.

MICHAEL SCIARRA

Not everyone knows Michael— But who has not heard his cornet?

HARRY SNYDER

Size is no sign of ability.

JAMES THOMAS

James never broadcasts his opinions.

WILLIAM THAU

The mildest manners with the bravest mind.

BERNARD WIPPOLD

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility.

Eighty-four

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AMBITION	To do a back flip	To dive off the Free Bridge—and live	To have a snappu line	To play in good orchestra	To be expelled for making noise	To be the hero	To be on the "All-American Team"	To own a raincoat factory	Drop us a card if you find out	To pass history	To be a man some day	Guess again	To get a "first"	To compile a dictionary	To swim to California	To win a love set from Hunter	To get some rest	To be a poet	To know all the new songs	To sell anything	We can't give him away	To be a lawyer	To be a mathematician	Tell Webster what it's all about	To be a keeper at the zoo	I o be a debater	To be in the Olympics	To be a second McNamee	To graduate	I o be a good ball player	I o own some asbestos shoes	To be the second harmonica in the sym-	To soull the susselver of "freeto" mon	moer of mars	To be a chemist	I o get his math.—right	Rollo, how could you:	It's a secret	To be a Nise Beby	To get some order in senior meetings
CHIEF OCCUPATION	Talkina	Life sating	Regioning or anding a speech	Digiting in Chool Rand	Reing effort	Truing out for plans		na work	This is even harder.		Teaching us to cheer.	Wandering around	Trying to keep in condition		Doubling for a porpoise	Breaking rackets	Being generally useful	Walking	(so he says)	Using it	Day dreaming	Chewing gum		Saying, "What"	Finding something to do	Debating	Ditto	Broadcasting	- 5			Playing (?) harmonicas		m	4	Getting somewhere	Being good?	Taking care of C. K.	Don't esk	Pounding the mallet
BASIS OF FAME	His month abusines	Summing purgayar	U. constant	His speeches.	Sitaing trompone	Action	Easthall	Breineseliho air	It's hard to decide	History shark?	His size	Guess	Track	His dignity	Swimming	Tennis	Utility man	That walk	"Crazu Fingers"	His odd voice	His baby face	Entrancing smile	His Irishness	His oratoru	His name	Debating	Hurdling	Radio activity	His Derby	Indoor	Speedu "dogs"	His height		Athletics	Experiments	His fast walk	Little "Rollo"	"Math hound"	Not famous	President
NAME	Appropriation I contable	ALLEN KENNETT	ALLEN, RENNETT	AUDKAIN, BEN	AUFDERHEIDE, ED.	DACMONK, JOHN	DECKEK, FRILLIP	RENEWACED ATREPT	BESS GEORGE	BI ACKMAN, CLAUDE			BRATTON, JACK	BROCKMEIER. NORMAN	BROUK, BERNARD	BUGG, EDWARD	BUSDIECKER, ROY	CLARK, WILLARD							DUNAJCIK, JOHN	EISENBERG, GEORGE	FOX. CLIFFORD	FRUTH, ORVILLE	GRAHAM, JOHN	GROSS, JOHN	HARTL, JOSEPH	HECKEL, JOHN			HEPER, WALLACE	22	HUND, ROLAND	HURTER, ROLAND	1.5	Broked

		/	7	1		0		111	47	-		_	-	3	V	X	V	7	7	1	1	1		I	-		I	5	_			11///	とフ	=	=	7		7	7	,			
	AMBITION	To gat stoon at	To be a planter of the	The brainfall-tongued orator	I o keep on doing it	I o become a good saxaphonist	We can't tell	To own the Granada	To meet some real opposition	To play a full game without getting	mashed	To have a speaking part in a n'au	2 2 2	To get it straight	To be a football planer	To represent us in Consesse	Strong men in a crease side of sin	To treated a short of the	To cumple a short cut to the tunch room	I o control his b ush	I o leave school and forget to come back	I o get a date	To be a big, rough "he-man"	"Who cares?" said a voice in the rear	To shoot the any that invented dress suite	To aet out	To be one of the trees on "Pomunder	Walk"	To believe in Santa Claus	To do on tabina it east	To be a master of ceremonies	To get another date?	To have a law passed against the use of	helmets	To correct a teacher	To be a matinee idol	To be as good as "pana"			To be a bus driver	To be an Eskimo	To start a bank	To play tennis
BOYS	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Eating, sleeping, etc.	Cotting his homework	Doing nothing	Paris "Att. L."	peing snetky		Shaving with a blow torch	Tennis	Getting hurt		Rehearsing for senior play	Neither can you	Truing to get it straight			Recuperating	Ditto	Planing conceins A D	raying opposite A. D.	Coming to school and leaving it	Neeping it wavy	Betng agreeable	Being important (?)	Playing it.	Getting into trouble	fairy tales		Walking with M. D.			Keeping order in the Council	Playing quarterback		Imitating the Prince of Wales	March.	Playing it in the "aud"	"Whatya want for \$1.00"	:	Has none	Eating them	Being treasurer	Keeping girls away
	NAME BASIS OF FAME	, ALFRED. ?????		I			KLES		WILLIAM	***************************************				******	IPPERT, RAYMOND His smile		Т						ALBERT	HERBERT. His education	-	-	WALTER		BELMONT. Football.	GAIL. His line	FRANK					E	MICHAEL				Apples		Sheikiness
		KAEPPEL,	KESSLE	KIRCHH	KILITE JOHN	Louis pr	NOHLBA	KREN, JOSEPH	KRUEGE	LANG, ROY.	On the party of	LEHMAI	LEIBER,	LEUENE	LIPPER.	LOELKE	McCAU	MCCUL	MCMAH	MAHNE EDER	MANICE	MANANA	MAKIEN	MECKER,	MILLER,	NEWMAN,	NIEBLING,		NORRIS,	POTTER,	RENARD,	ROGUSKI,	SAVAGE, LEROY		SCHMIT	SCHRIE	SCIARRA	SHANTZ,	Comment	SHERM	SNYDER, HARRY	STANLE	STETZE

	AMBITION	To beat Cochet	To wake up	To get his math alone	To grow an egg tree	To be a mattress tester	To be a hair tonic salesman	To get a real car	To grow up	To be a deacon	To get out of school before he is sixty	To be a radio announcer	To learn to dance on his own feet	To master his blushing		Learning to dance in ten lessons	To stay awake six periods	To be a fireman	To grow another foot	
DOLO	CHIEF OCCUPATION	More tennis	Being unconscious	Living up to it.		************			. Doing his good turn	******	Trying to look young		***************************************		.Calling himself to order at "Forum"	Meetings	Looking sleepy	Trying to remember		
	BASIS OF FAME	Tennis		His studious appearance	His style?	His line	Them hair	His Ford	Boy Scout	Ruining the "rep" of class.	Hig age	His voice	Borrowing	Monitor	Debating		His hair	Ah-eh-ha	His size	
	NAME	STUCKENBURG, ARTHUR	SWATEK, EDGAR	TEUTENBERG, FRED.	THAU, WILLIAM	THOMAS, CARLYLE	THOMAS, JAMES	THOMPSON, BYRON	THORNE, CHARLES	TODEBUSH, CHARLES	UNRUH, JULIUS	UTTLEY, GEORGE	VANDERBECK, JOHN	VYLE, OWEN	WARREN, DAVID.		WERBER, JACK	WIPPOLD, BERNARD	ZOTT, JACK	

BWANAS

GIRLS

CHIEF OCCUPATION AMBITION					To outtalk a radio To be a movie queen						ith boys To get a minute's rest
CHIEF 00	Reciting Being silent			Drawing Studying	Seeking knowledge		Deing an atmete Using "It"	Going with H. T.	Taking her time		Chewing the rag with boys
BASIS OF FAME	Studiousness That quiet way	Being cute Her Grades	Quiet Her hair	Art Her line	Talking	Her curls ? ? ??	Her seriousness	Her pretty eyes	Her height	That permanent	Her plumpness
NAME		BOLLMAN, GRACE BRINKMEYER, BERNICE I	BROCKMAN, LORENE C							(diame)	FRICKSON, MARY Her plumpness

o tell the teachers what they don't know o make a professional violin player To meet Hamlet, Prince of Denmark To make an F with the bottom on -somehow To become a basketball coach Forget about lessons for once To grow another inch or so o make everybody happy AMBITION To be an elocution teacher To dance a "Fandango" Fo belong to more clubs To be a private secretary To be heard—and how! To have nothing to do No ambition? To rival Miss America To teach kindergarten. To have perfect poise To flunk for a change Fo be a Greta Garbo To get out of school-To swim the channel To be a trained nurse To be a social leader. To be a gym teacher To go to California. To be a journalist To like everyone o do something To be important To make a noise To be different To be a "steno" To be an artist To get serious To be noisy To be clever o graduate What! Putting over the "ad" campaign CHIEF OCCUPATION Going to committee meetings Developing technique in type Getting things mixed up. Working for the school no occupation? Chumming with A. M. Using her vocal cords. Doing her homework Drinking Coca-Cola Reading fiction Rolling them orbs cooking innocent. Coming to school. Playing basketball Asking questions Making alibis Talking Spanish Studying history Being very quiet modest ... Starring in 202. Masticating it. Wise cracking Being modest Acting sweet GIRLS Using them Seing smart Cutting up Being nice Swimming Modeling Laughing Studying Drawing Using if. Smiling Giggling Smiling What! Being BASIS OF FAME Solving math problems Her self-consciousness Her pleasant manner Belonging to clubs Her sophistication. Those raven locks Her flaming locks. Her permanent... Secretary Council. Her Irish eyes.... Sasketball..... ler temperament General nuisance. Her complexion. Her black hair ... Her smartness... Her bashfulness Her cuteness Chewing gum. Her tresses..... Her rare locks. She must talk Her quietness. Her quietness. Bwana work. Being sweet. Cheerfulness Her brains... Swimming Nanette Basketball Her voice. Sincerity Her size. Her Size Her size. Her eyes Shyness Silliness FILSINGER, CATHERINE HERLINGER, WINIFRED ANDLER, KATHERINE MATESON, CHARLOTTE MATTHEWS, FRANCES MESSINA, MARY MORRIS, LUTIE HEATH, HELEN HEINTZE, BLANCHE HELLER, VERA ILLEMAN, ROBERTA HEINRICH, PAULINE GONGORA, FRANCES GREALISH, LUCILLE HOEBER, MONETA... HOELL, VERA......JAMES, LILLIAN ANDUYT, EDYTHE. UNDBORG, ELAINE HACKETT, MONICA. HALBERT, THELMA IVE HEMENZ, AUDREY. JOHNSTON, WILMA HARVEY. ELNORA... KELLY, DOROTHY. GROVE, ROSA HENDEN, SOPHIE. KOENIG, EVELYN NAME KOELLING, ELSA GIBBS, MARGAR HARTMANN, OL FREUND, RUTH HART, DOTTIE FOX, FLORA JOSEPH, ROSE. IDDLE, JEAN JONDE, RUTH VERA. FOX,

To play in a hot jazz orchestra

Playing her sax

Winsomeness

_	-	0		I		414		1		3	3	-	>	-	7	1	4	1	3			-	1		-	-	I	(0)	2	_		7		7	7	,
AMBITION	2 2 2	To knock them dead	We cannot tell	To look like a fashion model	To go places and do things	To graduate-finally and conclusively	To scatter sunshine	To be popular	To get more dates	To marry D. N.	To be boisterous.	To be even more charming	To be a "steno"	To make an F	To be a great orator	More gum	To be a Sunday school teacher	To have a million friends	To beat Vera at basketball	To have a date with ? ? ?	To change her name	To be an actress	To control that giggle	To have more	To be a great artist	To be a comedienne	To shoot a basket	You tell us	To learn how to get good grades without	studying	To ben'd out a good time	T. t. L. L.	To be known	To think more of I ou	To master it	
CHIEF OCCUPATION	Roing studious	Jabberina	Ir's a speret	Truing to make up for it	Taking charge of things	Thinking of art	Acting pleasant	Being friendly	Dating ? ? ?	Meeting D. N.	Trying to study	Being gracious	Putting money in the bank	Getting E's	Talking	Chewing it	Strutting the corridors		Being peppy	Talking about Eddie	Meeting Ralph	Taking her time	Giggling	Dimpling	Dating Jack	Acting funny	Being silly.	We don't know	Studying	-	them eyes	Saying I es, Mam, to teachers	Acting cute???	Being quiet	Studing economics	or and the second secon
BASIS OF FAME	Hor namo	Rondness	Annhody brown?	I ach of height	Capability	Giggles	Smiles	Sincerity	Dates	That frown	Her sweet smile	Charm	Those saving ways	That winning smile	Her voice	Chewing gum	Her line of chatter	Friendliness	Her hair	Those eyes	Her boy friend	Those tresses	Giggling	Dimples	Secretary Seniors	Her wit	That laugh	Guess	Studiousness		Her stature	I imianess	Her Jokes	Her curls	Senior play	manufacture and an
NAME	MOSSEDIN ANNA	Mosserin, Anna	Nobrem I Obene		POWERS, MILDRED	RAU, ELVERA	READ, HELEN JEAN	REBER, MARGARET	REID, JEWELL	ROBERTS, ERMA	ROGERS, ALMA	RUTLEDGE, CLARICE	SAPPER, MARIE	SCHLAKE, NORMA	SCHNURR, SELMA	SCHREIBER, ANNE	SCHRUM, THELMA	SCHULTZE, MILDRED	SCHWORM, MILDRED	SEAGO, ETHEL	SPECHT, ELIZABETH	STARK, LUCILLE	STEHLE, ANGELA	STRANDBERG, VIRGINIA	SURRIDGE, FRANCES	TILLSON, GERALDINE	TURINA, IRENE	UPDIKE, RUTH	WALDECK, DOROTHY		WEBER, VERA	WERNER, HAZEL	WETTENGEL, RUTH		ZIEGLER, VIRGINIA	ZIGMUN, VICTORIA



NEW SENIOR CLASS

Moderator

Miss Battle

Motto: "Ride Hard."

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Kirk Jeffrey Marion Pritchard Margaret Battefeld Dorothy Scheer Norman Ward

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Howard Geraghty Victoria Hernan Margaret Battefeld Vernon Whitman Ferguson Randall

HOWARD GERAGHTY

Howard is stately, dark and tall, 'Tis true! For him the ladies fall. President New Seniors.

VICTORIA HERNAN

With snap and pep and zest, And never a moment for rest. Academic R's, Bwana Staff, Student Council, President College Club, Basketball, Wayfarers, Torch, French Club, Service R.

MARION PRICHARD (MARIANNE)

When Marion smiles the shadows depart, For they come direct from her light heart. Rough Rider Staff, Wayfarers, Vice-president Sixes, Student Council, Finance Committee, Round Table, Volley Ball, Academic R's, Service R's.

KIRK JEFFREY

This young man is small and neat.
His grades are surely hard to beat.
Bwana Staff, Sergeant-at-Arms Mask and Buskin,
Golf Club, Forum Club, President Sixes, Chairman Picture Committee New Seniors, French
Club.

VERNON WHITMAN

Be always as merry as ever you can, For no one delights in a sorrowful man. Treasurer New Seniors, Assembly, Captain Golf Team, Indoor Club, Cartoon Club, New Senior Social Committee, Social Committee Sixes.

DOROTHY SCHEER (DOT)

Although she is a dot,
She is not quite so small;
Indeed, to tell the truth,
This maid is very tall.

Basketball, Carol Club, College Club, Wayfarers, Treasurer Sixes, Student Council, Academic R.

MARGARET BATTEFELD (MARGE)

As true a friend, as congenial a companion, and as perfect a girl as can be found.

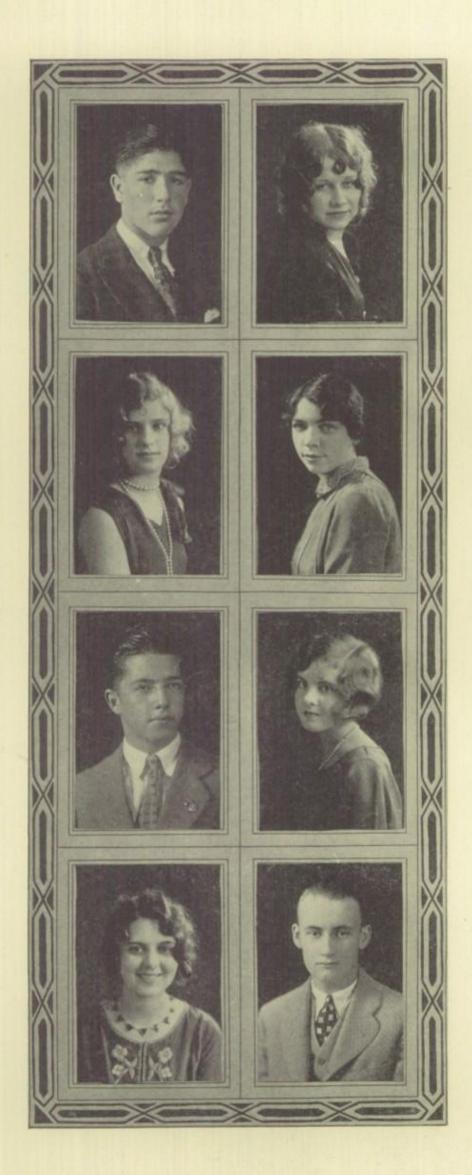
Carol Club, Golf Club, Secretary Sixes, Rough Rider Staff, Secretary New Seniors, Library Assistant, Student Council.

FERGUSON RANDALL (FERG)

Ferg would be a swimmer yet If H2O were not so wet.

Mask and Buskin, Swimming Club, Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, Finance Committee, Sergeant-at-Arms New Seniors, Service R, Academic R's, Torch.





HARRY ALBERTSTEIN

Lessons don't bother me,
Neither do girls.

Literary Club, Indoor Club, Manager Football, Student Council, Athletic Committee, Athletic R.

INEZ ADAMS

"Be a friend, the rest will follow." Priscilla.

NADINE ALEXANDER

A friend who knows and dares to say
The brave sweet words that cheer the way.
College Club, Pep "R" Club.

DOROTHY ADLER

A wonderful companion: She always agrees.

RALPH ATKINS

A wise man will make more Opportunities than he finds. Engineering Club, Physics Club, Hiking Club.

CONSTANCE BARKER (CONNIE)

Her ways are witty, Her judgment is sound; A hard, sincere worker, A dandy "all-round."

O'ita, Speed Club.

LOIS BARNES (LOIE)

Meeting her is liking her, Knowing her is loving her— Just Lois.

Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball, Round Table, Student Council, Finance Committee, Rough Rider Staff, Academic R, Service R.

WILLIAM BAKER

Always be happy, joyful, glad, Always be anything but sad. Student Council, Spanish Club, Orchestra, Literary Club.

RUPERT ALLAN

He excels in all he undertakes.

Associate Editor Rough Rider, Bwana, Student Council, Mask and Buskin, Forum, Treasurer Finance Committee, Treasurer of Mask and Buskin, Torch.

LOTTIE BARRETT

Chestnut hair and eyes of brown, A truer friend cannot be found. Central High, Cape Girardeau, Mo., Girl Reserve, Roosevelt High, Priscilla.

GRACE BAHRENS

Here, indeed, are dignity—and Grace. Fashion Show.

MARGARET BELL (MARGE)

She doth little kindnesses which most leave undone, or else despise. Vocations Club, French Club, Speed Club.

EDWARD BARGERY (ED)

There's lots of knowledge in his head, And lots of things he's never said. Literary Club, Craft Club, Golf Club.

LILLIAN BERNHARD

With happy joy and sweet content Lillian has her school days spent. Indoor Baseball R, Volley Ball R, Basketball.

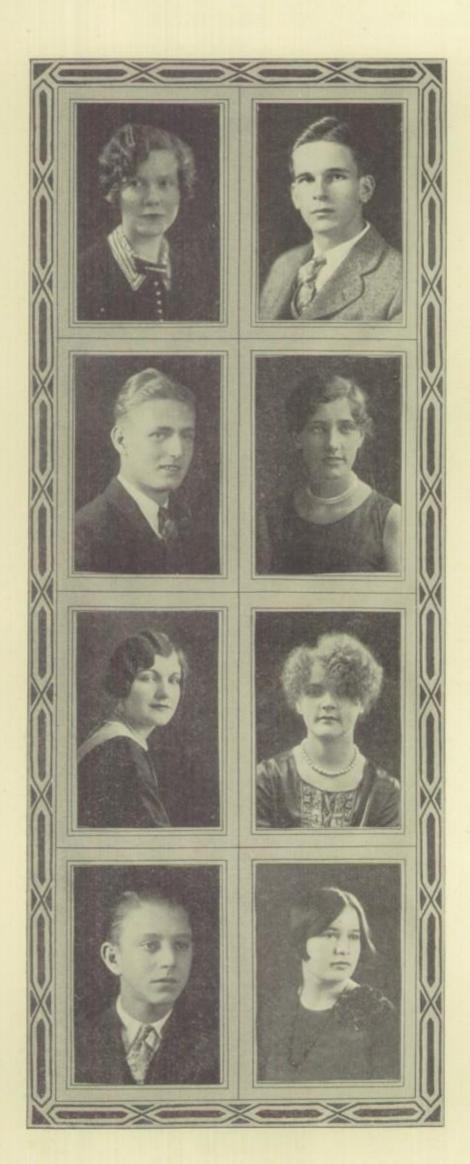
RUTH BENJAMIN

Here is a girl who will not shirk Any duties in life's work. Art Club, Round Table, Freshman Literary Society.

EARL BARTMAN

Personality is the thing that overtowers everything in the world. Student Council.





LILLIAN KELLY

If all things were flowers,
A violet thou wouldst be.
Round Table, Vocations Club, Speed Club.

HENRY BLANK

For he's a good-natured fellow. Track, Student Council.

FLOYD BENNETT

The girls would leave the Senior parties were Floyd not present.

Mask and Buskin, Student Council, Baseball, Athletic R.

ELOISE BURG

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair.
Like twilight too—her dusky hair.

Mask and Buskin. Vice-president, auditorium play, Mask and Buskin. Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, Corresponding Secretary College Club, Chairman Social Committee Sixes, Picture Committee New Seniors, Basketball, Tennis.

JAYNE BROOKS

An attractive girl who lends Grace and dignity to the class. Fashion Show, Office.

MARIE BRINKMANN

Marie tries with all her might To make hot biscuits nice and light. Priscilla, Art Club, German Club.

> JOE M. BAUMAN Though small in size Joe's very wise.

HELEN BOWIE

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.

Vocations, Priscilla.

ISADORE BARNHOLTZ
The mind is the standard of the man.
Hiking Club, Literary Club.

MILDRED BERTHOLD

She speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in her eyes.

MERCEDES BONIFACE Her ways and words are winning. Vocations Club. Spanish Club.

RUTH BOHLE

Though small in size
Ruth's very wise.

College Club, Round Table, Rhythmic Circle,
Academic R's, Service R, Physics Club, Wayfarers' Club, Torch.

FRANCES BAUGHMAN
Friendship that is constant in all things.

REBA BISHOP

Jolly and kind,
Friendly inclined.

Spanish Club.

MAE BOLLINGER

Bright and cute and clever,

Sweet and friendly ever.

Priscilla, Fashion Show.

JACOB BENDER

No man cares to be advised to do

What he had already planned to do.





ZELPHA CALDWELL

How long can we get along without our Zelpha?

West Denver High: Student Council: Soldan High, Roosevelt High: French Club, Fashion Show, Basketball Club.

ERNEST BOYD

He is cautious not to make his moves too hastily.

THEODORE BIERMANN

Teddy is a studious lad— So there is nothing we need add. Engineering Club.

HONORA CARROL (NONIE)

Clever, athletic, full of fun:
Known and loved by everyone.

Basketball Captain, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball,
G. A. R., Identification Committee, New
Seniors.

CORINNE CAMMANN (BOOD-I-FUL)

Always sweet and smiling, Always gay and beguiling. ic R. Rough Rider, College Club,

Academic R. Rough Rider, College Club, President Ujuane, Mask and Buskin, New Senior Identification Committee.

VIVIAN CAVITT

Being gifted with a tongue, I use it!

Ujuane, Fashion Show, Orchestra.

MARGUERITE CHAUDRON (MARGE)

Marguerite's voice is
"Just like a melody out of the sky."

Vocations Club, Fashion Show.

ROY BRANDENBURGER

A tall manly blond, Of a brunette—is he fond?

MARRE COONEY

I would more natures were like thine. Fashion Show, Basketball.

BERNARD BRICELY

It is not what a man gets, But what a man is That he should think of. Wrestling Club, Stamp Club.

JESSIE CUMMINGS

Happy Jessie with a smile, Charming, artless, lacking guile. Priscilla, Bank, Granite City High School, G. A. R.

PLACIDE DAUES

A wild breeze comes rushing through— Well, Placide, if it isn't you! Mask and Buskin, Bwana Staff, College Club, Latin Club, Academic R's, Vocations Club, Torch.

CELESTINE CUNNINGHAM Good things come in small packages. Carol Club.

CHARLES BRANDLE
A word to the wise is sufficient.

HOWARD BRIMMER

Don't worry about my size!
Napoleon was a little man, too.

R Club, Cheer Leader, Chairman Auditorium
Committee, Chairman Property Committee, Manager Baseball, Student Council, Athletic R.

LUCILLE CURRY

Always happy, always gay, Lou goes painting on her way. Art Club.





PREWITT BROOKES

"It won't be long now!"

Bwana Staff, Literary Club, Treasurer Literary Club, Social Committee Sixes, Chairman New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Rough Rider, Torch.

MELBA DIENSTBACK

A pleasant, faithful, reliable worker. Basketl-all, Indoor Baseball, Carol Club.

VIRGINIA DOUBECK

I'm a delver deep, Into books I peep, And their treasures keep, Vocations Club, Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Spanish Club.

WALWIN BUCHHOLD

With jollity have I made school endurable. Student Council.

EMMETT BURGHERR

Just like a fireplace—Grate!

Literary Club, Identification Committee, New Seniors.

DOROTHY DOWLING

When things look blue
Dot knows just what to do;
With her "uke" she plays for you.

President Ujuane, Leader Ujuane, Mask and
Buskin Club.

BEULAH EGENRIETHER

Always doing little trifles Which make her renowned. Priscilla, Basketball.

AURELIA ECKER

Here begins your true career, Look up to it and never fear. Art Club. WILLIAM CRAIG (BILL)

It is not what's in a man's head that counts, It is what he gets out of it.

LULU FRANKE

I feel relieved at last, For my work days are past. Art Club, Ujuane, Fashion Show.

DORIS FRUTH

We know her as a damsel fair, With sweet features and golden hair. French Club, Wayfarers, College Club.

RICHARD DAVISSON
Fain would I climb but that I fall.

BARBARA FUCHS (BOB)

A quiet miss, yet cheerful, too; Maids like her are very few. Speed Club, Bank, Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Academic R, Service R, Office.

EDWARD DEBUS
Face to face clears many a case.

FREDA FULLER

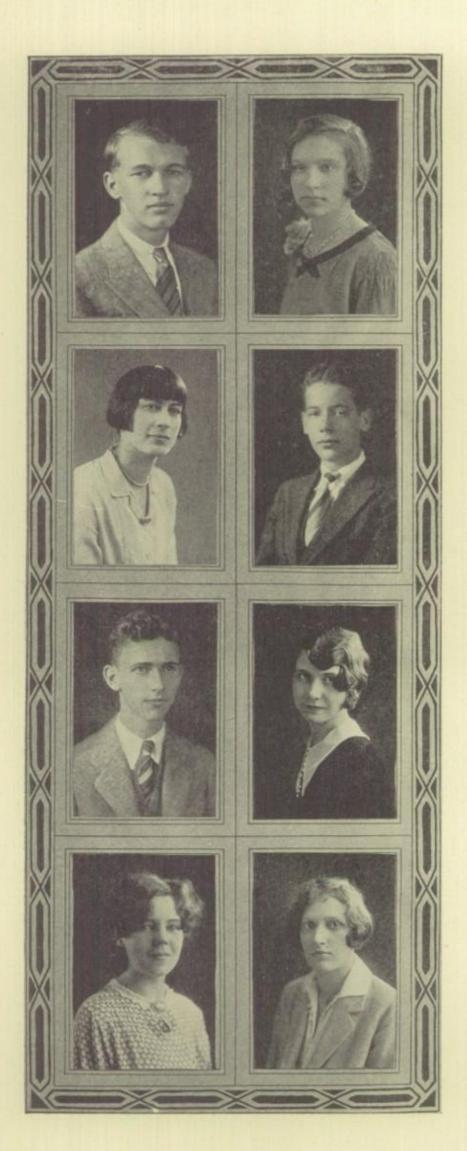
Freda has proved to us at school
That she was taught to rule.

Spanish Club, G. A. R., Speed Club, O'ita, Indoor Baseball, Student Council, Athletic Committee.

RUTH FUERST (SALLY)

Quiet and always true— With eyes of deepest blue. Vocations Club, Spanish Club, Carol Club.





PAUL BUTLER

There never was or can
Be such a friend as thou.

Literary, Track, Service R, "R" Club, Manager Football.

BERENICE EHREDT (BEE)

Berenice is serene and sweet, A pleasant girl to know and meet. Two Year Club, Bank, Indoor Baseball.

MARGARET ELLSPERMANN (MIKE)

When from your school you sally forth, May others learn to prize your worth. Indoor R, Volley Ball R, Basketball.

JAMES COIL

A little nonsense now and then. Is relished by the best of men. Literary Club, Librarian Literary Club.

SAMUEL COULTAS, JR.

Whatever there be of sorrow, I put off 'til tomorrow.

DOROTHY FOSTER (DOT)

A sunny disposition and a charming, sunny smile:

To know a girl like Dorothy is to know a girl worth while.

Office, Art Club, Vice-president O'ita, Chairman Membership Committee O'ita, Chairman Identification and Verse Committee, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, Sergeant-at-Arms Carol Club, Bank, Indoor Baseball, Secretary Speed Club, Torch.

IDA FINNEGAN

If you want to see something worth while, Just ask Ida to smile, Spanish Club, Leader Ujuane, Speed Club, Carol Club.

ELOISE FRANCIS

A kind and gentle heart she had To conquer friends and foes. Carol Club. WILLIAM DIEBAL (BILL)

He that can have patience Can have what he will.

Hiking Club.

GEORGIANNA GABBERT

Who is that rushing in? Georgianna Gabbert, You win.

Student Council, Orchestra.

ETHEL GAHN

Friends slowly won are long held. Thrift Club.

LEO DOHERTY

Among the things that come to him who waits is an undertaker.

JAMES DURHAM

First in the field,
First with a punch,
First at the party,
First at the lunch.

Bwana Staff, Assembly, Radio Club Vice-president, Picture Committee, New Seniors.

GENEVIEVE GILMORE (ZING)

"Au revoir, mais sans adieu."

G. A. R., Indoor Baseball, Rhythmic Circle,
Dance Recital, College Club, Fashion Show,
Carol Club.

COLETTE GRAF (COKE)

In athletics—a "whiz,"
That's what Colette Graf is.

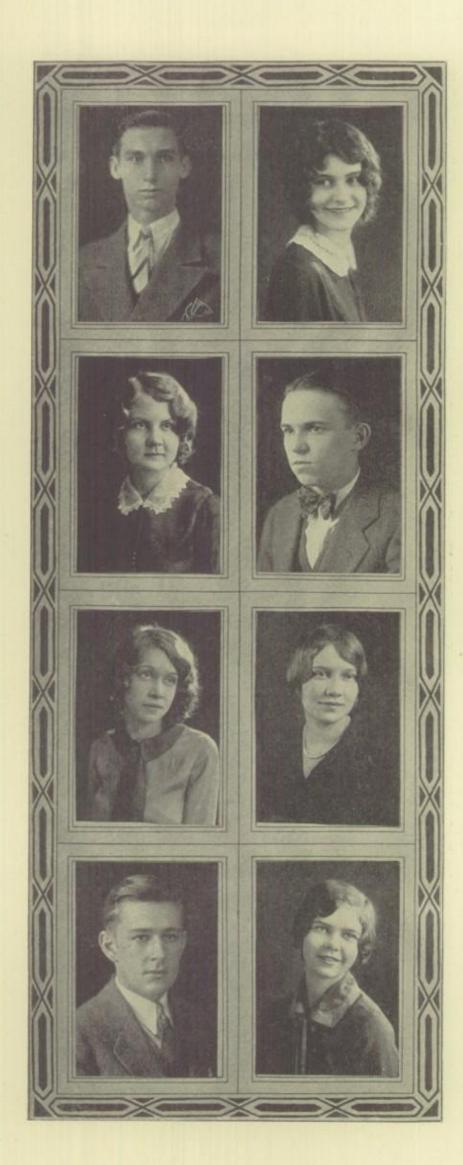
Captain Basketball, President Speed Club, Captain Baseball, Secretary Ujuane, Treasurer Carol Club, Fashion Show, Volley Ball V's and R's.

ANITA GREMER

When it comes to taking E's home, Anita's well loaded down.

Student Council, Sergeant-at-Arms O'ita, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.





HERBERT EDINGER

I never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles me.
Kimmswick Community High School, Kimmswick, Missouri.

EILEEN GUENTHER

A cheerful spirit moveth quick.

Vocations Club, Basketball, Sergeant-at-Arms
Priscilla, College Club, Fashion Show, Social
Committee.

MARIE GRUPE

Marie has brains even to spare.

Round Table, Carol Club, Freshman Literary
Society, Vocations Club, Scholarship R's and
Pin.

RICHARD EDWARDS

I fain would know why books should ever be.

MARIE HART

A woman who won't argue Can't think of anything to say. Round Table, Student Council, Treasurer Priscilla, Athletic Committee.

HELEN HALL

Sturdily faithful to her responsibilities. Basketball, Vocations Club, Speed Club.

ELMER EDLER

The only way to have a friend is to be one. Stamp Club, Cartoon Club.

DIXIE HARRISON

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Cairo High School: Uke Club, Hiking Club, Tennis Club, Our Club, Member Egypti Staff; Roosevelt: French Club.

HAROLD GREEN

Harold is not as "green" as his name. Student Council, Chairman Welfare Committee, Chairman New Senior Social Committee, Secretary Golf Club, Cheer Leader, Cartoon Club.

MARIE KLENK

Ever ready for a good time.

G. A. R., Indoor Baseball, College Club, Carol Club, Student Council, Member Auditorium Committee.

ADELAIDE LINDER (BIPSY)

A girl of music and worth— What more is necessary? Orchestra, Indoor Baseball R, Basketball.

MARLIN HAAS

All his faults are such that One likes him the better for them. Literary Club, Cartoon Club.

JOE HARTMAN
Youth comes but once in a lifetime.

IRMA KNOLL (IRMIE)

Always working-never shirking. Basketball, Speed Club.

JULIA LAWRENCE (JULIE)

May the years before us waiting. Find Julie's efforts unabating. Rhythmic Circle, Vocations Club, Art Club, O'ita, Student Council, Carol Club.

HATTIE KLIMPEL

Her thoughts are large, her speech is long. She's often right and seldom wrong. German Club, Freshman Literary Society.





DOUGLAS HARVEY

JANE MCCOY

The gentler sex reigns o'er the heart, This may she do and yet be smart. Anatole French Club.

DOROTHY MCCAIN

Dot always manages to get in the last word. Fashion Show, French Club, Vocations Club.

ROBERT HELMKAMPF (BOB)

He is full of good meaning and wishes.

PAUL HENNERICH
It is inevitable that I should be a great
American.

ROSE MANZELLI

As sweet as a rose—Rose Manzelli.

Vocations Club, Speed Club.

MARIAN MCGRATH

Always happy, always fair, Always ready to do her share. Volley Ball, Indoor R.

DOROTHY MCSALLEY

Dorothy may be quiet, but Still water runs deep."

VERNELLE MEISSNER

She's here, and there, and everywhere, And ever ready to do her share. Basketball, French Club, O'ita, Indoor Baseball, Service R.

CARL HOPPE

Speech dismayeth not this man, For he speaks whene'er and whate'er he can. Student Council, Welfare Committee, Engineering Club.

PERRY HIGGINBOTHAM

Pleasant, jovial, and nice— One of whom you'll think more than twice.

DOROTHY MAZE

So unaffected, so composed a mind, So firm, so soft, so strong, and so refined. Freshman Literary Society, Indoor Baseball, Spanish Club, Basketball, Latin Club, Vocations Club.

EDITH MEYER

Coal black hair and eyes of jet, Her sweet ways will get you yet. Baseball, Priscilla.

LEROY HUMPHREY

When fun and homework clash, Let homework go to smash.

MILDRED MILLER

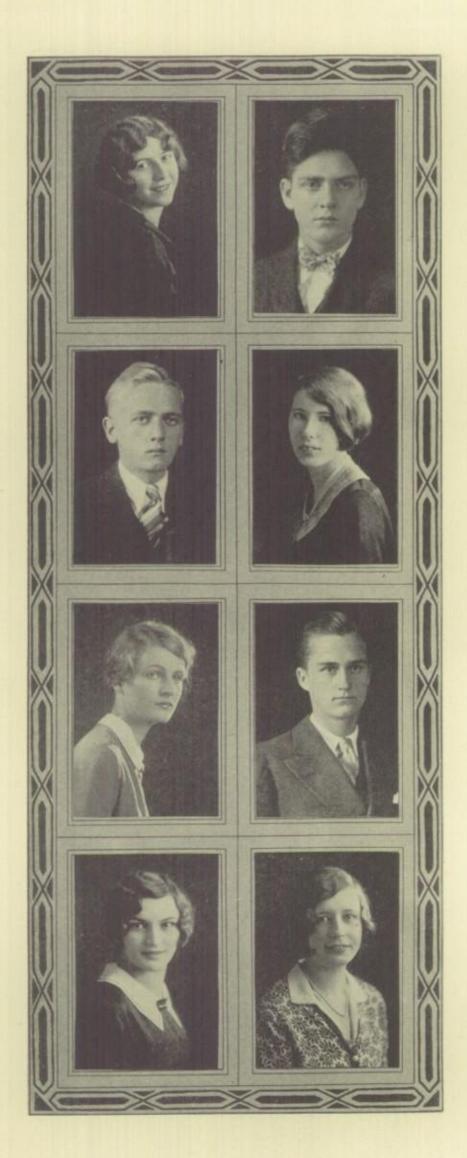
Though cool, unruffled, sweet and mild, Upon our pranks she always smiled. President Vocations Club, Volley Ball, Wayfarers, Carol Club.

MABEL MEYERS

Just as perfume doth linger
In the place where it hath lain,
So remembrance of you
In our hearts will remain.

French Club, Wayfarers.





DOROTHY HUMMER (DOT)

Dot and her cheerful smile
Make this world a thing worth while.

Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Student Council.

VICTOR FALKENHAINER Life is just one good joke after another for Vic.

Orchestra, Treasurer Band, Novelty Orchestra, Vice-President Art Club.

JAMES FORMHALS

Be thankful for everything you get, This includes a diploma. Student Council, Handbook Staff, Literary Society.

MILDRED JOHNSON

Here's a student, here's a friend, Ever ready a hand to lend. Carol Club, Priscilla, Vocations.

ELEANOR JEFFREY

Courteous to all, intimate with few, Dignified, ambitious, staunch and true.

JOHN FULLER

I believe that overwork is dangerous.

MARY JUST

May she always be as her name—Just!

President German Club, Volley Ball, Indoor
Baseball.

ELSA JUNGCLAUS

A girl with a sweet disposition and many friends.

Spanish Club, O'ita.

FRANCES MITCHELL

Patience is a plant which groweth not in all gardens.

HERBERT JACOBUS

For fun and frolic Herb's right there; On his shoulders rests no care.

HERBERT JOHNSON Student Council, Engineering Club.

NANCY MILLER

Our Nancy Is most fancy In every way. Vocations Club, Fashion Show.

BERDELLE MOCH

Dainty and sweet,
A maiden petite.

Basketball, Wayfarers, Indoor Baseball, College
Club, German Club, President and Vice-president Priscilla.

ELSIE MUELLER

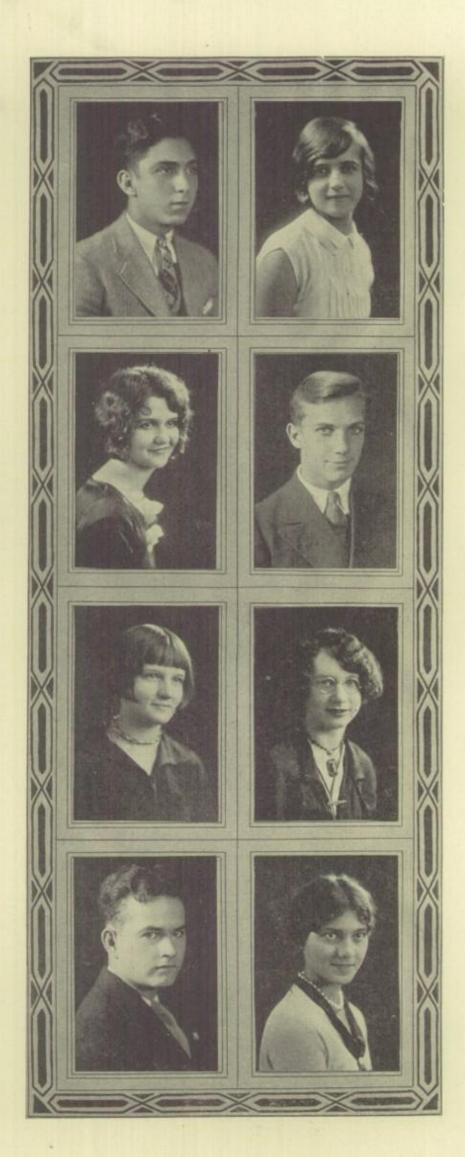
Having finished Sten, and Type, For a handsome salary she is ripe. Speed Club.

ERNEST KRETCHMAR Always filled with cheer, With a grin from ear to ear.

MARTHA NICHOLS

A shy, retiring little maid, But always ready to lend her aid. Vocations Club, Art Club, Priscilla.





OLIVER FRAZIER (OTTS)

A good "all round" sport is Oliver Frazier. Chairman Athletic Committee, Baseball, Student Council, Sergeant-at-Arms, Football.

MARY KATISH

For Mary to be a good "stenog."
Is just like rolling off a log.

Spanish Club, Speed Club, G. A. R., O'ita.

GERTRUDE KARMAN

Her friendship is true in the shade As in the sunshine of life. Volley Ball, Basketball, Indoor Baseball.

AUGUST FORST

Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.

Rough Rider Staff, Golf Club, Assembly, Forum,
Vice-president Indoor, Golf Club.

MARGUERITE KELLER (BOBBIE)

Kind words and deeds she sows In others' hearts where'er she goes. Basketball.

O'ita.

ESTHER KIRCHNER Quiet, but oh! so sweet.

LEROY GARNER

He is a musical lad That here you do see. Orchestra, Student Council, Engineering Club.

HELEN ONA KEMPSTER

Helen is never in need of the slightest correc-

A smart, merry maid with an olive complexion. Student Council, Academic R, Basketball, Archery, French Club, Fashion Show, Library.

MARION PFLUEGER

Here is a girl who will never be a "Wall-flower."

Basketball Captain, Volley Ball V, Round Table, Treasurer O'ita, Student Council, Fashion Show.

JOHN MIKSICEK

He can do everything, And everything he does.

Debating R. Debating Team, Glee Club Secretary, Secretary Literary Society, Sergeant-at-Arms Glee Club, Librarian Glee Club, Academic R, Torch.

JOE MILLER

Content thyself to be obscurely good.

Academic R. Assistant Treasurer Sixes.

ROSEMARY POLLOK

To her own affairs she tends, Winning thus her many friends. Rosati Kain High School: Glee Club; Roosevelt: Speed Club, Priscilla, Student Council.

MARY EVELYN REDD

What grave, sweet looks! What expressive eyes!

Maplewood High, Orchestra, Annual May Fête, Round Table, French Club, Service R. Bwana Staff, Ring and Pin Committee, Treasurer French Club.

ALVIN MINGES

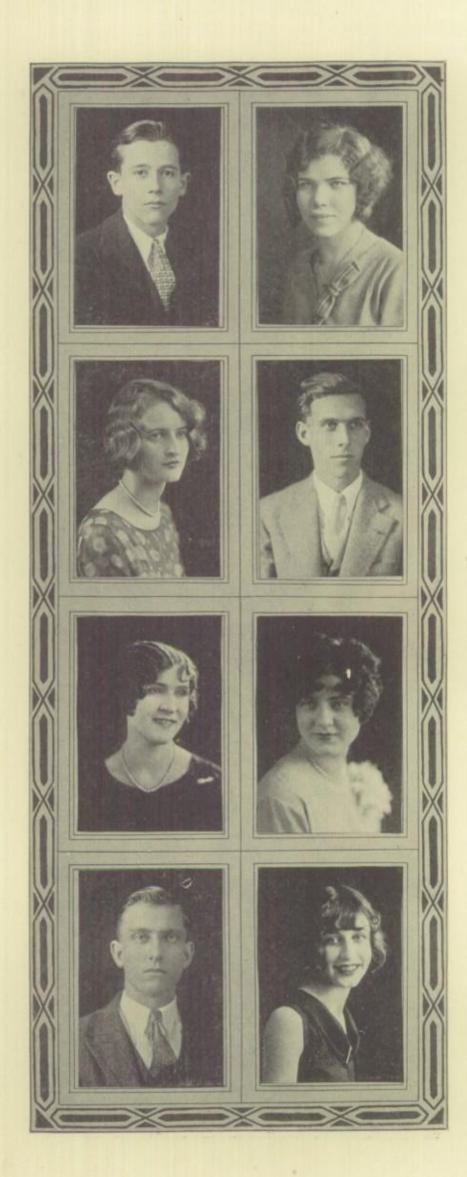
To be a well-favored man is a gift of nature, But to write and read comes by nature. Engineering Club Treasurer, Student Council.

LESLIE MOCH
He's not in the roll of common men.

MAXINE RENICK

'Tis a bright and happy lass, That here you do see. Maplewood High, Glee Club, Student Council, Basketball, Annual May Fête.





HERBERT MEADER

If you would have things come your way, go after them.

FRANCES O'KEEFE

A little Irish Colleen, A true lover of the green.

French Club, Priscilla Club, Speed Club, Rosati Kain High School: Glee Club

MARY PARRY (BETTY)

Sweet and pretty,
Gentle and true,
She always has a smile for you.
Basketball, Wayfarers' Club.

HAYWARD MORTON

Rough Rider, Property Committee, Cleveland Rifle Club, Track C.

IRMA PAYNE (IRM)

Irma runs her finger o'er the keysShe types with care and yet with ease.

LEONA PATE

A charming lass, with thought serene, A happy way and quiet mien. Speed Club.

ROBERT MATTHEWS

MAXINE PEARSON

Maxine like a lady feels
Because her slippers have high heels.
Rhythmic Circle Dance, Student Council, Service
R, Welfare Committee, Office, Fashion Show.

MADELINE RAITHEL

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Golf Club, Basketball, Rhythmic Circle, Round
Table, Student Council, Wayfarers, French Club.

RALPH PARKER

Everything comes to him who waits—even a diploma.

Art Club, Engineering Club, Rough Rider, Cartoon Club.

JOE PFEFFER

I am a great friend of public amusements, For they keep students from study. Student Council.

KATHERINE RHODES

When tongues speak sweetly They speak her name. Speed Club, Spanish Club, Basketball, O'ita.

BESSIE ROBINSON (BETTY)

A pretty face and a sweet disposition
Make a pleasing combination.

Guilford High School: Basketball: Roosevelt:
Basketball B. Indoor Baseball, Speed Club,
Archery, O'ita, Identification Committee, Thrift
Club.

MILTON PEARSON
His cup of friendship is at its brim.

FREDERIC PLAG

Now, little Freddy, don't you sigh, You'll be an athlete bye-and-bye. Track, "R" Club.

VIRGINIA RUBY (JERRY)

Be a friend and you will find Your giving will be paid in kind.

Basketball, G. A. R., O'ita, Mask and Buskin, Indoor, Student Council, Auditorium Committee.





GEORGE PRING

Small things done correctly are better than big things done incorrectly.

Cleveland: Nature Club, Rifle Club: Roosevelt: Glee Club, Thrift Club, Wrestling Club.

VIRGINIA RUDICILL

Ginny Rudicill seems to scatter All dull cares with laughs and chatter. College Club, Secretary French Club, Basketball, Wayfarers, Academic R, Torch.

ESTHER SCHICKER

A friend in need is a friend indeed. Volley Ball, Basketball, Indoor Baseball.

SAM REISS

It takes a good man to make a good listener.

HENRY RITGEROD

There's music in the air
Whenever Henry's there.

Orchestra, President of Band, Secretary Novelty
Orchestra, Treasurer Novelty Orchestra, Assembly.

EVELYN RUEGGE (EVE)

Eve is blue eyed and very petite, She dresses in good taste And is very sweet. Indoor Baseball. Art Club, Basketball.

ELDA SCHMIDT

Ever loyal, ever true
To the tasks she undertakes to do.

College Club, Wayfarers, Priscilla, Basketball,
Fashion Show, Round Table.

JAMES ROSE

From his heels to his toes-he's a Rose.

LILLY SCHULZ

Lilly is a true flower of our class.

Basketball, O'ita, German Club, Vocations Club.

HUGH RODDY
Roddy is just like "Toddy"—invigorating.

WILLIAM RUMPF

MADELINE SCIARRA

'Tis sweet to be remembered and A pleasant thing to find, that, Though you may be absent, You still are kept in mind.

Benld High School: Freshman Club, Sophomore Club, French Club.

MILDRED SCHREINER

I know what's right nor only so, I also practice what I know.

RUSSELL SCHAUMBERG

A jolly, contented fellow with whom one can easily get along. Glee Club, Service R, Hiking Club, Engineering Club.

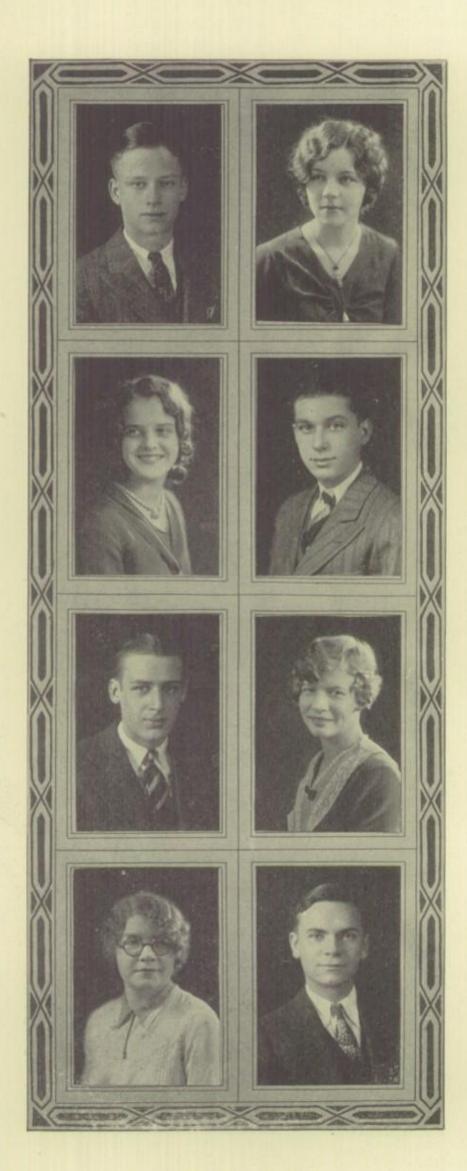
HERBERT RUSHKEWITZ

Haste makes waste— Why rush? Student Council.

RUTH SHORE

As quiet as a mouse. . . Vocations Club, Priscilla Club, Latin Club.





VERNON SCHULTE

Why sleep at home when one may sleep at school?

Radio Club.

ELEANOR SIEBERT

In the Honor Roll of Athletics Eleanor's name soars high.

French Club, Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Tennis.

YVONNE AGNES STARK

A gift of beauty, a youthful fling, Who can talk her way out of most anything. Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Swimming Club, Tennis Club, G. A. R.

WILLIAM SCHEMMER (BILLY)

The girls are fond of Billy, But Billy utters, "Nay!" For Billy is a bookworm And has no time to play.

Band, Orchestra, Student Council.

EMIL SWARTZ

He has a way with radios. Radio Club, Engineering Club.

ISABEL STRICKER (ISSY)

Issy's work is done with E's.

Vice-President Volley Ball, Volley Ball V's and
R's, Treasurer Speed Club, Captain Basketball,
Academic Pin, G. A. R., Pep "R." Club,
Bwana Staff.

GERALDINE SUTTON

Too true to flatter and too kind to sneer, And only just when seemingly severe. Junior Four-Minute Speakers, East St. Louis, Ill., Cape Girardeau, Mo., Rowlins, Wyoming. Teachers' Club, Glee Club, Basketball.

LAWRENCE SELLERS

He doesn't have to talk to the seas To be a second Demosthenes.

President Assembly, President Glee Club, Chairman Auditorium Committee, Interscholastic Debate, Bwana, Student Council, New Senior Identification Committee, Debating R, Mask and Buskin.

DONALD SCOBIE

A cracking good fellow With 57 varieties of jokes. Track, "R" Club.

HELEN UTHOFF (DIMPLES)

Bright and witty and neat, Clever and fair and sweet. Speed Club, Rough Rider Staff, Commercial Club, New Senior Typist, Thrift Club.

WINIFRED TODD (WINNIE)

Always ready with a nod, Is our athletic Winnie Todd. Bwana Staff, College Club, Wayfarers' Club, Carol Club Librarian, President Basketball, Baseball, President Wayfarers, Stamp Club.

GUSTAV SNYDER

Heads—football game—
Tails—movies—
On edge—I study.

Cartooning Club, Athletic Advertiser.

RICHARD SKIVER (DICK)

Dick, perchance, a king will be, In the "Land of Harmony." Orchestra, Radio Club.

MATILDA VOGEL

VERNA VEDDER (BAIN)

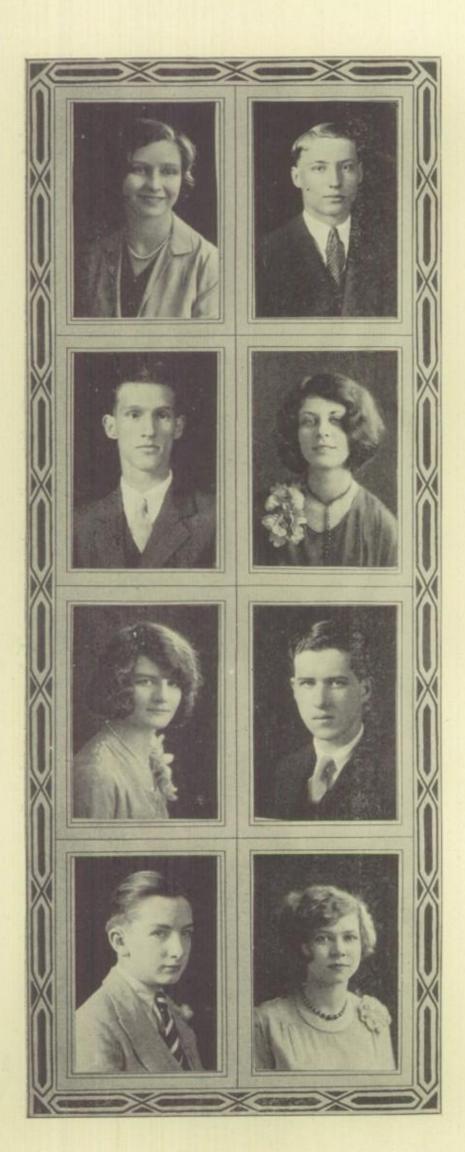
A daughter of the gods— Divinely tall and most divinely fair. Fashion Show.

CORNELIUS STATTLER

The force of his own merit makes his way.

Indoor Club, Literary Society Librarian, Assembly, Sergeant-at-Arms Stamp Club, Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Forum.





MARGARET WALTER

We've hardly come to know you Until lately, Margaret, For you're as shy and retiring As the sweetest mignonette.

Cleveland High: Indoor Team.

ELMER STUETZER

There's a rumor going 'round Which caused some heads to shake: The whisper passed from ear to ear That Elmer found the cake.

Engineering Club.

RAYMOND SCHMITTGENS

And when you need A friend that's true, 'Tis Raymond we'll direct you to.

THELMA VOLLKER

A good disposition is better than gold. Priscilla.

GRACE WARRINGTON

Always willing to help out— Well—she does it without a doubt. Wayfarers' Club.

RICHARD TAYLOR (DICK)

Don't rush me. I have all the time in the world.

Rough Rider Staff, Physics Club, Forum.

RALPH THAMAN
Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand.

ALFRETTA WILKENING (AL)

Whatever there be of sorrow I put off till tomorrow.

Basketball.

VIRGINIA WEIDEMUELLER (GIN)

Dainty and sweet, a pleasant voice,
She seems to be the gentleman's choice.

College Club, Service R, Basketball, Social Committee Sixes, Social Committee New Seniors,
Treasurer French Club, Secretary French Club,
Art Club, G. A. R.

MAX THOMAS

All wise men are dying-Max is in perfect health.

HENRY TILL Always working with a will Is energetic Henry Till.

LILLIAN WOLFF

Lillian is so very small
We wonder that she's here at all.
Priscilla, Thrift Club.

LOUISE WINCHESTER

Louise, dear, don't you cry— You'll be a good cook by-and-byl l President Priscilla Club, Secretary Priscilla, Student Council, Finance Committee, Spanish Club, G. A. R., Fashion Show, Volley Ball.

CHARLES THAU My best is all that I can do.

LEO TRITSCHLER

'Tis better to weep with the wise than laugh with the fools.

New Senior Social Committee, Assistant Treasurer New Seniors, Sergeant-at-Arms French Club, Golf Team.

ELLIS TRAUERNICHT (DOC)

Don't worry. You'll never know the difference In a hundred years from now.

Cleveland: Gymnasium Team, Nature Club: Roosevelt: Wrestling Club, Literary Club, Stamp Club, Thrift Club, Mask and Buskin, Glee Club.





EDWARD VOGEL

Better do nothing than "do" everybody. Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Football.

VIRGINIA ZIMMER (GINNIE)

Of quiet and modest mien, Yet in her great things are seen. Typist-New Seniors, Thrift Club.

· BETTY WESTRICH

She makes a friend where others would make a foe.

Cleveland: Hiking Club, Pipes-o'-Pan; Roose-velt: Student Council, Carol Club, President Round Table, Swimming Club, Pep "R" Club, College Club.

WILLIAM WEISS

He is the highest cultured who speaks no ill. Literary, Physics Club, Golf Club, Swimming Club, Mask and Buskin, Latin Club, Thrift Club.

WILLIAM WALSH

And he is jolly and always gay— We wonder how he gets that way. Indoor Club, Vice-president Cartoon Club, Golf Club.

NORMAN WEISE

In days to come.
When deeds are told,
It will be said
He reached his goal.
Cartoon Club, Bwana Staff.

DOLLY CORBITT Our Dolly is most jolly.

ALEX MONTIETH (LOON)

All the ladies for him fall Once they see Alex play football.

HAROLD SMITH

No. Harold is not one of the famous coughdrop brothers.

LEE SMITH

Once Cupid took a morning stroll, A victim he was seeking; He shot Lee Smith at 12th and Pine And left his heart a-leaking.

KATHERINE ADAMS

Each day's work, if done that day, Leaves us plenty of time to play.

MATHEW BAKARCIC

A man who hath no enemies is One with many friends.

OPAL BEHURST

She came to study and her mission is fulfilled. Basketball.

MERRILL DUANE BERKELEY

Old friends are the best friends, Their welcome rings out true, When others pass you onward, You'll find they'll stick by you.

STELLA CRANE

Here is a girl on whom one can rely, With a mischievous twinkle in her eye. Priscilla.

MURIEL DAVIS

Muriel with her charming ways, Helped to brighten "Senior Days." Cleveland: Indoor Baseball, Basketball; Roosevelt: Indoor Baseball.

EDWARD DORAN

Gee, it surely is great to be popular! Football, Track.

JOE DORAN

A bore is a fellow whose principal aim is to make a hole in your busy day.

GENEVIEVE DOUGLAS

A noticeable girl with large, attractive eyes. Fulton, Mo., High School, Citizenship Club, Glee Club.

CHARLES HARRISON, JR. Silence is golden. I'm a bright son.

CARTER HILGARD

When it comes to athletics, Carter's all there, But in a class room his answers are rare. Track, Swimming Club, Bwana Staff.

RAYMOND HOF

A student he, who wends his way, Gath'ring knowledge day by day.

THELMA HOUSE

Her heart is as big as her name-House.

DOUGLAS HUGGETT

Douglas Huggett is a lad Who can never be very sad.



ESTHER FRIZ

GORDON JENKINS

Going but not to be forgotten. Football, "R" Club.

MARY LUTZ

All those who know her, like her.

Cairo High School: Associate Member of Egypti Staff, Tennis Club, Hiking Club.

MAUDE KENNEDY

Her friendship is true in the shade as in the sunshine of life.

EDWARD KOZENY

When it comes to playing square, Eddie Kozeny is right there.

JOHN LEADER

May he be ever as his name---a leader.

RALPH MARTIN

How he gets his lesson Keeps us all a-guessin'.

JOSEPH MCKENZIE

Here is a lad by the name of Joe— We wonder if he's someone's beau—oh!

DALLAS NEELEY

'Tis fate that he should wait this long to graduate.

Track, "R" Club, Stamp Club, Swimming Club, Literary Club.

TOM NEISS

Better late than never.

FRANCES PORZUKOWIAK

Don't give up the ship.

MORRIS STEINER

Happy am I, free from care.
Radio Club, Engineering Club, Seven League
Boot Hiking Club.

BEULAH STOCK

True as the dial to the sun.

JOSEPH TORAN

Joseph Toran knows more 'an you or me.

HAROLD WHITE

In every rank, both great and small, We'll see Harold White lead them all.

MARJORIE JOHNSON

Quiet is she, but forceful are her thoughts
when expressed.

Priscilla, Basketball.

	AMBITION	To be sure "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"		To be a scamstress	0.0						-	To be very interesting	To go south	To shine in society	To be a time-clock puncher	To "land" an easy job		To open a beautu shop	To take a final	To be a playwright	To be a florist	To rival Gloria Swanson	To be a lawyer's wife	To talk louder and funnier	To drive "his" car	To be a "Gridiron Heroine"	To be naughty	To rival Marion Talley	To be a prima donna	To dance at Loew's	To be aggressive	I o marry wealth	I o be what she says she is	To own the "Purple Swan"	To be a judge	To grow up					I o be represented at Artists Guild
GIRLS	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Looking for M. H.	Talking with her hands	Chewing aum	Lul	Being in a hurru	Getting good grades	Carrying books	Being optimistic	Thinking of B. L.	Drawing conclusions	Playing the gum slots	Getting ideas	Satisfying	Being "Johnny on the spot".	Typing—and how!	Rivaling her brother, Edgar	Being beautiful	Getting E's	Giving "Slumber Parties"	Devouring "Babe Ruths"	Walking corridor with Max P.	Chatting	Being economical	Dating	Talking to Joe B.	Being indifferent	Singing over KMOX	Bumming with "Giggie"	"Making" the teachers	Lending a hand—oh!	Fixing her pretty hair	Gabbing	Hurrying along	Bettering it.	Acting "dry"	Arguing with F's	Using it	Being reserved	Playing her uke	Drawing
	BASIS OF FAME	Her Hair	Her graceful ways	Pleasantness	Dressing like L. F.	Her smile	J. Q. 190	Personality	Why worry?	Personal charm	Her "butter" fingers	Sedate	Courtesy	Her jolly spirit	Her sweet ways	Her bright (?) remarks	Interscholastic debater	Her flowing locks	Her studiousness	Solemnity	Her naturally-curly hair	Those expressive eyes	Her pep	Her stride	Her appealing ways	Basketball	Sauciness	Her voice	Her "so-ror-ity"	Her baby talk	Caretree ways	Petiteness	Celestine Cunningham	Her speed	Her camp work	-	Her Spanish	Her active tongue	Her expressive ways	I hat stroll.	Her art
	NAME	***************************************	Æ	ADLER, DOROTHY.	ALEXANDER, NADINE	BEHRENS, GRACE	CONSTANCE	Lois	BARRETT, LOTTIE			KGARET	RUTH	LILLIAN	3ED			BOLLINGER, MAE	MERCEDES	*********	ARIE	BROOKS, JAYNE	****************	CALDWELL, ZELPHA		, HONORA		GUERITE	MARRE	DOLLY	CRANE, STELLA		HAM, CELESTINE	LUCILLE		*********	K, MELBA	VIRGINIA	GENEVIEVE	НУ	ECKEK, AUKELIA

BWANAS

	AMBITION	To be alluring		To make the "All Star Team"	To be a song writer	To out-talk Agnes S.	To be fought over	To be an orator	To learn more songs	To own the "Silver Rose"	То ошп а рорсоги шадоп	To avoid matrimony	To be renowned	To have a career	To rival Clara Bow	To be "Gertie" Ederle II	To have a thunderous voice	To be a P. S. teacher	To fall in love	To be a private secretary	To rival "Ginger" Rogers		To know what it's a'll about	To be or not to be	To be an aviatrix	To be a lady of leisure	To be a Sunday school teacher	I o be rude	To be a man hater	-	I o make all the motorcycle cops	I o be Somebody s Stenog.	I o be worldly wise	To be a Law teacher	To make E. D.	To be the "First Lady of the Land	To increase her vocabulary	To be discovered	To appear undismayed	To be Tillie, the Lotler II	To be a "Merry Widow"	
GIRLS	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Being nice		Frivolous Marge	Leading "Ujuane"	Holding office	Being oblivious	Going with N. A.	Telling them to others	Getting E's in German	Reading the "funnies"	Acting masculine	Looking in the mirror	Being modest	Flitting around	Swimming	Spreading sunshine	Making impressions	Talking to ? ?	Working for Miss Harris	Looking for Dolly	Bumming with I. A.	Using her eyes	Living up to her "rep"	Building castles in the air	Doing "odds and ends"	Being a "Pollyanna"	Blushing	Paying attention	Making reports	Having collisions	Her speed	Acting innocent	Looking brilliant ?? in law	Eating olives	Taking her time	Devouring the dictionary	Mocking Irene	Acting "daffy"	Taking gym.	Being peppy	
	BASIS OF FAME	Her arin	Her brother	TAthletics	Her "uke"	Her "line"		Forgetfulness	Singing songs	Neatness	Palmolive soap	That bob	Friendliness	Dreaming	Self-confidence	"Pavlowa"	"Little, but mighty".	Academic R's	Sigma Rho Tau	Her smile.	Her dancing	That dove-like walk	Coquettishness	Ego	Uppishness	Giggles	Sweetness	Bashfulness	Her poise	Her voice	Her "car"	Typing	Magic charm	Her red hair	Chairman	Oh aee!	Brilliance	Sophistication	Mournful visage	Ouietness	Her long hair	
	NAME	FGENRIFTHER BEILLAH	HREDT BERFNICE	ELLSPERMANN, MARGARET Athletics	FINNEGAN, IDA	FOSTER, DOROTHY	FRANCIS. ELOISE	100	-	-			GABBERT, GEORGIANNA	GAHN, ETHEL	GILMORE, GENEVIEVE	GRAF, COLETTE	GREMER, ANITA	GRUPE. MARIE	GUENTHER. EILEEN	HALL, HELEN	HARRISON, DIXIE	HART, MARIE	HERNAN, VICTORIA	HOUSE, THELMA	HUMMER, DOROTHY	JEFFREY, ELEANOR	JOHNSON, MARJORIE	JOHNSON, MILDRED	-	JUST, MARY	KARMAN, GERTRUDE	KATISH, MARY	KELLER, MARGUERITE		KEMPSTER, HELEN ONA	MAUDE		KLENK, MARIE	KLIMPEL, HATTIE		LAWRENCE, JULIA	





	AMBITION	To be an "Olumnic Star"			To do bia things	To make a "Grand Slam"	To sell ice cream in paper bags	To lead the next war	To be an income tax collector	To be "Venus"	To be a traveling saleswoman	To be a "debutante"	To be able to make a roll	To be a jolly good fellow	Writing???? for Mr. Eppels	To be boisterous	To be a type teacher	To be a "chatterbox"	To go to Ireland	To be reserved	To be able to read her notes	To get a good job	To dance in Ziegfeld Follies	To be a real heroine	To go to Paris-France	To run a morgue	To make A's in college	To be a poetess	T the make him	To be a transferre	To keep that school airl complexion	To be a "big hit"	To miss one							I o get a big kick out of life
GIRLS	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Being Captain	Sharpening pencils	Acting timid	Helping others	Attending bridge parties	Talking with M. M.	Making her goal	Being initiative	Knowing her onions	Raving about Jack	Playing "Center"	Letting her hair grow	Having a good time	Chewing gum	Being inconspicuous	I aking "speeds"	Eating "goodies".	Being sweet	Giggling	Learning Sten.	Being quiet	Bumming with Jayne B.	Being "villain" in Oita	Using logic	Spelling it	Working in the office	Singing songs	Raing refined	Helping berself	Talking to ? ??	Posing	Throwing baskets	Being divine	Studying Latin	Arranging those curls	Being alert in class	Powdering her nose	Acting childish.	Hixing her shoestring
	BASIS OF FAME	Playing "Indoor"		"Tinu little toes"	Her disposition	Sweet child	Her golden hair	"Spunk"	"Irish Colleen"	Her "boy" friends	Those jet eyes	Fashion's Model"	Coyness	That aristocratic air	Ye-ah		Just Elste	Her mannerisms	Her sensibility	Miss Sunshine"	a	Soft voice	Those form-fitting dresses	Loveliness	Her winning smile	Her name			Her Luropean Irlend	Her pretty locks	Those baby blue eyes	Studiousness	Captain of Basketball		Her loudness ? ? ?	Her ability?	Her low??? voice	Compacts	Chic	Her speech
	NAME	LINDER, ADELAIDE	LUTZ, MARY	MANZELLI, ROSE	MAZE, DOROTHY	McCAIN, DOROTHY	McCoy, JANE	McGrath, Marian	McSalley, Dorothy	MEISSNER, VERNELLE	MEYER, EDITH	MEYERS, MABEL	MILLER, MILDRED	MILLER, NANCY	MITCHELL, FRANCES	MOCH, BIRDELLE	MUELLER, ELSIE	NICHOLS, MARTHA	O'KEEFE, FRANCES	PARRY, MARY	PATE, LEONA	PAYNE, IRMA	PEARSON, MAXINE	PFLUEGER, MARION	POLLOK, ROSEMARY	PORZUKOWIAK, FRANCES	PRICHARD, MARION	PERN MADELINE	RENICK MAXINE	RHODES, KATHERINF	ROBINSON, BESSIE	RUBY, VIRGINIA	RUDICILL, VIRGINIA	RUEGGE, EVELYN	SCHEER, DOROTHY	-	SCHMIDT, ELDA	SCHREINER, MILDRED	SCHULL, LILLY	SCIAKKA, MADELINE

	AMBITION	To have too many boy friends To grow another foot To out-talk Dot F. To be a "drawing card" To win the scholarship To go to Hollywood To be like Miss Watt To be like Miss O'Leary To be like Miss O'Leary To be the President's wife To be the President's wife To be to Illinois—we wonder why? To go to Illinois—we wonder why? To go to Illinois—to winger To go to to be senator
CINES	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Studying Seeing shows three times Getting bruises from Nonie Being "cute" Reciting correctly Justifying herself Raving about Miss Watt Typing for New Seniors Palling with Vivian "Burning up the town" Being happy Being useful Talking to Bumpy Singing in C. C. Singing in C. C. Studying History Sewing Blowing her own horn Being "arful" nice
	BASIS OF FAME	b.h
	NAME	SHORE, RUTH SIEBERT, ELEANOR STARK, AGNES STARK, AGNES STOCK, BEULAH STOCK STOCK

BWANAS

	AMBITION	.To manage the Yale footba!l team	To get rid of J's sister	To be a grave digger		To be charming				To be as famous as Astor's horse	To be a bachelor	To be a minister	To sell razors to Russians	To be a genius	To find his ideal	To be a heart-breaker	To be judge of a beauty contest	To drive a respectable car
DOID	CHIEF OCCUPATION	Managing football team	Going home with Jean	Putting on	His "Sex Appeal". Advertising himself.	.Carrying his satchel	Cracking old jokes	.Chewing his pencil	Working-his jaws	- 6			Wearing green shirts	Singing in the Aud.	Being courteous	.Having a brain like his name	Dodging girls	Playing tennis
	BASIS OF FAME	His freckles.	His car.	Helpfulness	His "Sex Appeal".	His feminine ways	His congenial smile	Mumbling	Modesty	His humor???	Woman hater	Extreme height???	That school girl comp.	His voice			-	
	NAME	ALBERSTEIN, HARRY	ALLAN, RUPERT	ATKINS, RALPH	BAKARCIC, MATHEW	BAKER, WILLIAM	BARGERY, EDWARD	BARNHOLTZ, ISADORE	BARTMAN, EARL	BAUGHMAN, FRANCIS	BAUMAN, JOE	BENDER, JACOB	BENNETT, FLOYD	BERKELEY, MERRILL	BIERMANN, THEODORE.	BLANK, HENRY	BOYD, ERNEST	BRANDENBURGER, ROY



	AMBITION			To keep N. C. & A. S. on opposite teams	13				To be a deputy sheriff	To build a doll house	To appease his hunger	To sell hair tonic to baldheaded men	To be a wonder	To wake up	To be a "howling success"	To be popular	To drive a Cadillac sport roadster	To be Hawkshaw II	To be a carpenter	To get an answer	To marry that certain red head	To have his jokes (?) appreciated	To be the cause of a riot	To	To make an 80-yard run	Lo	To	Lo	To be a "drug store cowboy"	To	To be "her devoted slave"	To be a chiropractor	To be indispensable	To sell 1927 newspapers		0.00	.To "snap out	-	:	:	I o be noticed
BOYS	IE CHIEF OCCUPATION	Meditating	***************************************	Coaching girl teams	Studying medicines	Craving action		Saying nothing	Being mirthful	Playing dolls	Eating	Being kind to dumb animals	"I object!"	Day dreaming To	***************************************		"Seeing Ethel home"	Acting bored	Repairing things	Asking why	Being "dog"	Playing in the band	Being tired of living		Breaking the line	Trying to be boss	Dancing			Collecting rare specimens	Amusing the ladies	Being brief	Giving advice	Acting stupid	Showing them	Rivaling Perry Winkle	Sprinting	Never worrying		***************************************	Hailing 'Her'
	BASIS OF FAME	His Ponjola	Blushing	.Cheering	Friendliness		His diligence ? ? ?	.Quietness	"Age of Innocence"	His capability	His hunger	.Tenderheartedness	Frankness	Independence	His exasperating manner	"The missing link"	His manly build	His pert disposition	Elmer III	His gentleness	Getting "dope".	Sense of humor	His hair	His collars	Gridiron	Girls-Girls-Girls	Me. myself and I	His drawl	Learning cheers	Girl-shy	Dependableness	Earnestness	"I should worry"	plond	His curly teeth	His name	His muscles	His originality		His ladylike?? manners	His optimistic ways
	NAME	BRANDLE, CHARLES	BRECELY, BERNARD	BRIMMER, HOWARD	BROOKES, PREWITT	BUCHHOLD, WALWIN	BURGHERR, EMMETT	BUTLER, PAUL	COIL, JAMES	COULTAS, SAM	CRAIG, WILLIAM	DAVISSON, RICHARD	-	DIEBAL, WILLIAM	DOHERTY, LEO	DORAN, JOE	DORAN, EDWARD	DURHAM, JAMES	EDLER, ELMER	EDINGER, HERBERT	EDWARDS, RICHARD	FALKENHAINER, VICTOR	1	FORST, AUGUST.	FRAZIER, OLIVER	FULLER, JOHN	GARNER, LEROY	GERAGHTY, HOWARD	GREEN, HAROLD	HARRISON, CHARLES	HARTMAN, JOE	HARVEY, DOUGLAS	HAAS, MARLIN	HELMKAMPF, ROBERT	HENNERICH, PAUL	HIGGINBOTHAM, PERRY	HILGARD, CARTER	HOF, RAYMOND	HOPPE, CARL	HUGGETT, DOUGLAS	HUMPHREY, LEROY

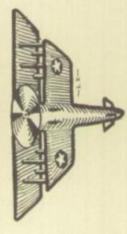
AMBITION	To learn to crochet	To ameliorate the lunch room			- 4	To get a good laugh	To make his dream come true	-	To have his face lifted	1.0		To be a mathematician	To flunk	To be composed	To learn to drop stitch	To be an aviator	To graduate	To be a mermaid	To date L. H.	To go to college	To sell last	To sell real estate on Sahara Desert	To be Red Grange II	To be a cave man	To run a night club	To be Lindbergh's valet	To be a master of ceremonies	To be an executioner	To learn to dance	I o drive a red roadster	To possess "It	To eat peas on a knife			700	**********			100	I o be an osteopath
CHIEF OCCUPATION	Buuing "Hot" ties	Devouring "doubles"	Being goofu	Studuing microbes	Getting deep in thought	Chasing butterflies	Rebelling against teachers	Being deficient	Syncopating	Playing hands	Watching big parade in halls	Working Trig. problems	Debating	Dashing to pieces	Knitting	Riding a motorcycle	Going places	Spelling "tongue twisters"	Flunking	Acting like a clown	Putting people "on"	Juggling soup in lunch room	Better late than never	Being masterful	Being unsophisticated	Being sapient	Blowing his horn	Telling the world	Acting reserved	Causing a commotion	Rushing out of class	Dashing madly into space	Trying to find Fountain of Youth	Trying to find Santa Claus	Exercising his vocabulary	Talking to? and?	Riva'ing Post-Ditpatch	Kidding the fair sex	Being dummy	
BASIS OF FAME	Wit? ? er Nit Wit	Popular Kirk	His poetic manner	His past	Pert	His manliness	That bored expression	His small feet ? ?	"Skin you love to touch"	"Two-timing" girls	His studiousness	His destructive self	His voice	His tranquil step.		lpall	His grades	0	His diligence ? ?	Intellect	Wit ? ?	His slicker	Football	That assumed manner	Shyness	Mr. "Pep"	Moo-sic	His curiosity	His name	His manly ways	"Deah me!"		"Vernie"	His build		Our sheik		Apollo	His daintiness	That red hair
NAME	COBUS. HERBERT		NKINS GORDON		· LIII		Sec.	EADER, JOHN	ARTIN, RALPH	· LLQ	EADER, HERBERT	ILLER, JOE	IKSICEK, JOHN	INGES, ALVIN		ONTIETH, ALEX	EELEY, DALLAS	EISS, TOM	ARKER, RALPH	EARSONS, MILTON	FEFFER, JOE	LOG, FREDERICK	RING, GEORGE	ANDALL, FERGUSON	EISS, SAM	DDDY, HUGH	TGEROD, HENRY	OSE, JAMES	USHKEWITZ, HERBERT	CHAUMBERG, RUSSELL	CHEMMER, WILLIAM	CHMITTGENS, RAYMOND	CHULTE, VERNON	COBIE, DONALD	ELLERS, LAWRENCE	CIVER, RICHARD	AITH, HAROLD.	лтн, Гев	VYDER, GUSTAV	LATTLER, CORNELIUS

BWANAS



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	CHIEF OCCUPATION AMBITION	Dissecting Fords		-	ting older To be like his big brother			ging along To sell the Free Bridge	-				-		1	
The same of the same	BASIS OF FAME	His knowledge Die		His gait Posing	Speediness	His intelligent looks?? Taking life easy	His boyish ways Acting kiddish	Whoopee! Jogging along	His glide Being indefinite	Singing songs Go	His dreamy eyesSit	His red hair	Art	Drug store cowboy Being irresistible.	His far-away expression Idolizing his ancestors	Coina alaras
ALL SALES	NAME	STEINER, MORRIS	STUETZER, ELMER	SWARTZ, EMIL	***************************************		Contraction (co.	TILL, HENRY	TORAN, JOSEPH	Transcon.	VOGEL, EDWARD	Α			WHITE, HAROLD	WHITMAN VEDNON





ALUMNI HARRIS TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Bernice Brenner, Blanche Marten, and Charlotte Mihelyi are all seeking revenge by continuing their studies at Harris Teachers' College.

STEPHENS' JUNIOR COLLEGE AT COLUMBIA

Lillian Hagemeyer, Mary Jo Arpe, and Edith Stuart are attending Stephens'.

MISSOURI SCHOOL OF MINES AT ROLLA

Adolph Baron, now a sophomore, made the highest average in the freshman class last year and is a member of the Rollamo Board.

Henry Bauman, also a sophomore, entered from Washington this fall.

Richard Gerling, a former Editor of Bwana, is in his second year also, and on the Rollamo Board.

George Heath and Edward Meeka are juniors, both making good grades.

James McGrath and George Schildroth are freshmen, wearing the typical green cap.

Hoyt Wallace transferred from Washington last year and is on the Rollamo Board.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Beatrice Audrain is a member of the Freshman Commission, the honorary freshman and sophomore society for women.

Laura Briscoe is continuing her debating work and expects to take part in the inter-collegiate debates next spring.

Edna Crusius is a member of the Freshman Committee.

Ernie Hill, a former Roosevelt Mayor, is also attending Washington.

Ruth Jacoby, former Bwana editor, is attending Washington, too, with her shadow, Amy Chase.

Marian Judell took part in the recent Thyrsus one-act play, "Marriage a la Mode."

Gladys Kammerer is Women's Editor of Student Life.

Catheryn Mahne is playing hockey for Washington.

Elise Mardorf is a member of Mortar Board, the women's senior honor society.

Norman Moore is taking an architectural course.

Paul Miller was awarded the Washington "W" for track last semester.

Roland Miller took part in the Thyrsus play, "Marriage a la Mode."

Ted Saussele and Louis (Ike) Vandover are starring on the Freshman football team.

Carl Weber is Editor-in-Chief of "Dirge" and also displays a "W" won in track.

One Hundred Twenty-seven



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Claire Weiler is Associate Editor of the Hatchet.

Norma Yerger is a member of Mortar Board.

Jamar Young is attending the Art School.

Charlotte Braun, Irene Fischer, Armand Hoffstetter, Morris Karner, Anita Lewitz, Marjorie McBurney, and Catherine Waldeck are attending Washington University.

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY

Cullen Coil is studying law at Missouri University.

Ida Loeffel and Lucille Wallace are continuing their studies at Mizzou.

Lawrence Varble and Wallace Zelle are enrolled at the Engineering School at Columbia.

Roland Vizgird is studying in the school of Arts and Science.

MISCELLANEOUS

Evelyn Bremsteller, Ida Danner, and Marjean Sheperd are employed at the Bell Telephone Company.

James Burton has been elected president of the Alumni Association.

Melvin Barkon is enrolled at Wabash College in Indiana.

Virginia Horn is employed at the Missouri State Life Insurance Company.

John Julius is "flying high" at Parks Air College.

George Kalbfleisch is employed at the National Bank of Commerce.

René Lusser is taking the Arts and Science course at St. Louis University.

Edward Muffler is teaching piano at the Hugo School of Music.

Clarence Shaul is employed at the People's Motor Bus Company.

Tom Sheperd is continuing his studies at Westminster at Fulton.

Jennie Louise Waddell is employed at Sharp, Hubble and Company.

Sam Waymer and Dot Weber are attending business college.

Frank Wilmarth is in the advertising business.

Harry Behrman, a former Mayor of Roosevelt, is studying at Notre Dâme.

Edgar Groepper is attending Iowa State University.

Helen Gast, after spending some time at Stephens', obtained a secretarial position in the National Bank of Commerce Building where she is now employed.

Bill Hall has made himself quite popular at West Point.

Bob Jarrett is attending Bucknell College, Pennsylvania.

Edna Schrick is taking a Pre-Medical course at Nebraska. She is specializing in physical education.

New York has claimed Ruth Steinmeyer, who, after spending a year at William Woods College, went there to secure vocal training under Mrs. Bellaman.

Three Rooseveltians were in the chorus of the Municipal Opera last year: Ramona Helle, Dorothy Moldenschart, and Millard Allen.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE AT FULTON

Henry Schiek and Al Wilson are attending Westminster at Fulton.

One Hundred Twenty-eight



Elvera Rau



WAR PLANES

THE BOMBER

Scourge of the sky; overhead it roars.

Dealer of death, upon the earth it pours

Screaming missiles of destruction, with tune

That eerily forecasts impending doom.

Brave men flinch, cowards wail At the havoc you create, Scion of hell; what a trail Of death stalks in your wake.

THE FIGHTER

Lord of the upper air; flying like mad.

Master of planes; in combat you're glad,

Spinning and banking, belching forth lead,

To evade defeat and meet victory instead.

Only the best can ever steer
Your course through paths of death.
Mysterious bird; you swoop and veer
With never thought of rest.

THE OBSERVATION PLANE

Eyes of the army; circling in flight.
Gleaner of knowledge; never in fight
Engaging, upon your prowess we rely;
You are the watchman of the sky.

High in the air away from fire,
Details of positions are seen;
Poison to enemy, a veritable spyer,
Directing advance and retreat.

A TRIBUTE

Many have fallen enveloped in flame,
To crash, as wrecks, to the earth.
Others have conquered, gained honor and fame,
And established their own true worth.

To those whose quest of life is o'er, And to those who still remain, We Americans proudly confer Our blessings on their names.

-Ellis Trauernicht.



THE LAST WORD

HAT is that perverseness of human nature that calls so loudly for the last word? Surely it can have had its origin only in the days when we were hanging blue-lipped and hairy from some prehistoric palm. Even now we watch the unfortunate primates (the hairy type) in our costly zoos and smile with an undisguised air of superiority as we listen to the poor brutes scream back and forth at one another—getting the last word.

This is to be a story of the last word, and I leave you to judge its worth. The setting is on the Mississippi in the days when that tawny tigress controlled most of the commerce of the good old U. S. A. The good old days when people were 'real folks'—the time when a river voyage to New Orleans for new gowns and ribbands was considered to be "the thing" by the belles of the frontier towns.

The Flower of the South was as good a boat as ever mulled Mississippi mud, and Captain George Jenks (no relation to that gallant gentleman of the horse-marines) loved her as his life's blood. She could carry her deckload and chew only four feet of water. Her pilot was the best in the river trade, so it's no wonder Capt. Jenks regarded her as a deity. He was to be seen at all hours standing at the prow or near the pilot's cab (at which place he frequently took a turn at steering) on bow or stern, at every conceivable place on the pasty-like craft. That peculiar whistle on The Flower frequently floated over the swirling Mississippi waters to warn the inhabitants of the pale green shores that "Cap'n George" was near at hand.

Now the captain, like all of the human species, had a great sorrow (don't be without a secret sorrow, folks, whatever happens) and that sorrow took the form of a rival! And the rival wasn't handsome. Just one of those hard-eating apoplectic-looking gentlemen who have a fondness for wine, women, and horses—the grizzled type of "sporting man" who always takes a chance and who dies at the age of 78 surrounded by his 21 children. This fellow affected, as so many of the men of his day did, bushburns that met his beard underneath his chin and gave him a queer baboon-like appearance. (For source work see pictures of Horace Greeley.) Poor men! But how the ladies loved 'em! (God bless the ladies, we say!)

Well, anyway, this rival captain's name was McQuirk, "Cap'n Andy McQuirk, at your service, sir," and he owned, according to George, a Goddamned sway-bellied scow. He, however, regarded his vessel with the same veneration that George bestowed upon The Flower. These two gentlemen worshipped at different shrines and whenever they met, the topics of their separate religions were sure to come up. Then the fur would fly!

"How's that water-logged kennel o' your'n, Andy?" George would say with a catty grin on his angular features.



"Damned fine," Andy was getting red around the gills. "And how's that corkscrewed kitchen o' your'n?"

"Damned site better'n that worm-eaten hulk o' your'n l' ever be!"

"Hourrr, harr! At least it won't be used to kindle the kitchen fire of a morning, eh? Harrr, haurr." (Pause while Andy laughs at quip.)

Two red spots appeared on George's forehead.

"Well, Goddamn it, she'll beat that cook's creation that you've got in a fair race!"

"Hear the man rave! Harrr! Well, since ye suggest it, I'll race ye fair 'n' square!"

"Good. And may I be as bald as a coot eff mine don't beat your'n."

Thus it would go, and, as the two captains met at rather frequent intervals, there were a good many races on "Mrs. Doppy" (as the nags about Kaskasie are wont to say). Sometimes one won and then the other. The boats were pretty well matched and whoever won always got the last word, for the other would slink (as well as those majestic-looking river boats can slink) and would probably not be heard of until run across at some ferry or landing.

As the years progressed, the two captains became more and more embittered toward one another and rarely spoke, and then only to cuss each other out. If their boats passed on the river, the two old fiends could be seen hanging over the balusters slinging molten lines of the choicest profanity at one another until they were well out of hearing distance. And then each would invariably declare, "Well, God spare the old water snake, I got the last word THAT time!" Perfectly affable except on that one subject.

But one day poor old George went on shore at St. Mary's, and, after drinking not wisely but too well of that thunder and lightning liquid known as Missouri corn whiskey, he fell down in a mud-puddle and drowned!

His relatives, who lived near by, found in looking thru his clothes, this note:

If by some trick of fate I die,
If I'm murdered, blown asunder,
And about a grave you wonder
In which my body is to lie,
Just plant me on old Folsom Hill,
My feet down, my head to sky,
And my face towards the river.
My Last Request do follow when I die,
So I may cuss McQuirk in passing by.

So they buried the old gent on the top of Folsom Hill, head upward and face toward the river: and who knows but Captain George let forth a hearty line of profanity whenever poor McQuirk passed by?

GEORGE A. SCHRIEVER.

Won first place in short story contest.



THE VAGABOND

It makes no difference where I go,
It matters not to me,
It's just the same whether I roam
On land or on the sea.

The world is cruel and greedy;
I think it never had
A mother's love to teach it
The good things from the bad.

The night may come and with it rain
And sleet come helter-pelter,
But I'm left out in the cold, cold storm,
With the heavens for a shelter.

I am a man of woman born
The same as my own kin,
But they turn me from their door;
Their looks, my hopes chagrin.

I'm growing weary of the world,
Of the path of life I trod;
I long to creep away and find
Peace with a smiling God.
Won first place in poetry contest.

-- Lawrence Sellers.

GRAF ZEPPELIN

Sail on! Graf Zeppelin, thou dauntless cruiser of the air, Conqueror of storms, of elements foul and fair. Strong and sturdy, with precious burden didst thou soar, Thru clouds and fog, o'er ocean's angry roar, To land triumphant on our friendly shore.

In age-old struggle did the mind of man O'ercome the beasts, the forest, and the land. Stalwart Columbus 'gainst great odds o'ercame the sea. Now, Graf Zeppelin, thru thy great flights O'er land and sea, thru days and nights, King of the air, also, man will be.

—Evelyn Underwood.

One Hundred Thirty-three



SLEEPING INTO DIFFICULTIES

R. ELIAS J. DRUMBUL was very tired, indeed; for he had traveled on foot since early yesterday morning. It was now nearing a new day. The stars were fading and the moon had long passed its zenith. Yes, Mr. Elias J. belonged to that carefree brotherhood commonly known as tramps. But he had not always belonged to that wandering tribe. In the earlier part of his thirty-five years he had enjoyed a much finer mode of living than his present one. It was only since he had returned from the war, with not a few honors, that he had become restless. The education and culture of one of the country's finest colleges were his; but it matters not at present why he deserted them.

Mr. Elias J.'s greatest worry at the time was a place to sleep. The nipping frost of the early fall morning forbade sleeping in the field which bordered the highway. Each shed and barn seemed to be guarded by a large, growling dog in whose presence one could not feel comfortable. Therefore he plodded wearily on during the unearthly hours of the morning. At last, by the dim light of the moon, he sighted a group of buildings, some of them huge and grotesque in the fading light. When he neared them he discerned that he was at an airport. The large buildings were hangars. Far beyond the hangars extended the landing field, and on each side of it were faintly outlined grandstands, seemingly decorated for some past or near future fête.

Now, though Mr. Elias J. had no fear of soldiers, he had a distinct dislike for Military Police (having had several unhappy experiences with them in France). Therefore, he took great pains to pass the sentry, on duty before one of the hangars, unnoticed. He considered himself fortunate in finding an unlocked window in the enormous building. Stumbling blindly about in the darkness inside, he came upon an obstacle which, he discovered, was an aeroplane. The idea struck him that the inside of a plane would be warm, if not very comfortable. After some investigation of the plane's surface with his hands, he located the cockpit, and then, clambering in, he found a compartment behind the pilot's seat where he could sleep, well concealed. For a pillow he used a bundle of clothes which were in the compartment, and soon he was fast asleep.

Mr. Elias J. slept well, for he was much too tired to dream. In fact, he slept so soundly that when he awoke he seemed scarcely to have slept more than two hours. Outside, he could hear the drone of engines everywhere. He soon realized that the plane in which he lay hidden had been towed out onto the field. He could hear men running to and fro past him. Orders were being shouted in cool military manner. Everyone seemed to be hustling and working for some great event. From the direction of the stands he heard a band playing. Then it dawned on him. Only yesterday he had



read of a great air festival which was to be held in honor of one of the latest trans-oceanic flyers. This was the day set for the fête. He heard someone approach and set about tinkering with different parts of the plane. Then a second person came up and greeted the first: "Howdy, Lieutenant. Are you entered in any of the contests today?"

"Oh, hello, Jim," responded the lieutenant. "Yes, I'm entered in the

stunt contest though I wish I wasn't, now."

"Why, what's the matter," queried the other.

"Well, I've been feeling rotten the last few days. Doc told me I shouldn't fly but I'll have to. There is a good bit of money bet on my plane taking the

prize," the flier explained.

Then the two walked away. Mr. Elias J. was dismayed. He evidently had the choice of a ride in a plane or a ride in a police patrol. Neither seemed pleasing. The first was certain if he remained hidden in the plane much longer. The second was certain if he attempted to escape in his ragged dress, for against a background of khaki uniforms his old gray suit would show up far too well for safety. Then he spied the bundle which had served as his pillow the night before. Unfolding it he discovered that it was an aviator's costume complete to the goggles. Here was a chance to escape unnoticed, disguised as one of the numerous pilots that were on the field. He performed the change and covered his eyes with the goggles. Then, peeping cautiously out of the cockpit, he decided that the way was clear. He was just going to leap from the plane when a mechanic appeared from beneath it where he had been working on the landing gear. Mr. Elias J. was in a panic. "What should he do? What pretense could he use for having been in the plane?"

Just then the man spoke: "You needn't get out of the plane, sir. I'll crank'er up. They're signalin' you to start." Running to the propeller he seized it and gave it a turn. The engine sputtered and then roared. Mr. Elias F. was stupified. He had no chance to escape, for the mechanic returned as soon as the engine started. He offered a few words of advice: "Keep the speed at 1500 revolutions per minute, cut off ignition on nosedives because oil pump might cause trouble." The mechanic reached in as he talked. He set the throttle at the advised speed. Then he shouted: "I'll knock the blocks away now. Good luck to you." He leapt down and freed the plane.

A few seconds later Mr. Elias J. was speeding down the field in a roaring plane which he knew nothing about. It had all happened so quickly that he was completely stunned. Then he awoke to his danger. If the plane did not rise soon, it would crash into the ditches beyond the field! "What should he do, jump, or attempt to fly the machine and then land in some adjacent field, where he could make his escape?" He felt too weak to jump and yet he did not understand how to raise the plane. Things blurred before his eyes. As a support he grasped a rod which was fastened in the floor



between his feet. However, the rod was not stationary, and, when the wheels of the plane struck a rut, he was thrown backward, shifting the rod towards him. Lo, as if by magic, as soon as the rod had been thrown back, the plane rose into the air. Barely clearing the telephone wires, it mounted skyward.

Up, up, climbed the plane until the control board showed that an altitude of ten thousand feet had been reached. Mr. Elias J. did not dare to look beneath him. The air at that height made him feel dizzy. With an effort he collected his wits and tried to figure things out. That rod seemed to be the control of the plane. Then he recalled having read once that aeroplanes were usually controlled by a device called "the stick." Well, he would try moving the stick again. With hesitancy he moved it slightly forward, and, perceiving no radical change, he grew bold and shoved the stick forward as far as it would go. The effect was both instantaneous and terrifying. The plane turned nose downward and dove, with mad speed, towards earth. To Mr. Elias J.'s eyes, the ground seemed rushing up to meet him. He felt, as one does when he is plunging down a scenic railway or chute the chutes, as though all support had left him. The hand of the altitude register showed 9000 feet, a few seconds later 8000, and 7000, and still the plane plunged downward at a dizzy rate. At 1000 feet Mr. Elias J. knew that he must act quickly or never act again. The earth loomed menacingly near when he seized the stick and threw it back. With a deafening roar the plane swooped, guy wires and supports straining, within twenty feet of the ground, and then soared into the sky again. Awed and breathless spectators in the crowded stands breathed again. The judges in the tall pylon looked at each other. This was indeed the best nosedive any had seen. Mechanics and pilots wagered on the possibility of his plane winning the cup. Some were certain of his success while others were sure that he would crash, for such dives with engine running at high speed were apt to overstrain the machine.

Meanwhile, Mr. Elias J. was heading into the blue sky for a second time. He soon learned that when the stick was thrown to one side the plane banked sharply in the opposite direction. Then he believed that he knew enough to make a landing. Shoving the stick slightly forward he brought the plane into a gradual descent towards the field. He did not notice that the oil gauge showed a fast falling pressure, indicating a break in the oil line. Alas, it was only a moment later when a cloud of smoke rolled from the engine and tiny tongues of flame began to appear. Shrieks of alarm arose from the spectators. Many averted their faces to avoid viewing the impending disaster. An ambulance drove to the center of the field. Soldiers with fire-fighting apparatus appeared.

In the presence of death Elias J. was far more calm than he might be expected to be. While he considered how he should act, he also was wondering which kind of an end he would prefer: burning to ashes or being dashed



to pieces on the ground far below. At this time he felt that he would prefer drowning. If he put the plane into a dive, the flames would be fanned back to the gas tanks and then all would be lost. If he could only back up. Well, he would try to anyway. He sent the plane almost straight upwards with the fire increasing every second. Then he cut off the ignition and banked the plane toward the left. As the engine died, the plane seemed to remain motionless for an instant. Then it dashed toward the ground, tail first. Fortune was with Mr. Elias J. The flames were snuffed out. On the field below murmurs of praise were heard from those who understood aviation. Then as they stared into the sky, they saw that a new danger had arisen. With the engine dead, the plane had gone into a tail spin. Down it came, dipping and whirling like a falling leaf. Elias J. was deeply occupied in clinging to the plane as it turned over and over. The whole world seemed to be spinning like a top. Then he turned the ignition on, and, luckily, the engine started on compression. Still the plane plunged downward. The meter showed an altitude of 500 feet. He frantically shifted the stick forward and backward and sideward in an effort to right the plane. Suddenly the plane plunged into a low cloud. At last, while he was still in the heavy white vapor, he managed to get the plane righted. But something seemed to be wrong yet. He felt light and something wanted to draw him up into the air. Then he flew out of the cloud, and, to his amazement, he found that he was flying upside down. By throwing the stick sideward he managed to roll the plane over. For fear the engine would catch on fire again, Mr. Elias J. cut off the engine, and, in a clumsy manner, the plane glided to earth safely in a field adjacent to the landing field. At the sight of his safe landing, the crowd burst into cheers while an army car sped towards the plane. Lo, as soon as the plane had stopped, the pilot leapt out and fled towards a nearby woods. Before the soldiers could overtake him he had gained cover and disappeared. After an hour's search, the party was forced to return without the pilot.

The next day, in a large city near the airport, a man in a tattered gray suit sat on a park bench, reading a newspaper. He smiled knowingly as he read the headlines:

Mysterious Aviator Wins Cup. Flees Without Award.

RAYMOND LIPPERT.

Won second place in short story contest.

THAT PLAN

Lindy had a little plan

Tucked behind his brow.

He put it into action—

Just look where he is now.

-- Adeline Franzel.

One Hundred Thirty-seven



THE FALLEN FLYERS

(Written when the plane of Capt. Collyer and Harry Rucker fell on their record flight across the Continent.)

I

Is it a wounded eagle,
Careening in the sky,
Winging o'er the mountain,
Seeking a spot to die?

What is that in the distance,
Which turns and flays the air
In awful, swift convulsions—
Dips, now here, now there?
II.

They found them in the canyon,
Beneath their fallen plane;
Pioneers of Aviation!—
Who would not fly again.

They were not grim-faced soldiers
Along the battle's line,
Tho' theirs the steady courage
That e'en in Death doth shine.
III.

Father, when men so brave
Answer a New Thought's call,
The plane of the glory they die to save
Will never, never fall.
Won second place in poetry contest.

—Irene Ansley.

POETRY

When poetry I read at night
And then lie down to sleep,
I cannot stop with all my might
The tramping of its feet.

Each noble thought, each sweetened word
Traverses o'er my brain
Like buffalo in frightened herd
Stampeding o'er the plain.

Like heated iron that sparkling glows
And keeps the cold at bay,
It will allow no sleep to come
Until it's had its say.

-Lawrence Sellers.



FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

HE shades were pulled halfway to keep out the hot afternoon glare. One long strip of sunlight lay across the new Axminster rug, brightening the attractive tan and blue design. The rest of the room was in shadow, forming a marked contrast to the radiant sunbeams dancing on the floor. A radio stood in one corner, open but silent. Along one wall was a lounge with a magazine rack placed at one end. A luxurious Coxwell chair in the thickest shadows was pulled up close beside the radio.

In the center of the dimly-lighted room stood a man holding a golf club. If there had been a crowd in the room, he probably would not have been noticed; for, in spite of his size, he was inconspicuous. Retirement was his chief characteristic. Good nature and meekness shown from his mild blue eyes. All the features signified obedience instead of firmness, and formed a queer combination linked up with Pat Kelly's size. With a quizzical look he was regarding a broken vase, when a sharp voice disturbed the quiet of the room.

"Pat Kelly! What was that noise? What have you done now?"

"I was just practicin', my dear," answered Pat weakly, as he glanced apprehensively at the door. A few steps took him to his Coxwell into which he sank limply.

A figure that matched the voice appeared in the doorway. I have heard of angular persons, and Angelica Kelly certainly was one. She was tall and seemed to be all angles and sharpness. Her gray eyes were sharp and piercing like a hawk's. Her forehead rose abruptly and the dark hair was drawn back tightly. The long nose ended in a sharp point. Her lips were thin and straight, and even her chin was pointed. Her chief weapon was her sharp tongue, and a great part of Pat's life was spent uncomfortably under the lash of this edged instrument. No wonder Pat Kelly looked about furtively as his wife entered.

"Did you have a nice nap?" ventured Pat timidly.

"Pat Kelly, you're worse than any two-year-old. The cat isn't as much trouble as you are. That's the vase Marie gave me, and I've kept it five years. Oh, you're the most careless wretch there ever was. What I couldn't do to the person that invented golf! Just last week you lost fifty dollars on that brainless game, and goodness knows I haven't had any new clothes since I don't know when."

In the midst of her tirade she paused for breath, and Pat hazarded a timid "I'm sorry, my dear."

"Sorry!" she snorted contemptuously. "Yes, you're always sorry. That doesn't put the vase together or bring back that fifty dollars. My stars, when I think about the things you said when I bought that pearl necklace.



How you did rave about what I spent on it! And how you spend money yourself! You and your silly golf. First you have to buy this, then you positively need that, but, worst of all——"

With an experienced movement Pat reached over and turned the dial of the radio at his side to twenty-five. With a raucous shriek "The St. Louis Blues" poured into the air. Pat smiled. He then buried himself behind the stock reports in his early edition Herald, which had been lying near.

Everyone knows that all women like to talk, and a scolding wife holds a record for long distance and volume. Angelica Kelly was not lacking in any of these qualities, but who can compete with the jazz orchestra of a local station? Realizing her incompetence, Angelica furiously turned and strode out of the room. As she disappeared into the hallway, Pat cautiously lowered the paper and heaved a deep sigh.

A week had passed. The door to Angelica Kelly's boudoir opened softly, and a figure entered, backwards. It was Pat. Before closing the door again he looked furtively up and down the hallway outside. Then he tip-toed over to the dresser. In the large mirror was reflected a big, old-fashioned bed covered with a plain white spread. The room was exceedingly neat. The stiff-backed chairs and the stiff curtains were much too prim for real comfort.

Although he knew there was no one else in the house except the cook, the intruder glanced around nervously. There was no sound save the ticking of the alarm clock. The visitor glanced about over the top of the dresser. There were only two jars and a pin cushion. No help there. Stealthily he pulled out the first drawer. A can of talc, a powder puff, a jar of tissue cream, and, I must admit, a small, unostentatious box marked rouge. Pat was seeking none of these things. Hastily he shut that drawer and opened the next. He had started to close this one, too, in despair, but suddenly he stopped. There was the box. Trembling a little he picked it up. This was it—Jackson Jewelry Co. Carefully taking off the lid he gazed at the lovely pearls, fascinated. Quickly he replaced this treasure with one any experienced eye would have recognized as a "cheap imitation of the real thing." When he at last shut the drawer, he was almost panic stricken at his deed. He was once more the timid Pat Kelly.

As usual he sought his old familiar refuge, the Coxwell. Seated in its comfortable depths and smoking a cigar, he once more began to think calmly.

Where was the harm in just borrowing the necklace? Certainly borrowing was the word to use because he would get the necklace back again when he got those dividends. For a moment he repented of joining that club. There were so many dues and extra expenses that his debts had piled up enormously. Then, too, he had had to buy a new and elaborate outfit that he might appear at his best on the course. His face brightened at the thought of that green. It was certainly a fine course. Why, he had made a seventy-four the first time he played on it. It was surely worth the risk he was taking. Pat recon-



sidered the plan of asking Angelica for the money, but his heart quailed at the very thought of what she would say. With a silent prayer that his wife would not notice the slight difference in the necklaces, Pat rose, and snatching up his old hat, left.

Twenty minutes later when Angelica slammed the front door and called out, "Pat, where are you?" there was no answer. When she ascended the stairs dressed in some of her "old clothes," which happened to be made in

the latest fashion, the hallway was empty and silent.

It was late afternoon, and Pat sat in his Coxwell chair, smoking peacefully. In place of the worried look he had worn for two weeks, was a pleasant half-smiling expression. For the tenth time that afternoon he pulled from his pocket the object causing his tranquillity of mind. The pearls gleamed in his hand. The man who had taken them as security had charged more interest than necessary, but Pat was too glad to get the necklace back to care. Suddenly it dawned on him that the afternoon was getting late and Angelica might get home from the boat excursion at any time. He had wanted to return the necklace as soon as possible so he started on this mission.

At the door he unexpectedly came face to face with his wife. The hand clutching the pearls relaxed automatically, and they slid down into the recesses of his coat pocket. His look of guilt escaped Angelica entirely as the unusually flushed appearance of her face had escaped him.

"The necklace!" she gasped breathlessly.

Pat's heart gave a lurch. She had found out! Surely he would never live through it. Her next words, however, reassured him.

"I don't know what you'll say! I should have examined the catch. Oh,

what shall I do? I am so careless. I should have known better!"

Pat stared unbelievingly when that sharp woman threw herself on the lounge, sobbing hysterically. Could this be his wife? Angelica in tears was a sight he very seldom saw; it moved him deeply.

Still wondering, he asked, "But, my dear, where did you lose it? Perhaps

we could find it," he added uncertainly.

"Find it! I told you it dropped into the river."

Her sobs stabbed him to the heart and he cried sympathetically, "Oh, my dear!"

"Please don't say 'My dear' to me again," she cried; "I don't deserve it."

The "it" ended in a forlorn wail which so unnerved Pat that he sank

quite limply into his old Coxwell chair.

How much did the material things count in promoting their happiness? He would much rather have Angelica reasonable with him than wearing a string of pearls. Yes, it would be better to urge her to drop the subject and forget about it. What if the pearls were gone? Gone! Why he had them in his coat pocket.

He opened his mouth to speak, but thought better of the act and shut it



again. After all, why should he give back the necklace? It would bring a handsome sum, and he wouldn't have to ask his wife for money for a long time. He thought of the joys of the new golf club. With all that money—a long drawn sob broke into his thoughts. How could he have thought of such a thing? What a husband he was not to understand better what Angelica was going through! The poor girl would probably worry herself sick and he would be the cause of it. She was quick-tempered, but he was often unsympathetic and perhaps goaded her into her bad humor. Besides, his conscience would always bother him, if he did such a cowardly thing; and he would have no peace of mind. His face lit up with a pleasant thought. Angelica would be so glad to get the necklace back that she would certainly forgive him. Perhaps she would even give him peace for a month or so.

He went to the lounge, and, placing a gentle hand on her arm, he said, "My dear, I—." Swallowing and moistening his lips, he began again, "Angelica, I have your pearls. I just borrowed them!"

She looked at him incredulously. "But where did you get them?"

"Oh, I took them about two weeks ago."

"Why?" she demanded suspiciously.

Pat looked at his wife helplessly. She certainly presented a sorry picture with the tears running down her cheeks and her hair disheveled, but the hard glint in her eye could not be mistaken.

Pat stammered, "Well, dear, you see I joined a rather expensive club, and—and—"

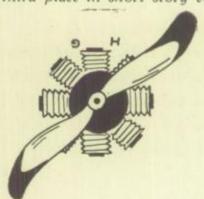
"And you got into debt and took my pearls," interrupted the now justly angry wife. "Here I've worried myself into a nervous wreck, and you had them all the while"—

"You're the most inconsiderate and ungrateful person I've ever seen. Everyone on the boat knew about them. I made a perfect fool of myself, and now they'll all have a good laugh when they hear the truth. I'll probably have nervous prostration with you—"

With a deft movement Pat turned the radio dial to twenty-five. With a smile he buried himself behind the Herald's report of the Yank's double victory. The boys of the Ritz orchestra did their duty well and emphatically. Angelica wrathfully strode out of the room. As she disappeared, Pat cautiously lowered the paper and sighed heavily.

SARABELLE PATTERSON.

Won third place in short story contest.





WEARY

Take me from the bell that peals,
From the noisy city's busy wheels;
Take me from the dirty streets
Out where I may hear the birds "'tweet, 'tweet."

Out into Nature's peaceful wood
That grants me peaceful solitude;
Where each giant oak is a sentinel
Guarding the peace of all who dwell
Within those regions where 'twould be
Too short were life eternity.
Where harmony bands of birds that play
Steal softly and unnoticed by,
Like the noiseless flight of the butterfly.
Where the quietness whispers, "'Tis unwise
To lament the loss of Paradise."
Won third place in poetry contest.

-Lawrence Sellers.

LINDBERGH

Untried but firm he dared to span
That wild uncharted void;
Encouraged by that one great dream
That could not be destroyed.

Led by his trusting, youthful heart,
Inspired and unafraid,
Into the sky's vast dome he dared—
Alone—yet undismayed.

Unprompted by a selfish aim,
No wide renown sought he;
Firm faith, a bridge from shore to shore,
Led him across the sea.

That miracle of youth performed,

He won the world's esteem;

On Memory's golden scroll his name

Throughout the years shall gleam.

Won honorable mention in poetry contest.

—Catherine Filsinger.

One Hundred Forty-three



LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

URL BENTON was desperate. Did I say desperate? Nay, the word is too mild, for Burl Benton was frantic almost to a point of insanity; and the sole cause was—an aeroplane. Whenever and wherever that whirring sound became audible, he was on the spot immediately, leaving any task incomplete, straining his neck until it was almost horizontal to gaze at the moving object in the air. Had it not once been related in the local newspaper that he had been in the process of wheeling his baby cousin through the streets when suddenly the faint hum of an aeroplane was faintly heard in the distance? Gradually the sound grew in volume until the human bird came into full view. Lost in awe and amazement, Burl gazed up. As the 'plane gained in distance so did he, wheeling the perambulator unconsciously before him. Not once did he move his eyes from the object of his admiration until the aeroplane vanished in the distance.

"Get out of the way!"

"Move on."

"Watch where you're going!"

Shouts of warning and the honking of horns came from all directions. The far-away look left his face and with a jolt he came back to earth. Grabbing the handle of the perambulator he ran—first to the right, then to the left, until he was finally rescued by a reporter of "The Daily Eagle," who, seeing the humor of the affair, immediately gave it a column on the front page:

BOY INTENT UPON WATCHING AEROPLANE

TANGLES TRAFFIC IN BUSY PORTION OF CITY.

As the reporter had predicted it evoked many a laugh from the public. Not so from Mrs. Benton. From year to year she had watched the fascination of this invention take its hold on her fifteen-year-old boy. Fearing that it would happen sooner or later she had done everything imaginable to divert his attention, but all to no avail. Every week regularly for the last year had he begged to be allowed to take a ride in an aeroplane and every week had his request met with refusal.

"But, mother," he would reiterate, "why not? Gee, it's absolutely safe and I have the five dollars from Grandad that I got for my birthday."

But Mrs. Benton would give no reason, knowing as she did, that the one she had would only serve to strengthen his desire. And that is why, as I said before, Burl Benton had come to the stage where he was frantically determined.

It was with a little misgiving in his heart that Burl explained to his mother that he was going bicycle riding with the boy scouts.

"Don't worry, I'll be back before dark," he called, feeling at the same time to see if the crisp \$5 bill was in his vest pocket. Of course, he didn't

One Hundred Forty-four



go to the boys scouts' headquarters—it had never been his intention; for Burl had come to the end of his tether. He felt that he could not do another thing until he had experienced the thrill of a ride through the air; until the wind had whistled past his ears and thrilled the blood which now raced madly through his veins. For two hours he rode steadily and more than once did a reprimand come from an autoist telling him to "watch out." But the young lad's thoughts were far from the country roads and never a glance did he give to other drivers. Indeed, though he was in truth riding on a bicycle along the country roads, his whole being was aloft on an up-to-date magic carpet.

At last he arrived, and, throwing his bicycle to the ground, walked down the field, his eyes gleaming with excitement and adventure. The blood coursed madly through his veins, causing him to loosen his collar—so warm did it make him. For several minutes he nosed among the sheds, touching the aeroplanes as if they were live wires; attaching himself to groups who were being enlightened as to the mechanism of the world's latest invention, and even gaining courage at times to ask a question or two himself. Once he felt in his pocket. Yes, the bill was still reposing snugly and safely in his pocket—the bill that would take him to the seventh heaven of delight; so, without more ado, he hied himself to one of the students who had been trying to get a passenger.

"Sir," he began bravely, "I'd like to take a ride."

"Sorry, buddy," replied the aviator, gazing at his slight figure, "you're too young to go up unless you have a permit from your parents."

At this remark Burl could hardly prevent a grin from spreading over his features. It was next to impossible for him to imagine his mother giving him a permit to go up in an aeroplane, and, since his father had died shortly before he was born, it was evident that no permit would be forthcoming.

"But I have five dollars; here it is!" he cried, eagerly producing the bill from his pocket.

"No, son," persisted the flyer. "It's more than my job is worth to take you."

With a heart as heavy as lead, he put his hands in his pockets and turned away, trying with effort to blink back the tears which persisted in filling his eyes, so great was the disappointment. Slowly and with downcast head he walked across the field. Suddenly looking up, he saw that he was on the outskirts of a great crowd of people. Filled at once with curiosity, he worked his body, wriggling first this way then that, till finally he stood gazing at a young man all togged up in an aviator's suit and in the act of putting on a helmet.

"Wish I were he," somebody was saying. "At this time tomorrow he'll be starting on the transcontinental race."

"Move back!" called the photographer, "till we take the young man's picture." Once again hope soared high in Burl's heart. The people were all around the flyer so that no one noticed the small figure of a fifteen-year-old



boy clamber into the cockpit of the silver grey monoplane. It was a desperate chance and it might get him into serious trouble—but why worry about the future—wasn't the dream of his young life being realized at last?

"Hurrah!" called the crowd as the young aviator clambered into his seat, not noticing the slim figure crouched in the corner. Anxious to have a perfect take-off, since the cameras were clicking, his mind was concerned only with the engine. Another minute and they were soaring through the air. Whither they were going Burl had not the slightest idea. He did not even feel the coldness of the wind for his pulse was beating madly and he was afraid to move for fear his figure might be detected. For a while he gave himself up to the thrill which everyone experiences on the first ride, but soon he became cramped in every limb. Five minutes passed and he was using every ounce of self control to hold himself still. Oh, if only he could move his right leg from under him. Three more minutes and his legs were so numb that he felt as if he were really bereft of them. It was becoming unbearable. If only, oh he must straighten his leg. Slowly he started to move it. To his ear each minute sound was intensified ten thousand times. Slowly and carefully he straightened it. Ah, the relief. But wait—a hand was touching him! His heart stopped beating. He had been discovered! The rug was pulled from over him-revealing his full form.

"My God, where did you come from?"

Too frightened to answer, Burl scrambled up while the airman divided his attention between the machine, of which, in his amazement, he had lost control, and the young stowaway.

"Well," he finally exclaimed, turning to the young boy, "it's too late to turn back so you'll have to come to the races with me, as I haven't time to make a stop now."

"Gee, you're a swell." And Burl, once more reassured, made himself perfectly at home.

"You must be pretty crazy about the air to do a stunt like this," laughed the airman.

In a trice Burl had poured out his feelings and the peculiar fascination that the air held for him. He even told him about the incident when he was wheeling his baby cousin along the street, which caused the airman to laugh so heartily that they almost looped the loop. Soon darkness set in.

"Go to sleep," he advised the young boy; "you'll need it."

Sleep! On his first air trip! The idea was preposterous. He looked up at the flyer's face and was about to question him when he saw a puzzled look settle on his face. His forehead furled as in deep thought, and his teeth soon gritted in determination.

"Kid," he said, calmly as though used to such emergencies, "get out that parachute from under your seat and strap it on quickly. We're in a tight hole and there's not a minute to spare."

Every trace of color ebbed from the young boy's face, but without a word of questioning he did as he was commanded. Fumbling in the dark and One Hundred Forty-six



following the older man's directions, he soon had the parachute strapped to his back.

"Now, get the other one and strap it around me," he ordered with cutting decisiveness. With fingers numb, partly with cold and partly from fear, Burl did the task alloted him, never understanding until this day, how he had been able to do it.

"Now, when I say jump, pull this string. Here, hold your hand on it. It's our only chance; there's a break in the gas line and it's too dark to make a landing. Get ready, she won't last another—jump!"

Over they both went. Burl tugged frantically at the string, his heart thumping almost to bursting point. Seventy-five feet he fell, then the ropes became taut. The silk was holding wonderfully. Though suspended in midair Burl was now composed. He began to wonder what had happened to his companion, but only darkness greeted him on every side.

Down, down, down he went; one hundred feet more—then he began to wonder where he was going to land. Strange that he should be thinking such commonplace thoughts. He had often heard said that when one was almost on the point of death every act of his life passed before his eyes. Perhaps, after all, he wasn't going to die. But his thoughts were interrupted by a splash and suddenly he was submerged in water. Soon, however, he came to the top, and, being an expert swimmer, he began to strike out for the shore. But the balloon was now saturated with water and the silken cords entangled his legs so that he was forced to float around and free himself of the parachute. With weary arms and tired limbs, he at last extricated himself and once more struck out for the shore. Luckily it was only a narrow stream so that soon he drew himself, panting and exhausted, on to the bank. Being too weak to move or call for help, he lay there, trying to regain the strength which seemed to have ebbed completely from his body. He put his hands to his temple, which was throbbing painfully; the world began to move round and round; everything became dark—then he fell into complete oblivion.

All through the night he twisted and tossed on the grass. First he was flying upside down in an aeroplane; now he was doing stunts on the edge of a plane. Then suddenly he felt himself slipping off the wing, the world rolled round and round while his legs went helter-skelter. Down, down, he came till, with a bump, he reached the earth; then again came blessed oblivion. When Burl opened his eyes he was surprised to notice that his head was no longer throbbing and most of the pain had gone. In amazement and wonder he looked around, only to find himself in the prettiest white room—a fire burning cosily in the grate.

"It's all right, sonny, you're safe now. My, but you were delirious; but, thank the Lord, you and your buddy are both all right. But, believe me, you have lots to be thankful for that you fell into the stream."

"But where am I?" His eyes wandered around the room until they alighted on another bed next to his. A sigh of relief. "Gee, I'm tickled to



death that you're here, too. After taking that leap I never saw you. But, say, what about the races?"

A smile spread over the pilot's face. "Why, youngster, the races were over last week, and, though you'll be up soon, it's bed for me for a few weeks until this leg mends."

"Your leg-then it's-?"

"Yes. When you fell into the water I landed in a tree, which, I can assure you, was a great deal harder."

"But, my mother-does she know?"

At that moment the door opened, and, looking in that direction, Burl beheld her. The next minute they were in each other's arms.

"At last," she sobbed, the tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks, "you must know the truth. I have tried to keep it back, but the same spirit that dominated your father has taken root in you and it cannot be suppressed. Burl, I must tell you all now. Your own father was a flyer during the war. One day, while we were sitting before the fire planning your future, the telephone rang. It was an urgent call requesting your father to go to Washington, D. C., immediately for some important war papers. I remember the night as if it were yesterday. It was such a thick fog that you could hardly see a finger before you, and I begged him to wait till the morning. But, no-it was his duty-and that came before all. That night he left me, never to return. Now you know why I tried to curb your interest in aviation; but it can't be done. The same spirit which earned for your father the name, Lieutenant R. B. Benton, Secret Messenger for United States, is in you, and your mother, my son, will not put her love and fear for you in the way any longer." ROSE JOSEPH.

Won honorable mention in short story contest.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. A-

How charming Mrs. A.—— seems. Her silvery hair so neatly piled on her small head; her ivory colored skin and pale pink cheeks; her light step; the firm clasp of her hand; those tired eyes that still sparkle after years of hard work—all these things combine to make all who meet her fall under the sway of her charm. Her hair was dark once-and smooth; her hands soft and beautiful—but the toil of love has changed them. That hair, still so smooth, is nearly white and those hands are wrinkled and toilwornsacrificed on the altar of service. Love was her goddess and service her muse. But her step is still light and airy and her smile just as beautiful and her speech just as gay. Indeed, she is rarely without some catchy witticism. Then, she has her stock jokes and quotations, too: her sense of humor is one of her best points. Her character, I think, can be summed up in the one word, "love." Not even a cynic can shake her faith in the fundamental goodness of man. She always has a good word for the human race and merely smiles very knowingly when one "rips and snorts" of the triviality of human endeavor. Altogether, she is quite a charming woman.

AN ADMIRER.



MY GARDEN

When the fervid day draws to a close,
And shadows softly fall,
I hide my grief in the scent of a rose—
Beside my garden wall.

When cares oppress me—heart and soul— I wander thru the lilies tall, Which sway and seem to beckon Hope— Beside my garden wall.

Of all my joys 'tis much the best— Thru dawn and noon and eve; Lit by the far horizon's light, And sheltered by the trees.

It is not famed for flow'rs rare,
Nor is it great—quite small;
But tended by a hand I love—
And—therefore—best of all!

-Madeleine Raithel.

AUTUMN

When autumn comes and all the trees are bare,
I like to tramp around all through the woods
To see the wonders that are stored in there,
And find the place where wild life hides its broods.

A saucy squirrel on high looks down on me;

A startled chipmunk scampers through the leaves

And disappears behind the shelt'ring tree,

While countless blackbirds scream, the woodland's thieves.

I come upon a quiet, hidden brook

And watch the leaves like tiny ships float by;

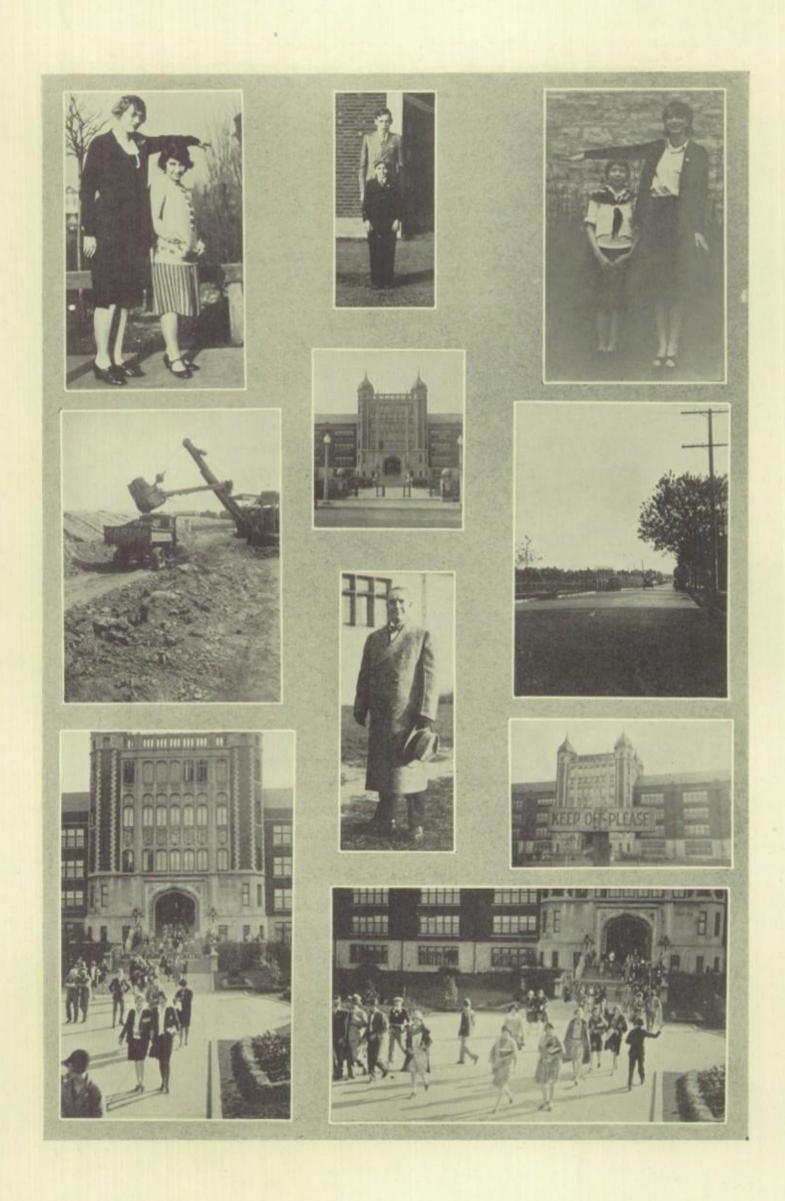
But if I with a greater care do look,

I see the image of an azure sky.

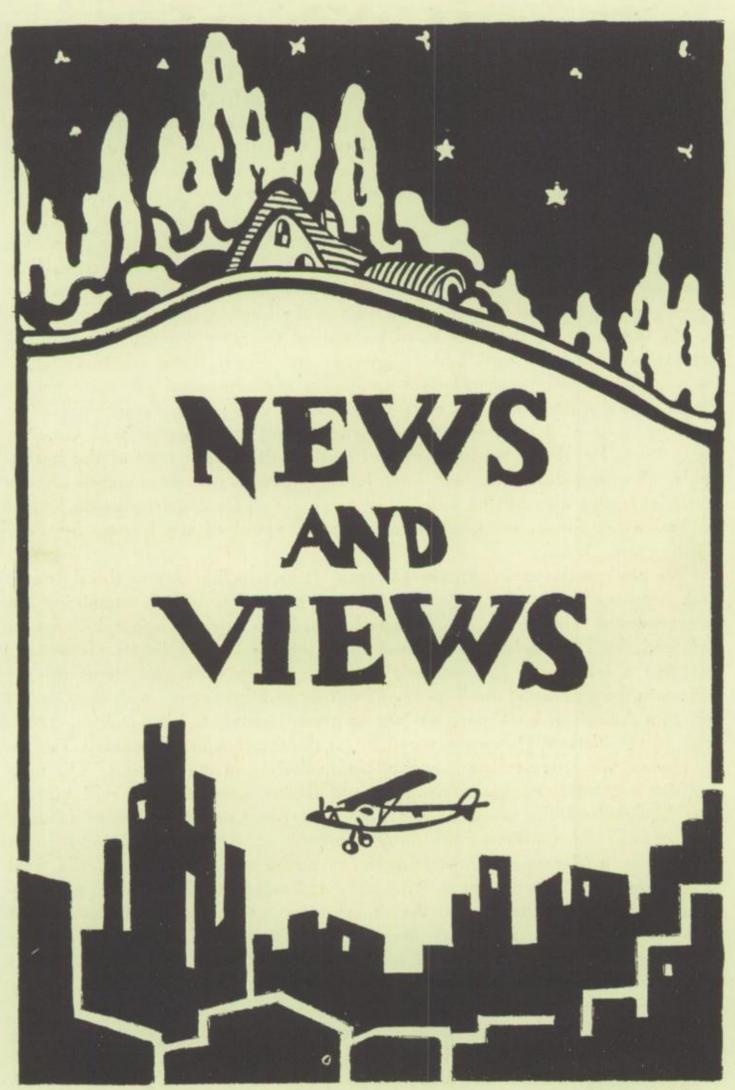
But, best of all, when day is almost done, I see the glory of a setting sun.

-Jack McMahon.

One Hundred Forty-nine



One Hundred Fifty



MaThilda VogeL



SCOUTS' ROVING CAMP

N JUNE 21, 1928, about eighty Boy Scouts of St. Louis, including seventeen Roosevelt students, started from Kingshighway and Lindell on a tour of the East. The motive equipment included three passenger busses; two trucks for tents, blankets, cots, etc.; and one commissary, or kitchen truck.

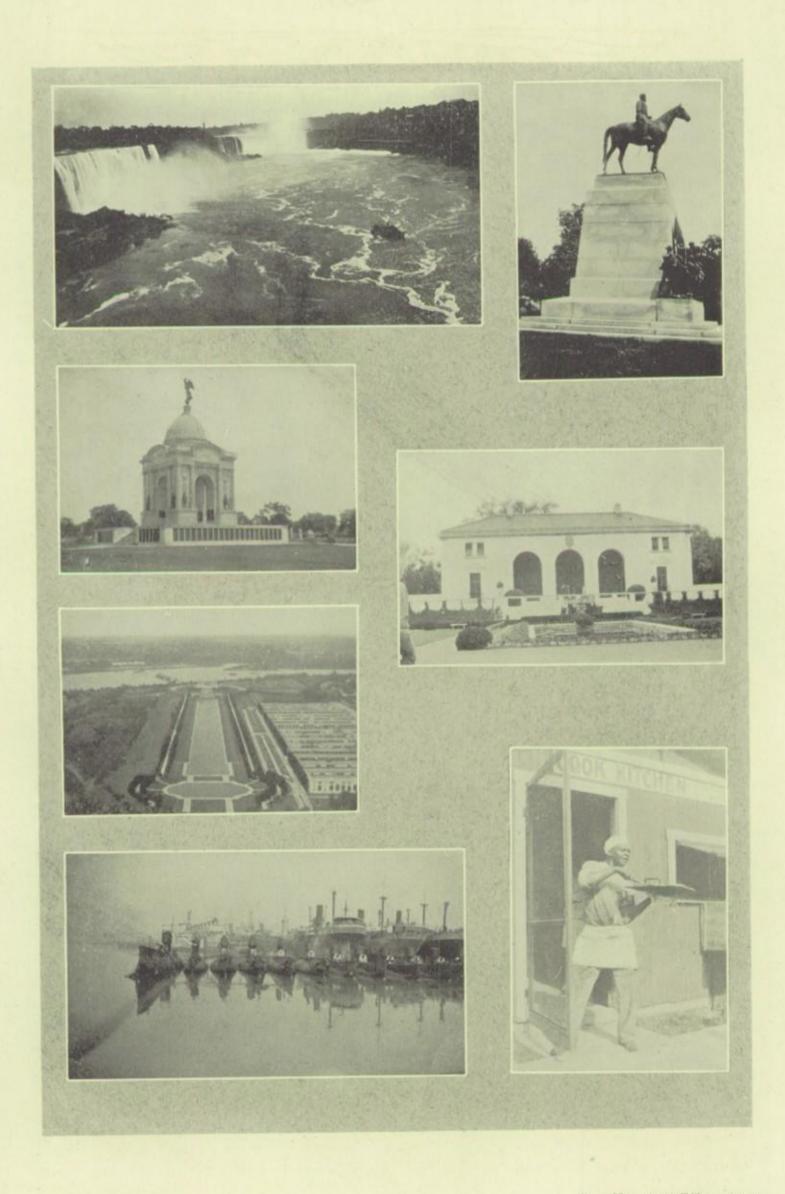
At Vandalia, Illinois, we set up camp for the first time. We were slow this time, but we became more adept as we gained experience. The place of interest here, in Vandalia, was the courthouse from a window of which Lincoln jumped to break a quorum in the Legislature.

At Indianapolis, the next stop, we visited the state capitol and admired the famous Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. From there we traveled to Dayton, which we reached about noon. In the afternoon we were shown through the, at that moment, inert Wright Field and plant. From Dayton we rode by way of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and the Cumberland Gap, to Gettysburg, Pa. Here we stopped and made a three-hour tour of the battle-fields. We were amazed, not only by the number of monuments on the battlefields, but also by the number of souvenir stores near the fields. After we had eaten lunch, we headed toward the capitol of the United States—Washington, D. C.

We pitched the most permanent camp of the trip that day at the Potomac Park Tourist Camp. In the evening we were given free rein in examining the Congressional Library. In this famous building we saw the original Constitution and the Declaration of Independence of the United States. The next day was a busy one, for not only did we eagerly scrutinize thousands of dollars in the making at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, visit the Capitol and Pan-American buildings, but we surprised ourselves by becoming interested in the Natural History department at the Smithsonian Institute. To cap the climax, we drove to the beautiful Union Station in the evening. The next day did not suffer by comparison for we visited, then, Lincoln's Memorial, Fort Meyer, and the home of the Father of our Country-that of George Washington. Also some of the more energetic of us tramped up and down Washington's Monument, not deigning to notice the elevator. In the final day in Washington, we went to Annapolis and were delighted there, not only by the seaplanes in the air and the ships on the water, but by the models of both planes and ships in the buildings. In the afternoon, after we had returned to Washington, we were allowed to roam about the Aircraft and Technical part of the Smithsonian Institute. Here we saw the "Spirit of St. Louis" and many famous pioneer aircraft.

The next day, Sunday, we broke camp and set it up again in the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, Pa. On Monday we were conducted through the U. S. S. Concord in dock, and the Naval Aircraft Factory where we watched with interest the production of seaplanes. After a visit to Independence Hall, we regretfully departed from Philadelphia.

Atlantic City, the "Playground of America"! The sparkling water that One Hundred Fifty-two



One Hundred Fifty-three



greeted us was a sight for sore eyes and a salve for hot skin. In the evening we were given entrance to the Steeplechase Amusement Pier by courtesy of the local Chamber of Commerce. The next day we swam again, traversed a few miles of boardwalk, and visited the Steel Pier.

On the Fourth of July we left New Jersey and reached New York, some of us by way of the new Holland Tunnel and some by crossing the bay, where we saw the Statue of Liberty. We camped near Coney Island and saw and heard the celebration there. The next day we visited the New York Stock Exchange and the Woolworth Building. Then we took the subway for over twenty miles to reach the busses. We got our nickels' worth that time! The next day we witnessed a march to mess at West Point on the beautiful Hudson River. We were quite impressed by this New York scenery.

Our next important stop was Niagara Falls. Here, after we had viewed the Cascades from every angle, we were shown through the Niagara Falls Light and Power Plant, and the Shredded Wheat Plant.

From Niagara Falls we took the route on Lake Erie to Cleveland. We completed the circle when we finally reached St. Louis. Here we finished our diaries—we did keep diaries—and read them to our fond parents.

ROBERT D. BROOKES.

A TRIBUTE TO CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

CHOOL spirit, that intangible something which welds the members of an institution into a united body, and fills them with enthusiasm and loyalty for their Alma Mater, has been beautifully illustrated by the pupils of Central High in their attitude toward their school during the last two years. Never before has any school been so beset with misfortunes. Beginning with a fire which compelled the temporary closing of the building, and ending with the tornado which completely wrecked it, the students have been handicapped by one difficulty after another. Yet in the midst of all these mishaps the boys and girls have remained faithful to their institution. They have stoutly resisted every effort to disband the school and have maintained their identity against great odds. At no time has their courage failed or their enthusiasm waned.

Nowhere has this splendid school spirit shown itself in a brighter way than in athletics. Despite the handicaps, Central has been represented in all branches of sports during her troubles, and at no time have her teams failed to give a good account of themselves. Take the past football season as an illustration. When school began in September, Central found itself with an attendance of only about eight hundred, without a coach, due to Mr. Walker's resignation, and with no field to practice on. Many schools would have given up under such conditions; but not Central. A call for candidates was answered by a large squad, and soon a strong team was whipped into shape. It is true that the boys bowed before the well-trained elevens from the other schools, but only after a hard-fought battle.

All praise to such school spirit, such loyalty! We, as an associate school, congratulate you, students of Central High School, and extend you our very best wishes for the future.

LeROY SAVAGE.

One Hundred Fifty-four



CALENDAR

JANUARY TO JUNE 1928

January 26—Gee! Who isn't sorry? Mr. Miller left today to take up his duties at Harris Teachers' College as a teacher of Chemistry. Three cheers for Roosevelt's first principal!

January 27—THE day! Graduation night for the Class of January 1928. Who could keep their eyes from the Queen and First Maid of Honor?

February 10—The suspense is over and Mr. Hart is chosen. Everybody satisfied? Of course, who wouldn't be with Mr. Hart as Principal.

February 13—I wonder why the boys looked especially happy today. Maybe it's because Mr. Ammerman was made assistant principal. But, of course, the girls are happy too.

February 14—Campaign speeches! Cowboy Sam is our Mayor, Ruth Elder, Robert Kessler, Howard Brimmer, Amy Chase, Florence Wright and Russel Moffat agree to stand for the rest of the term.

Day of days! We got off at noon to see Lindy fly between the Free Bridge and Eads Bridge. Who were the ambitious ones that hiked it?

February 22—Here's to George Washington: May there be more like him! Why? Well—didn't we get a holiday on account of his birthday?

February 23—Not "4 out of 5" but "5 out of 5" have it! What? Why—Rough Riders—they're free!

March 7—Who didn't enjoy the College Club tea? Did you ever see such a quaint house?

Charles Thorne leads New Seniors! Lead on Macduff!

March 22—New Jay Girls' Party. Three cheers for Mr. Grossman—he certainly put it over! I wish you could have seen those first termers dance. They surely could show the noble seniors a few steps. "Aw show me how to do the Chicago," saith the modern new jay! 'Course the ice-cream was appreciated, as were the interesting entertainments given by the clubs.

April 6—Listen my children and you shall hear—Roosevelt orators! Results: Ruth Bohle on "Aviation" and Norman Moore on "Cabinet Form of Government." May luck follow them to the Graham Memorial Chapel at Washington University.

April 8—Who were all the fair Rooseveltians parading today? Well, and why not! Easter Sunday comes but once a year.

April 13—Some Aud Session! Taylor Douthit spoke—and—oh, the rush for his autograph!

Well, it may be the 13th but it isn't unlucky for us. It was the big night for Roosevelt—Open House! This time the clubs exhibited their activities. Weren't those little Rough Riders the cutest things?



AS THEY LOOKED FOUR YEARS AGO

April 18—Senior Weiner Roast. Wednesday afternoon saw a crowd of seniors jumping off the bus at Carondelet Park, ready for the time of their lives. Did they have it? O, boy, and how!

April 20—Again Roosevelt stood the test and true patriotism was evidenced by the funds collected to refloat "Old Ironsides." Who didn't enjoy the programs in the advisory groups?

April 25—Chartered bus—frankfurters — marshmallows — root beer — result, new senior weiner roast. Talk about the weaker sex—you should have seen the girls swipe that ball. But you can be sure the boys had their share of the fun, too.

April 27—Hush, Mr. Hart is announcing the newly-elected Torch members. Ah! The suspense is over and the lucky ones are being congratulated. Of course they deserve it, so let's give a cheer to each and every one of them.

May 3—What a time! BWANA Staff went out to the flying field at Bridgeton. It was a shame we couldn't go up in an aeroplane—but better luck next time. Did you hear the joke? Olive asked Bud Gurney, field captain, what the difference was between a plane with one wing and a plane with two wings. "One wing," replied "Bud."

"You certainly have a lot of nerve!" exclaimed Rose after Mr. Gurney performed several feats in the air.

Now who would have thought that teachers would eat hot dog sandwiches—but they do and enjoy them at that. Well, except for being almost choked with dust, and Miss Lawton's car sticking in front of a "stop and go" sign, everybody had a marvelous time!

May 4—Senior Class gave the play, "Clarence," coached by Miss Duffet. The members of the cast were:

Clarence Les
Miss Pinney Ida
Bobby Wheeler Wil
Cora Wheeler Dor
Mr. Wheeler Sam
Mrs. Wheeler Rut
Mrs. Martin Virg
Mr. Hubert Stem Arn
Dinwiddie, the butler Rol
Della, the maid Mar

Lester Stephens
Ida Danner
William Wolf
Dorothy Jones
Sam Waymer
Ruth Jacoby
Virginia Horn
Armand Hoffstetter
Roland Miller
Marie Stein



SENIOR PLAY, JUNE 1928

The play was very successful and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the brotherly and sisterly quarrels of Bobby and Cora. Clarence, "who knew everything because he had been in the army," made us like him as soon as he entered. Sam Waymer, as the distracted father, had the sympathy of the audience. The rest of the cast also played their parts well and everyone was sorry to leave when the play ended.

May 10—Thrills! thrills! and more thrills! They got the "Weasel"—the pearls and everything today. And wasn't it a fine example of what Mask and Buskin can do!



SENIOR PLAY-JUNE 1928



May 11—Day of days for the new Torch members and for the old ones, too, when they had their pictures taken. But what a grand and glorious feelin' that initiation ceremony makes you have. The twenty-four newly elected members were:

Catherine Bauer
Marian Mardorf
Virginia Voit
Bernice Brenner
Evelyn Koenig
Rose Joseph
Charles Thorne
Olive Hartman
Frances Gongora
George Uttley
John Roguski
Catherine Filsinger

Albert Miller
Eleanor Bryant
Jane Waldt
Susan Rosskopf
Vernon Myers
Dorothy Jones
Norma Schick
Margaret Gleave
Jewell Jones
Elmer Graul
Henry Ollinger
Lois Parker

May 14—We really shouldn't have had school today with all the excitement going on. The Bremen Flyers came to St. Louis today and, oh, what a welcome they got! A snow storm's nothing compared to the downpour of paper that struck downtown!

May 19—"Here has been dawning another blue day"—no! The Staff didn't let this beautiful Saturday go by. They took themselves right over to Scott Field (9 in a car—3 cars) and like good little members listened nicely to everything the man told them so that they could put it in BWANA—comments of sarcastic nature from readers not desired!

June 1—The Senior Red Letter Day! Class Day! Everyone was absolutely stunning in their uniforms and caps of red and white. After a meeting in the auditorium the seniors wandered around the building amid the cries of "Hi, how cute," and, "Isn't that darling."

The class day play was really stupendous. Paul O'Brien and John Schicker, as the darky waiters, were as funny as could be. Roland Vizgird and Jim Fairchild as boxers were absolute "knockouts." The ladder acrobats were quite nimble though they did cause the audience to miss a heart beat once in a while. Norman Moore, as the French proprietor, was "magnifique," while Wallace Zelle, as Constable Horsefeathers, and his son, Art Hoeler, "the darling boy," provided laughs galore.

The luncheon at the Saum was a huge success. The speeches of the most beautiful girl, and most beautiful boy, etc., showed how modestly they carried the "honors bestowed upon them." Miss Blodgett and Miss Duffet, guests of honor, gave the class their best wishes. Mr. Hart, Mr. Ammerman, and Mr. Miller also gave short interesting talks. Mr. Tugel told the class how glad he was that he had been the moderator of the class.



The "eats" were fine but there could have been more. As an excuse the manager says that he couldn't have known that the Class of June '28 was the hungriest that he had yet fed.

All in all, the Seniors had a good time and forgot all their troubles for one day, at least.

June 4—What's the matter with all the Seniors? Oh, of course, the Senior finals start today. They're all going around with a look on their faces like "unto that of a scared New Jay's." Well, best of luck, Seniors.

June 6—The awarding of "R's." Did you ever know that Roosevelt had so many brilliant pupils? The three coaches certainly had a time running around with the certificates. Really, you know, it's worth trying for because, after all, we are only at high school once, and, believe me, we ought to make the most of it. So let's all start and do our very best for the school.

June 11—Rehearsal for graduation. The whole class either giggled or "cracked jokes" so that the seniors were not as dignified as a graduating class should be. Cries of "Who's your partner," could be heard from everyone. Tickets of admission for the graduation night were also given to each one.

June 13—The Day of Days!! or rather "The Night of Nights!!" The Seniors finally received their diplomas after years of hard labor (?). Everyone so dignified—"you bet."

The speeches by the seniors were quite a revelation to those who didn't think the Seniors knew so much.

June 15—Hurrah! Report Cards! and last day of school!! Good-bye Roosevelt—see you next term."

SEPTEMBER-JANUARY

September 4—Hello, everybody! Student Body speaking. Glad you all had such a keen summer, but the Knowledge Shop looks good again!

September 18—Campaign speeches—and the BEST of entertainment (??). We're sure the speakers suffered as much as the listeners.

September 20—"It's a serious question," says Mayor Roguski. "We'll work, etc."—and the Student Council certainly has kept its word since that first meeting.

October 17—Welcome—Mum and Dad! Having a good time? It certainly seemed that way for the teachers were kept busy answering questions as to how little Jerry did his work, and why Mary was so good in Latin. Then, of course, everyone enjoyed the auditorium session—and, judging from the disappearance of the refreshments, everybody was contented.

October 19—Three cheers for the ice cream, cakes, and entertainment which the fair new members of our student body enjoyed today. Did some Seniors sneak in? Er—well—we should know!



October 26—The girls certainly did justice to the eats, but the boys did MORE than justice. Why—it was even rumored that one little new jay was caught trying to eat his paper plate with his ice cream.

October 27—Meow! Pst! Pft! Swish! Sh! Oh! Gosh, I'm scared. I know it's only a Hallowe'en party, but, that ghost at the door, and that skeleton over there—I'll bet that's Bob—maybe that ghost was Evelyn—. Thus it went on until everyone was unmasked and then everyone else found out how wrong he had been with his guesses. Then the fun began—every game that was ever heard of, and several probably were not, was played in a new and interesting manner. The fun continued until lunch was served. Silence ensued for a short time while everyone was eagerly devouring his food before someone else would eat his share. The lunch only gave the guests new vigor and the king of Hallowe'en again ruled. The party disbanded at an early hour—that is, in the morning. The occasion for this revelry was a mysterious Hallowe'en party at the home of Evelyn Koenig. The guests were almighty Seniors of Roosevelt. "A good time was had by all."

November 17-Mask and Buskin Masquerade Party.

"I can't give you anything but love" seemed to be the theme song of the Mask and Buskin, as, whenever there was a lull in the procedure, which was not often, somebody would try to sing these words. The party was given at the home of Miss Manbeck, the moderator. It was a masquerade party and nearly everyone was costumed.

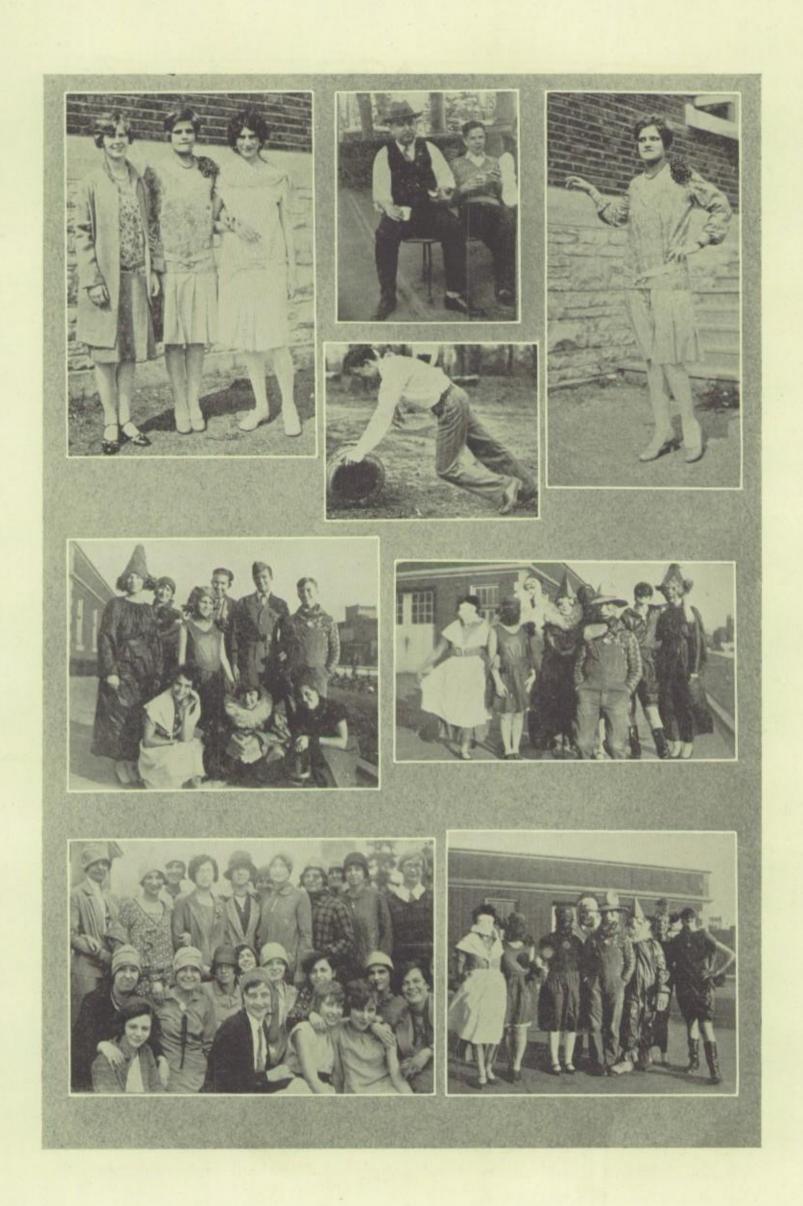
November 9-Mask and Buskin Play.

Let us tune in on a microphone that is placed in the auditorium during the presentation of the Mask and Buskin play, "The Maid of France."

"Oh boy! Look at that soldier;—why—it's George Schriever! Gee, he's stunnin'. Now that he has given the prologue, or whatever it is, on with the dance. Oh that's some church window. Look at that statue, no, it's not a statue, yes it is, no, oh, it's Corinne Camman. Oh, there's Kirk Jeffrey,—boy—that's some suit he's got on, I like that funny cap—ha, ha. Oh, look at the flower girl, who—Sameta Coleman, gee, she doesn't look so bad in that costume. He, he, look at the foghorn;—I know it isn't a foghorn, silly, but George Uttley always reminds me of one. I wonder if Georgie is acting or just being natural—I thought he was pretty nice: What! going to sleep, that's a dumb idea. Oh! the statue's moving, it's going to speak. Gee, I wonder if Joan of Arc sounded like that—you hope not? Be your age."

We are sorry to interrupt this monologue, but our time is up. We are sure that these actors will all be beheaded.

November 14—Act 1—Scene 1. On a bus en route to the senior weiner roast at Forest Park. Lots of "whoopee" was made by all, which was not altogether to the liking of the crew of the double-decker.





Act 11—Scene 1. Tourist camp in Forest Park. Sizzle, sizzle, pop, and then gurgle, gurgle, gulp—these are sounds that were registered by the Roosevelt sound camera when the cameraman started to work around the campstove. But this "feasting and drinking" did not start, however, until several balls and bats were weak with fatigue from overuse. In the securing of puppies and root beer, it was a case of the strongest man winning.

Act III—Scene 1. The morning after at nearly any senior's house. Oh! I'm sick. I wish I hadn't taken that seventh dog!

November 23—Another costume party—but somehow this was different for each costume represented a certain literary character. There were bats and bugs, Dutch twins, Captain Kids, Peter Pans, Wendies, Bo Peeps, in fact every character that you could think of. Never was a prettier sight seen than that which took place when all joined in the dance of the Virginia Reel. After the dance clever stunts were given by several members. Luncheon was followed by a guessing contest of famous literary children. Then came the presentation of the prizes. The winners were:

Costumes: (1) Marian Pflueger, representing the Bat. (2) Adeline Fixman representing The Gold Bug.

Stunts: (1) Lillian James, selection from The Merchant of Venice. (2) Annette Miller, Milt Gross' impression of Mark Anthony's Speech on Caesar.

Contest: (1) Virginia Ruby. (2) Dorothy Waldeck.

December 14—The Spanish Club deserves much praise for the clever work in getting up the play, "The Legend of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl." All of us wondered how the butterfly flew, but rumor has it that a wire was seen from the front row—clever wasn't it? Frances Gongora played the part of the winning little princess excellently; also Ruth Freund as the King and Bernice Brinkmeyer as the hero were good. The Spanish Club with Miss Comfort as moderator certainly deserves three cheers for everyone knows that it is no easy matter to give a play before the school.

December 14—Senior Play. This is the semi-annual occasion that is heralded as no other is at Roosevelt. Alumni, parents, friends, and seniors are present; the house is filled.

First the prologue; then the curtains part and the Play of the Class of January 1929 is on. It is a costume play of the early 19th century. The scene is Pomander Walk, a street in London; the coach is Miss Grace; the cast is superb; and the play is a three act comedy—it is not necessary to state the result. If we told the whole truth it would probably be considered sarcasm. We can only say that the people who did not enjoy the play were the people who did not see it.





The cast was as follows:

Prologue

Sir Peter Antrobus

Brooke Hoskyn

Basil Pringle

Mrs. Poskett

Jim

Eyesore

Madame Lachesnais

Marjolane

Nanette

Ruth Pennymint

Barbara Pennymint

Rev. Jacob Sternroyd

Caroline Thring

Lord Otford

Jack Sayle

Jane

Lamplighter

Muffin Man

Footman

Jack McMahon

Ben Audrain

Bernard Brouk

David Warren

Vissis 7:00le

Virginia Ziegler

Albert Marien

Jack Lehmann

Lillian James

Arva Doan

Rosa Groves

Lucille Stark

Ethel Seago

Philip Becker

Rose Joseph

George Schriever

George Uttley

Mildred Schworm

Durand Stanley

Durand Stanley

Raymond Lippert

THANKS

Bwana wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to the following individuals, groups, and organizations that have so kindly and generously assisted in the production of this issue:

The Rough Rider.

The Finance Committee.

The Student Council.

The teachers judging the various contests.

Lieutenant Koenig of Scott Field.

Messrs. Wm. and Frank Robertson of Lambert Field.

The teachers and students of the Art Department.

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Public Library Reference Room.

Missouri Historical Society.

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Miss Crowder's Typing Classes.

Advanced Composition Class.

Our Advertisers.

One Hundred Sixty-four



BOYS TAKING PART IN AEROPLANE CONTESTS



WINNERS—ALVIN SNASDELL, HERMAN DREHER



CONTESTS

SHORT STORY

JUDGES Miss Battle Miss Mills Miss Thiesen

WINNERS
First Place—George Schriever
Second Place—Raymond Lippert
Third Place—Sarabelle Patterson
Honorable Mention—Rose Joseph

BEST ARTICLE CONTRIBUTED

Wingéd Victory

Patricia Kelsey

POETRY

JUDGES
Mr. Castleman
Miss Tyler
Miss Nicholson
Miss Meehan
Miss Blodgett

WINNERS
First Place—Lawrence Sellers
Second Place—Irene Ansley
Third Place—Lawrence Sellers
Honorable Mention—
Catherine Filsinger
Jack McMahon

CLUB PICTURES

JUDGES

WINNERS

Miss Margaretta Brown Miss Duffett Mr. Kammerer First Place—German Club Second Place—Cartoon Club Third Place—Art Club

MODEL AEROPLANES

JUDGES MODELS Mr. Reynolds

WINNERS

First—Alvin Snasdell Second—Elmer Knudsen Third—Joe Bauman

FLYING PLANES

JUDGES Mr. Castleman James Schaeffer Herbert Johnson Mr. Long

WINNERS
Flying Commercial
First—Alvin Snasdell
Second—Arthur Other
Twin Pusher

First—Herman Dreher Second—Donnell Dutton



Bie MKechnie Jack Onslow

PITCHERS

The alexander Sformson Biss Shudel

Jesse Haines Flint Khem Fred Frankhouse

a.C. Reinhart 6 & mitchell Navold a. Naud.

Jemmie Wilson "Ol" Snith

Jim Bottomley F. Frisch Rabbit Maraville and High Watter Holm Long Therenow

OUTFIELDERS

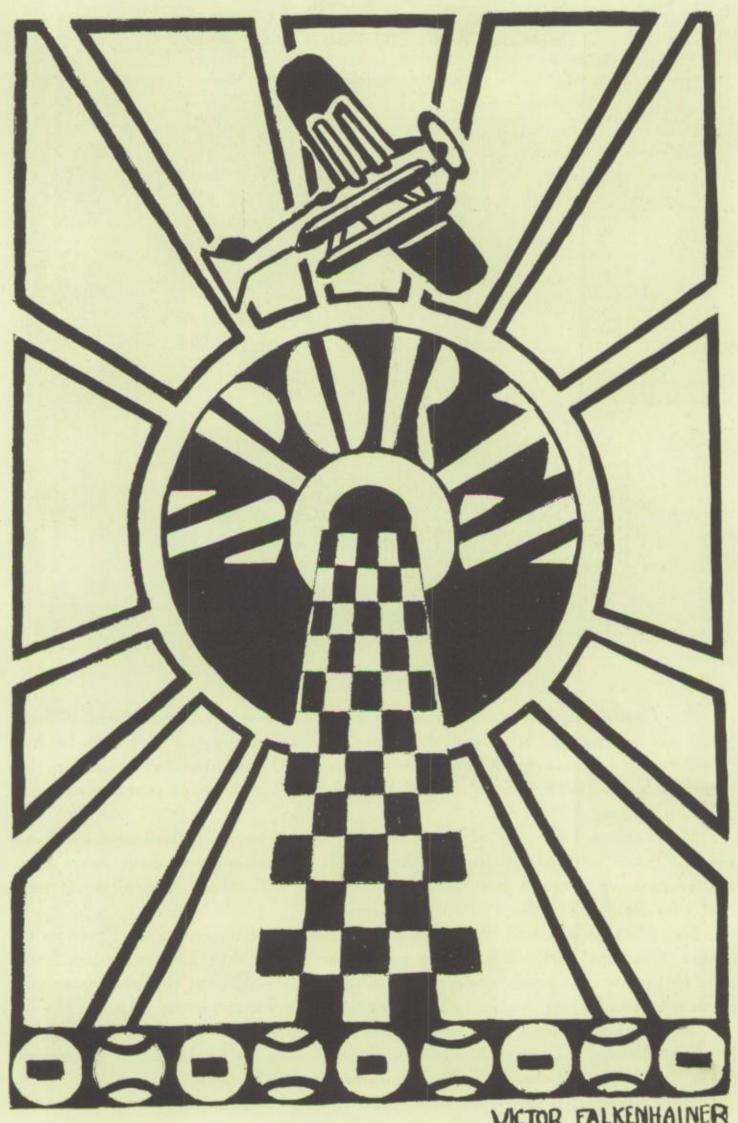
Taylor L. Doutlit Blick Hafey Ray Blade Grottagen HWilliamson

Watter Ratique 6 Orsatt J. of martin

One Hundred Sixty-seven



One Hundred Sixty-eight



VICTOR FALKENHAINER





OUR COACHES

Mr. Castleman has been Roosevelt's track coach since our opening, four years ago. That he is a very able coach is proved by the fact that he has coached Roosevelt's track teams to three second and one first place in the Interscholastic Track Meets. At McKinley, Mr. Castleman's teams won nine championships.

Mr. Carlson has very ably proved his worth as a football and baseball coach. Since he took up the coaching of Roosevelt's teams four years ago, his teams have taken a baseball championship, a football championship and tied with Soldan for the 1928 title in football.

Mr. Inbody has had the management of the equipment of Roosevelt's teams, and it is partly due to his unceasing efforts that Roosevelt has been able to produce so many championship teams; for without the proper equipment it would be impossible to bring a team through to victory.

Mr. Stinson: Much depends on Mr. Stinson's coaching for it is from his Freshman team that the championship teams are to be built, so Roosevelt owes him a vote of thanks for his co-operation.

Mr. Lorenzen, Roosevelt's basketball coach, has proved that he is inferior to none, for he has produced two championship teams with a good prospective



championship team in view for the title of 1929. Mr. Lorenzen has also brought a baseball and tennis championship to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt owes Mr. Voss a great deal, although he has not been actively connected with our teams. He has helped to keep up the school spirit, to urge our teams to victory and to put Roosevelt over one hundred per cent in the sale of athletic tickets.

Mr. Riley, although not directly responsible for our victories, has played a great part in them, for he has coached the second team in football and has very ably assisted Mr. Castleman in coaching the track teams.

We can thank Mr. Neeb a great deal for the development of our championship teams, for it has been due to his efforts that our teams have been put in training and kept physically fit.

CHAMPIONSHIPS WON BY ROOSEVELT 1927-1928

FOOTBALL—1927—{Public High Schools City St. Louis-Chicago Inter-City

FOOTBALL—1928 Tied Soldan Coaches

Lee R. Carlson W. E. Riley G. E. Neeb L. G. Stinson

BASKETBALL—1928
Public High Schools
Coach—Walther Lorenzen

TRACK—1928—{Public High Schools St. Louis District Second Place—State of Missouri Coaches

J. H. Castleman

W. E. Riley

TENNIS—1928
Public High Schools
Coach—Walther Lorenzen

BASEBALL—1928
Tied for Second Place—Public High Schools
Coach—Lee R. Carlson



CUPS WON BY ROOSEVELT IN 1928



YALE BOWL Held jointly by Soldan and Roosevelt



INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL 1927-1928

ROOSEVELT		OPPONENTS
Roosevelt	41	Beaumont29
Roosevelt		Cleveland21
Roosevelt	51	Central11
Roosevelt	39	Soldan18
Roosevelt	48	Beaumont28
Roosevelt	48	Cleveland12
Roosevelt	49	Soldan25
Roosevelt	41	Central12

ROOSEVELT 41—BEAUMONT 29

Roosevelt opened the interscholastic season with a brilliant victory over Beaumont, score 41 to 29. The Blue and Gold fought stubbornly for three periods and actually led through the first two periods and most of the third, but the Rough Riders broke through at the close of the third period and assumed the lead for the first time in the game. Led by their red-headed captain, Ted Sauselle, the Crimson team got "hot" in the last quarter, and scored 15 points while holding Beaumont to 5. Capt. Sauselle and Russ Moffatt were the high point men for the Crimson, with 20 and 13 points respectively. This was an auspicious start for the fighting Rough Riders, as Beaumont was considered one of the title contenders.

Weidner and Steidemann played well for the losers and their fine work made the game a real thriller.

ROOSEVELT 40—CLEVELAND 21

Roosevelt had little trouble in winning its second straight victory of the season by defeating Cleveland, 40 to 21. In the first half Cleveland was completely outclassed by the wonderful passing attack and splendid defense of the Rough Riders. The score was 26 to 3 at the half, and Cleveland had not scored a field goal in the first two periods. However, in the next half, Coach Lorenzen sent in his reserves and the Cleveland team ran up the score so rapidly that the Roosevelt regulars were forced back into the game. They immediately stopped the Cleveland threat and held the Orange and Blue for the rest of the game. Kessler was high point man with 21. His goals were the result of some fine passing on the part of the rest of the team. The team showed fine teamwork.

McClaren played well for the Cleveland team and led the rally in the second half.

ROOSEVELT 51—CENTRAL 11

Flashing a powerful, well-organized attack, the Red and White of Roose-velt ran rough-shod over the Red and Black of Central for the third straight league triumph. About 400 persons, mostly Roosevelt fans, watched the fast team of Cowboys outplay Central's inexperienced team. The final score was 51 to 11, and the game was rather uninteresting, due to its one-sidedness.



Sauselle, Kessler, and Bailey had their scoring clothes on and passed and shot rings around the Central team. Kelly Heitz, Bill Meier, and Moe Graul guarded so well that Central was able to score only 4 field goals throughout the game. In the next half Roosevelt went on a scoring spree which netted 23 points, while Central was able to connect for only 2. As a result of this victory, Roosevelt went into a tie with Soldan for first place.

ROOSEVELT 39—SOLDAN 18

Roosevelt assumed a clear title to first place by taking Soldan into camp by a score of 39 to 18. This was the first game in the interscholastic season in which the Galloping Cowboys from Roosevelt failed to score 40 or more points. The team displayed a tight defense under their own basket and Soldan was forced to resort to long shots. Charlie Kahn, playing forward because of Bailey's sudden illness, was a "find." He scored 10 of the 39 points and played a good floor game. Sauselle and Kessler played their usual fine game, Kessler being high point man with 14 while Sauselle gathered 9. The Roosevelt guards outdid themselves and held the opposition to 4 field goals, most of them being made on long shots. This victory practically assured the Rough Riders of the pennant.

ROOSEVELT 48—BEAUMONT 28

Roosevelt annexed its fifth straight league game by defeating Beaumont for the second time, score 48 to 28. It was just a repetition of the other games of the schedule, not much competition for the fast-stepping Rough Riders. Sauselle and Kessler continued their scoring rampage and scored 30 points between them. Charlie Kahn kept up his good work of the Soldan game by scoring 11. Kelly Heitz, besides playing a whang-up game as a guard, showed decided ability at hitting the basket, scoring 3 field goals and 1 free throw. Bill Meier and Moe Graul divided the time at back guard and made a good job of it. The team as a whole showed good team play—the passwork was just too good for Beaumont.

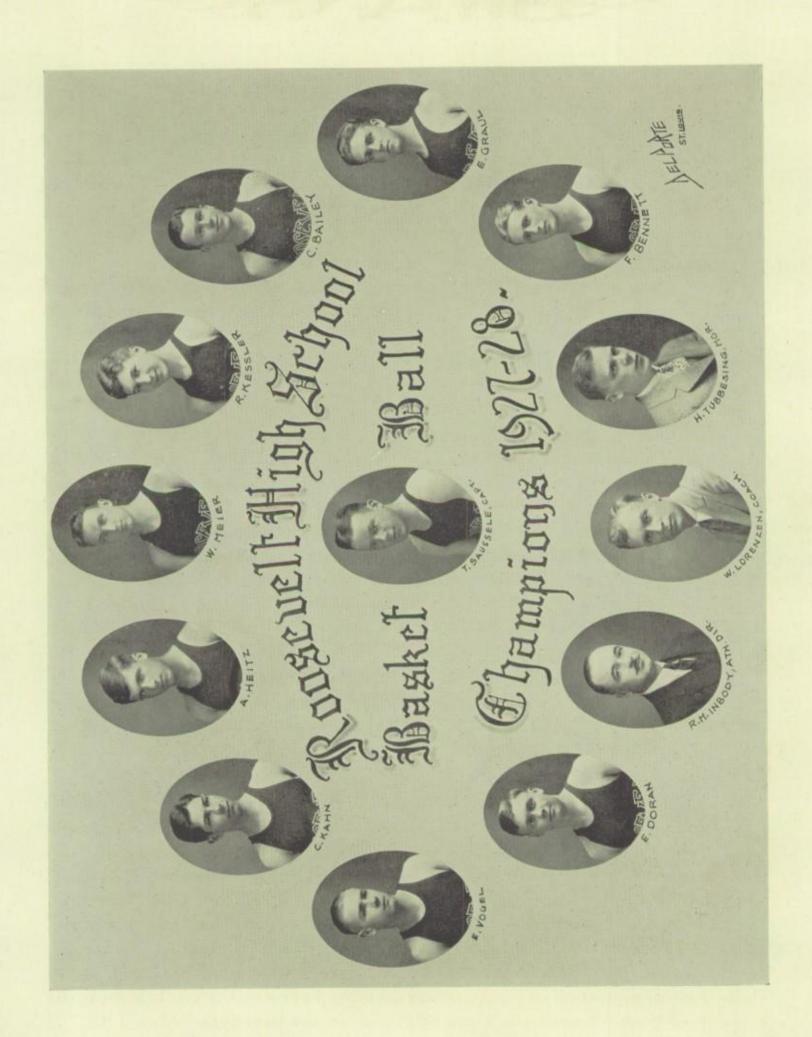
ROOSEVELT 48—CLEVELAND 12

Roosevelt continued its romp through the high school league schedule by swamping Cleveland 48 to 12. It was Dad's Night and a large crowd was present at the game (mostly all from Roosevelt). The Roosevelt defense was impregnable while its attack was irresistible. Bieber was the only player on the Cleveland team to get more than I field goal, and, all together, Cleveland scored only 3. The Roosevelt crowd that saw this game was just an example of the good support that the team received all season. Good work, rooters!

This game made six straight wins for our Rough Riding Gauchos.

ROOSEVELT 49—SOLDAN 25

Roosevelt clinched the championship by trouncing Soldan, 49 to 25. If there had been any doubt as to the championship before, this game removed





it. It was just the same old story, Sauselle 20 points, Kessler 15, and the other members of the regulars and reserves divided the remaining 14. As usual the defense was like the proverbial stone wall, Soldan scoring often only when the game was cinched and the reserves were in the line-up. Edminson of Soldan continued his good work of the previous games and scored 13 points for the losers. Roosevelt led at every stage of the game. Roosevelt still remained undefeated by a league team.

ROOSEVELT 41—CENTRAL 12

Roosevelt closed the 1928 season by crushing Central with a barrage of field goals, winning 41 to 12. The Rough Riders galloped through the league schedule without a defeat and with an average score of over 40 points a game. The Roosevelt Reserves started the game and were losing 5-3 at the end of the first period. However, Coach Lorenzen sent in his regulars at the beginning of the second period, and after that it was just too bad for Central.

The 1928 Basketball team was one of the best teams ever seen in the Public High School league. It played as a unit, and as a scoring machine was almost flawless. Every man on the team was a dangerous shot and a good fighter. The team surely upheld the Roosevelt motto, "Roosevelt Fights."

Congratulations to the Coach and his wonderful team. This makes twice in a row that the Michigan Cup has come to us. Let's make it permanent.

"All Star" Men: Captain Sauselle, Robert Kessler, Kelly Heitz.

"All Star" Second Team: Bill Meier, Charles Kahn.

Honorable Mention: Charles Bailey.

VERNON MYERS.

THE 1928 CINDER FLYERS

"CASSIE'S" TRIUMPH

Coach J. H. Castleman's twentieth anniversary as track coach for the Crimson and White was celebrated with much "whoopee." Roosevelt's 1928 cinder men broke all records for winning team trophies by finishing the season with six. One was won at the Western A. A. U. Indoor Meet held at the Coliseum, one at the Missouri State District Meet held at Taylor Field, another at the State Meet held at the Missouri University Field in Columbia, Missouri, and three more at our own Interscholastic Meet at the Public Schools Stadium. Six cups, three team championships, two individual champions, one competitor in the National Interscholastic Meet held at Chicago, and numerous medals! All worked up in one season, after months of gruelling training, bitter disappointments, and tireless coaching by our own little, cheerful "Cassie"! To show their appreciation, a banquet was given in honor of the track mentor, by a group of boys interested in track athletics, on the evening of May 25th. A little token, indicative of their deep regard, was presented to him. And again, when the track letters were given to the team, Captain Dick Compton of the Senior Division presented a handsome watch to Mr. Castleman in behalf of the team.

One Hundred Seventy-six



SENIOR TRACK TEAM

THE WESTERN A. A. U. INDOOR MEET

Our first cup was won on the evening of March 31st, due to the efforts of our middle and long distance star, Gorman Broe. "Red," as he is known to his teammates, ran the 880 Yard Run in 2:14.2, to establish a new record, and win the first leg on a brand new trophy. He then presented this cup to the school to keep until the next A. A. U. Meet, in which he hopes to win it again. The Roosevelt relay team won second place in the High School Relay event.

THE MISSOURI STATE DISTRICT MEET

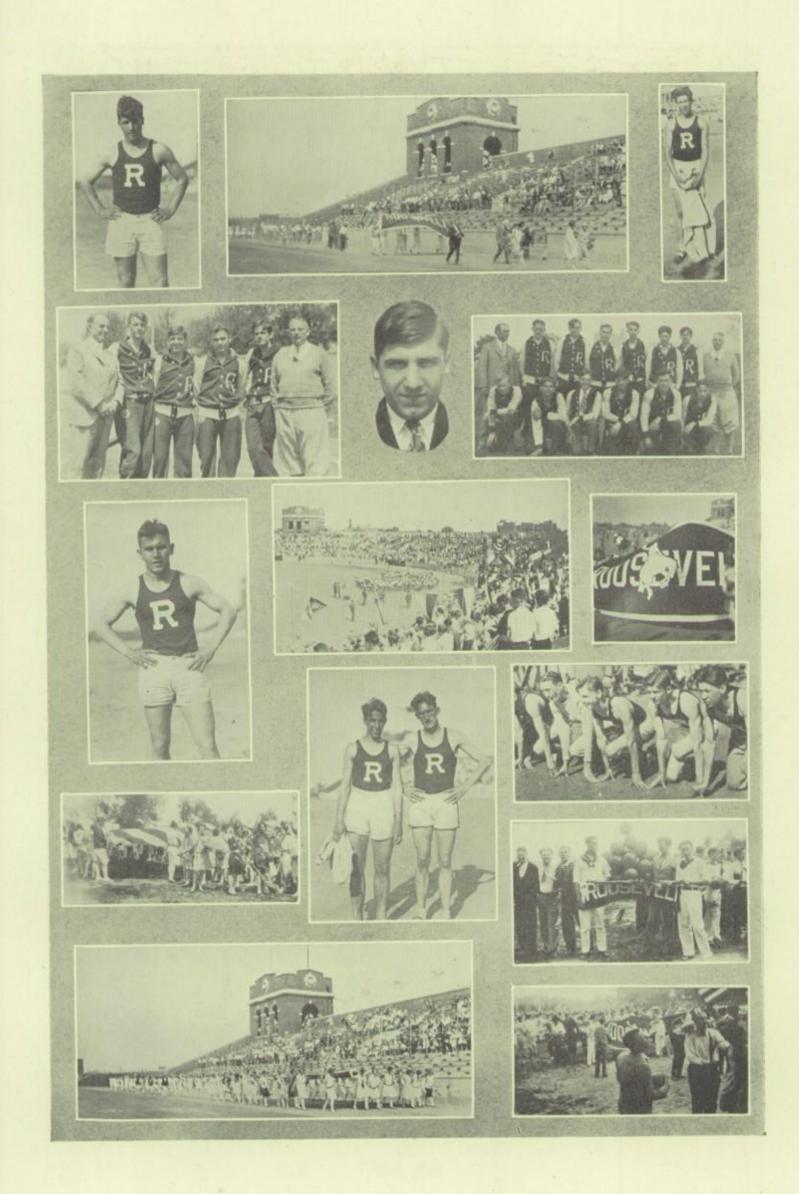
Our second cup was won on April 21st at Taylor Field, when the Roose-velt Senior track team, after a severe struggle with the St. Charles squad, won the Senior Championship, and the right to compete in the Missouri State Championships held at Columbia, Missouri. The outstanding stars of this meet were "Red" Broe, "Kayo" Heitz, and Lee Savage, who gathered four firsts and two seconds among them.



LETTER MEN—TRACK

THE STATE MEET

After the District Meet, the team trained hard for two weeks, preparing for the big event at Columbia. They paused but once from their routine of training, and that was to swamp the Principia Academy team, 71 points to 50, on April 28th. Coach Castleman, Assistant Coach Riley, Mr. Inbody, and Mr. Heitz accompanied the team, composed of Captain Compton, Broe, Savage, Blank, Heitz, Hilgard, Butler, Hundhausen, Shepherd, Fox, and Price, to Columbia. On Saturday, May 5th, Roosevelt surprised everyone by jumping into the lead in the Class A events, and holding it right up to the last event. Then our boys were involved in a regular "story-book finish," but Central High School of Kansas City, by winning the relay race, which was the final event, nosed out the Crimson flyers by 21/2 points for the State Championship. Despite this disappointment, the team won a handsome silver statuette for second place, and "Red" Broe and "Kayo" Heitz became State Champions by winning the 880 Yard Run, and the 100 and 220 Yard Dashes, respectively. "Red" broke the State record in his event by splitting the tape in 2:00.5. Heitz was the high-point man of Class A, scoring 12 points.



One Hundred Seventy-nine



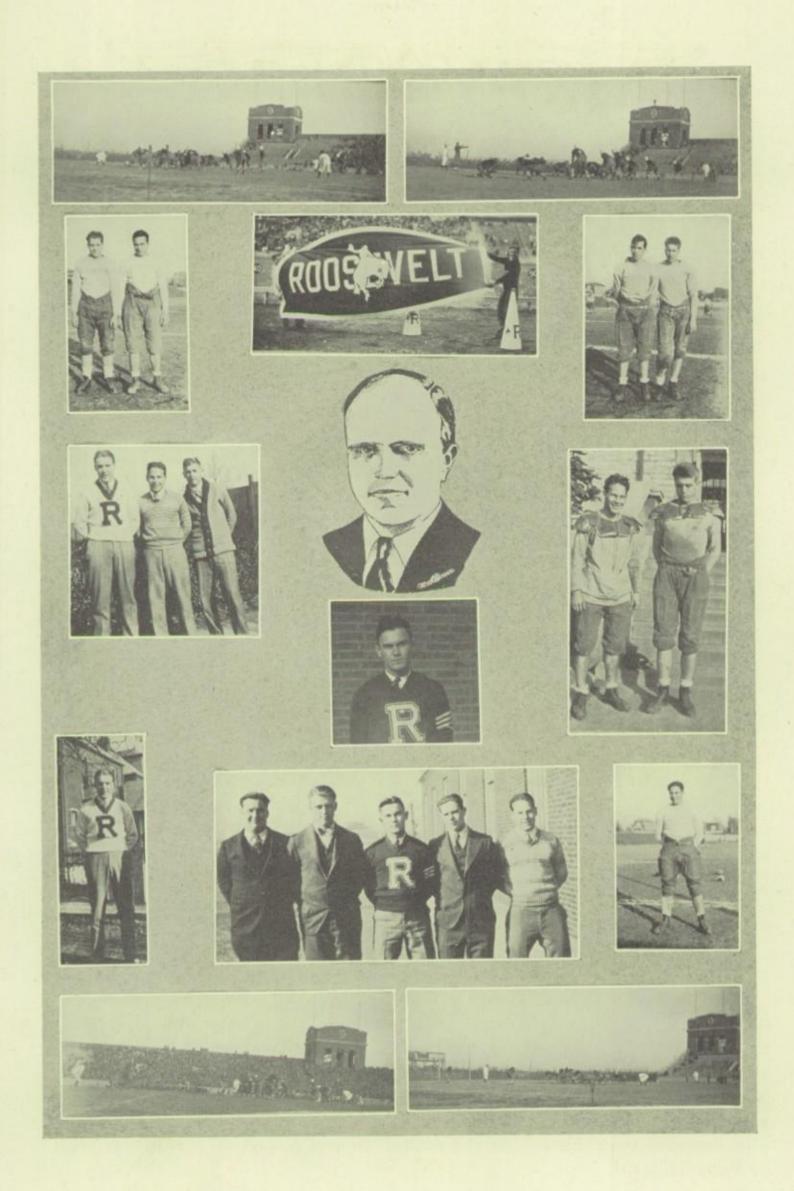
INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On Friday, May 25th, after a huge track rally in the auditorium, which tuned up the students' enthusiasm to the highest pitch, a small army of Crimson rooters left for the Public Schools Stadium, where, after an impressive parade of students representing the five high schools of the Interscholastic League, and two Negro High Schools, a formal dedication of the Stadium was held. After the dedication, the annual track and field events were run off, and, true to form, the Rough Riders took the lead in the very first event. The papers favored Roosevelt to win the Senior Championship, Soldan to win the Junior Championship, but were undecided on the Midget division. Our athletes were favored to win the all-around championship, due to their early-season performances. Fighting off Beaumont's early bid for the lead. Roosevelt's tracksters drew rapidly away from their rivals, and piled up the huge total of 1081/2 points. This triumph, which, by the way, broke Soldan's long string of annual track victories, netted us three more cups. One cup, symbolizing the All-Around Championship, and another for the Senior Division Championship, were awarded by the Board of Education. The first leg on the new Cornell cup, which is awarded annually to the school which is supreme in Interscholastic track athletics, was also won by the Rough Riders. made the third trophy of the meet, and the sixth of the season.

Our Senior Captain, Dick Compton, made a surprising comeback after being out most of the season with a foot injury. He finished second in the 880 Yard Run, and fourth in the 440 Yard Dash. Broe won the Mile Run and the 880 Yard Run with ease. One of the biggest surprises of the day occurred when Sam Waymer came in second in the Mile Run, defeating Soldan's crack miler who was supposed to give Broe the race of his life. "Kayo" Heitz, State sprint champion, won both the 100 and 220 Yard Dashes. Leroy Savage starred by collecting two firsts and a second. Ted Sauselle, competing in the final track meet of his high school career, ran third in the 440 Yard Dash. Our Relay Team, composed of Savage, Sauselle, Hilgard, and Heitz, defeated Cleveland's crack relay team to win the final event of the afternoon. Thus the boys presented to Coach Castleman the gift of an Interscholastic Championship on his twentieth anniversary as coach, and, in turn, received little silver charms, in the shape of miniature track shoes, for belonging to Roosevelt's first championship track team.

CARTER HILGARD.







BASEBALL 1928

The 1928 baseball season finally got under way on April 16th, after numerous postponements due to inclement weather. The season proved fairly satisfactory to the Roosevelt team and the schedule's termination on June 1st found the Rough Riders in a tie with Cleveland for second place.

Around three returning lettermen from the 1927 championship squad, Sauselle, Valendy, and Heitz, Coach Carlson built up the team that upheld Roosevelt's standards.

The regular starting lineup was:

Heitz (capt.) cf.
Bennett 1b.
Kessler 3b.
Sauselle ss.

Valendy p. Savage rf. Meier lf. Frazier c.

Alvis 2b.

Aside from the regulars and the managers of the team, Brimmer and Ehrhardt, five players who broke into the line-up on various occasions were awarded their letters. They were:

Yaeger 2b. Schaeffer rf. Kahn 2b., rf. Ule p.

Leiber rf.

The results of the league season games are as follows:

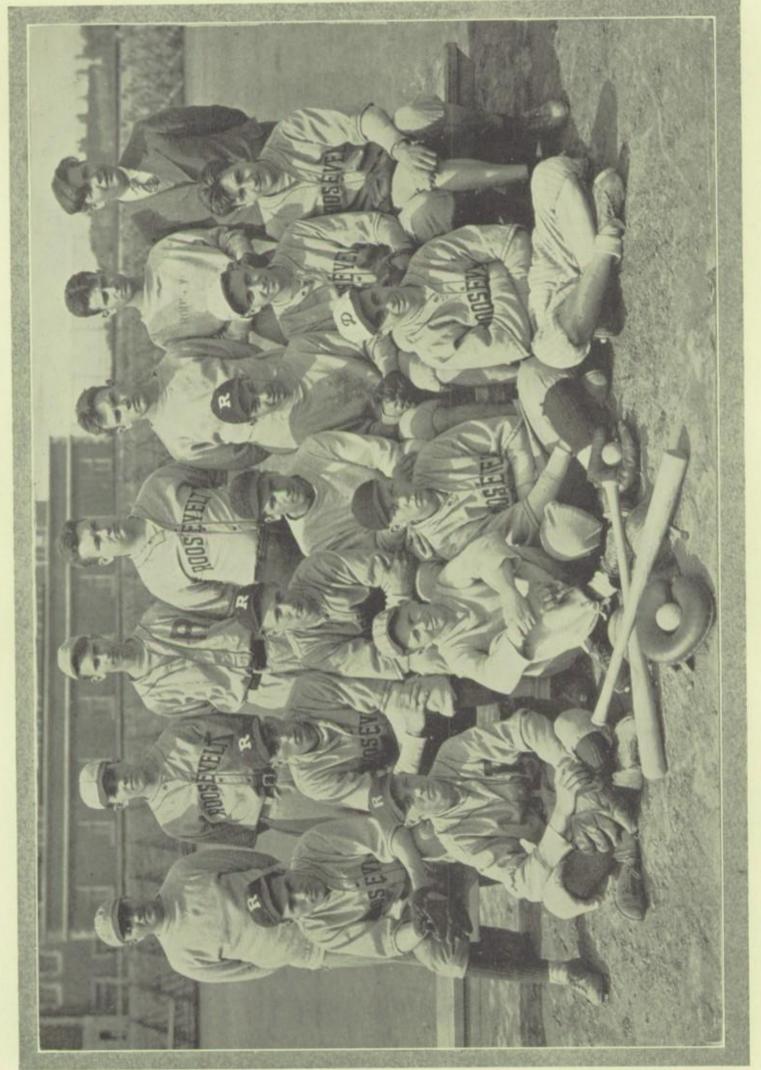
April 16th	Roosevelt	10	May 19th	Roosevelt 12
	Soldan	2		Central 2
April 25th	Roosevelt	4	May 22nd	Roosevelt 1
	Beaumont	7		Beaumont 2
April 28th	Roosevelt	10	May 26th	Roosevelt 3
	Cleveland	8		Cleveland 4
May 12th	Roosevelt	1	June 1st	Roosevelt 13
	Soldan	11		Central 5

FINAL STANDING OF THE TEAMS

TEAM Beaumont	WON 7	LOST	PERCENTAGE .875
Roosevelt	4	4	.500
Cleveland	4	4	.500
Soldan		5	.375
Central	2	6	.250

From Roosevelt's 1928 entry in the championship race, three members were elected to the league all-star team. Those players receiving berths on the mythical nine were Heitz as center fielder, Sauselle as shortstop, and Valendy as right fielder. Though regularly the Rough Rider's pitcher, Valendy saw service in the outfield, and, because of his ability in that position and his effective stickwork throughout the season, he was placed on the all-star team as right fielder.

FERGUSON RANDALL.



One Hundred Eighty-three



THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

ROOSEVELT'S CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM

Determination is an enviable characteristic to possess, especially if one sets out to gain laurels for his school and for himself. Our tennis team this year was certainly determined to win the championship; that championship it has won. Determination coupled with hard work and the willingness of the players to fight for every point, enabled Roosevelt's team to win the Tennis Title of the Public Schools of St. Louis. The members of the team are justly proud to have participated in the tournament and to have been instrumental in bringing the first championship to Roosevelt. The student body of Roosevelt is indeed proud of them and is grateful for the new laurels that have been added to the renowned name of Roosevelt.

The following is a brief resumé of the tournament:

CENTRAL 0-ROOSEVELT 4

The matches with Central were not difficult. Central was game, however, and tried hard to defeat Roosevelt.

BEAUMONT 2-ROOSEVELT 2

Beaumont possessed a team of championship caliber. Roosevelt's team was extended to its utmost to gain two of the four matches. The second man and the doubles team won their matches, but the first and third singles men were defeated.

SOLDAN 2-ROOSEVELT 2

Again Roosevelt played a team of championship rating. The matches were very interesting, each one being hard fought. The first and second singles men were successful in their matches. The third man and doubles team lost.

CLEVELAND 0-ROOSEVELT 4

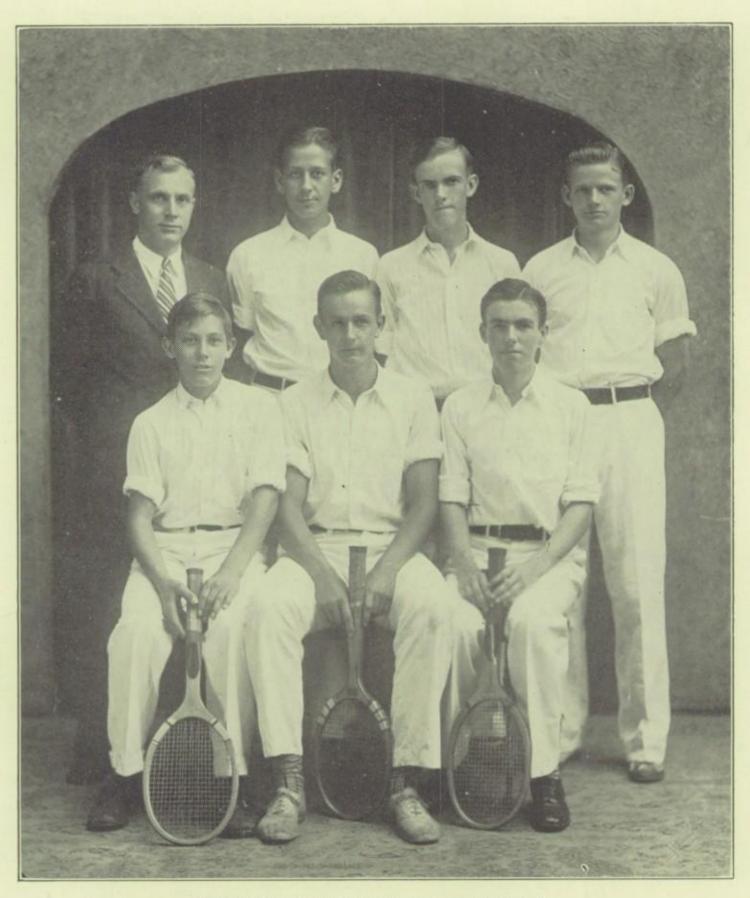
Roosevelt did not experience much difficulty in defeating Cleveland's team. The team, however, offered more competition than did Central.

The record of the individual members of the team is very praiseworthy.

	WON	LOST
W. Krueger, first man	3	1
A. Stuckenberg, second man	4	0
E. Bugg, third man	2	2
W. Parker, D. Stanley, doubles team	3	1

The standing of the schools at the close of the tournament was very close.

	WON	LOST
Roosevelt	 . 12	4
Beaumont	 . 11	5
Soldan	 . 11	5
Cleveland	 . 4	12
Central	1.20	14



INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS CHAMPIONS
Coach Lorenzen, W. Kreuger, V. Sellers, A. Stuckenburg
W. Parker, E. Bugg, D. Stanley

1 1 1

Roosevelt's tennis team played very successful tennis during the tournament, for a very successful school in athletics, and coached by a very successful coach, Walther Lorenzen, who has coached championship teams at Roosevelt in basketball, baseball, and, now, tennis.

DURAND STANLEY.

One Hundred Eighty-five



FOOTBALL

ROOSEVELT VANQUISHES PRINCIPIA, 13-0

Coach Lee Carlson took his men out to Taylor Field for their first engagement of the 1928 season, and they defeated the Principia Military Academy eleven, 13-0. The outstanding feature of the battle was the Rough Riders' speed which kept the Cadets on the defense through most of the game. Roosevelt's attack was working so well that Principia had no opportunity to test the Crimson's defensive strength.

There was no scoring in the first period, but Jack Barnes opened the second period by punting to Principia's 17-yard line where the Cadets fumbled, Roosevelt recovering. Barnes gained eight yards, and Wilson added two more for first down. Barnes picked up six more yards, and then smashed off left tackle for a touchdown. Savage's kick for the extra point failed. After a scoreless third period, Roosevelt secured the ball in midfield soon after the opening of the final quarter. The Crimson then began a long march down the field which resulted in Barnes smashing through the line for another touchdown. Ralph Belter kicked the extra point. Doran's end running and Barnes' line plunging were the features of the game.

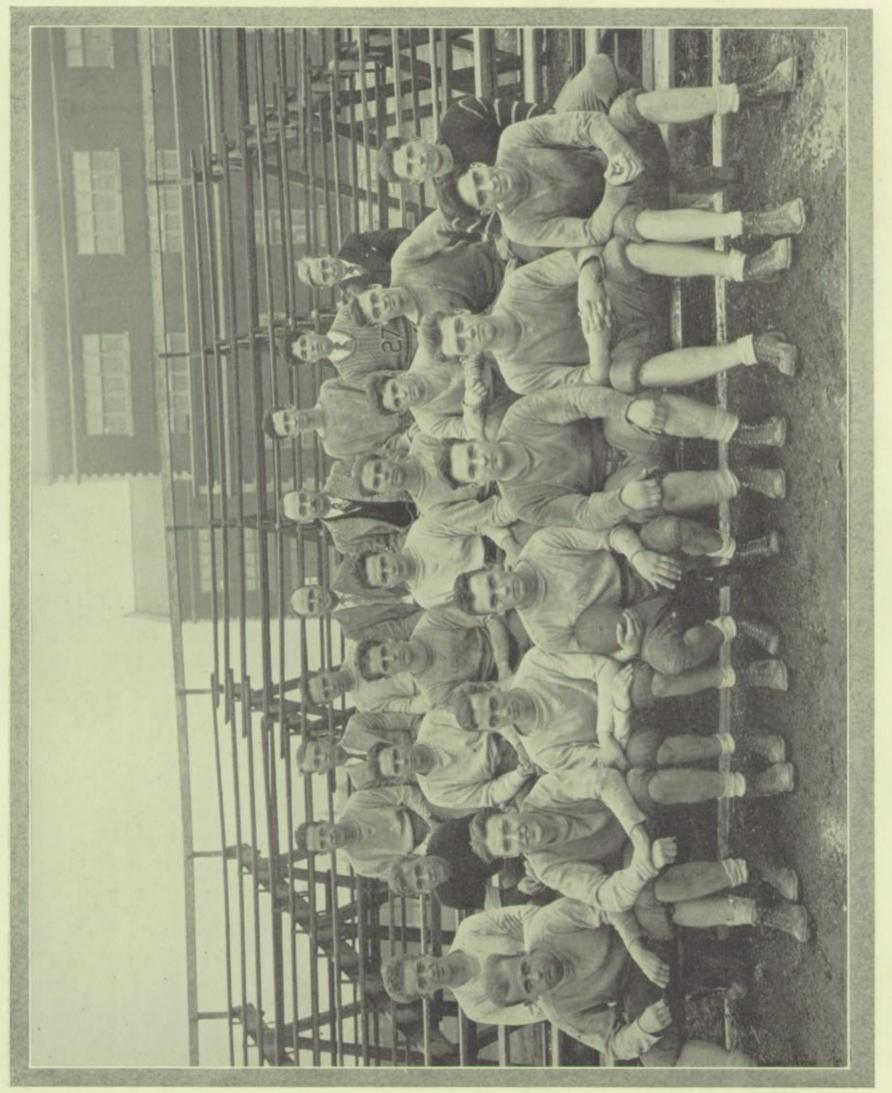
ROOSEVELT WINS OVER ST. LOUIS U. HIGH, 6-0

Giving some 500 fans a rare surprise, the St. Louis U. High School football team held the Roosevelt Rough Riders to a 6-to-0 score at the Public Schools Stadium. Last year, these two elevens met for the City Championship, and the Rough Riders won, 25-0. The Crimson was the heavy favorite this year to give the Billiken Juniors another decisive beating, but did not play up to expectations.

From the first quarter until the finish, the game was a contest between the punters of the elevens. The honors were about even, in the first, second, and fourth periods, but in the third quarter, Barnes' kicks bested his opponent's by several yards, Jack finally punting out of bounds on St. Louis U. High's 5-yard line. Lynch, St. Louis fullback, tried to run the ball out, but failed to gain. He then kicked from behind his goal-line to the 20-yard line. Line smashes gave Roosevelt first down on St. Louis U. High's 8-yard line, from where Barnes went over on two successive plunges through right tackle. Lee Savage's kick for the extra point was wide. Savage made two nice runs for a total of 25 yards in the fourth period, but the St. Louis U. High line stiffened and held the Crimson until the final whistle. Savage, Barnes, Lang, and Doran were the outstanding stars for Coach Carlson's squad.

ROOSEVELT OUTPLAYED BY KIRKWOOD, 31-7

For the first time in nearly two years, Roosevelt lost a football game, when Kirkwood trounced the Rough Riders, 31-7, on the Kirkwood field. In a preliminary engagement, the Crystal City, Mo., High School team easily defeated the Roosevelt seconds, 25-0. About 500 fans were at the two games.



One Hundred Eighty-seven



ROOSEVELT DOWNS CENTRAL, 20-0

In the opening game of the high school season, Roosevelt easily defeated the Central team, 20-0. Coach Carlson's Rough Riders maintained the advantage over Central during all but a few minutes of play in the third quarter. To distinguish our players from the red jerseys and helmets of Central, Coach Carlson had his men wear white helmets and jerseys.

Following an exchange of kicks in the opening period, Roosevelt, on straight football, carried the ball to the Central 20-yard line. Captain Savage then circled end for the first touchdown and kicked the goal for the extra point. Central's defense then tightened, and the Red and Black held the Cowboys for downs on several occasions. Central had the ball on their own 30-yard line when the half ended. The third quarter showed an improved Central team, and on a series of end runs and forward passes, they put the ball on Roosevelt's 14-yard line, within scoring distance. However, Roosevelt held and soon regained the ball. On the last play of the third quarter, Savage ripped off a 25-yard gain to place the pigskin on Central's 30-yard line. Line plunges and a forward pass, Savage to Barnes, earned two first downs, and put the oval on Central's 1/2-yard line. Barnes plunged over for the second score of the game. The kick by Savage was blocked. Roosevelt kicked to Central-who failed to gain. Long end runs by Savage and Bill Hundhausen carried the ball to Central's 26-yard line. Central held, and got the ball on downs. However, Central fumbled on the next play, Roosevelt recovering. Aided by splendid interference, Savage raced 25 yards around right end for another touchdown. A perfect kick by the Crimson captain gave Roosevelt 20 points just as the final whistle blew, ending the game.

Long sweeping end runs by Savage and Hundhausen, and the plunging and punting by Barnes were the features of the game.

CLEVELAND STOPS ROOSEVELT, 6-0

Although Roosevelt was decidedly the better team, the Rough Riders were very much "off color," and dropped a 6-0 decision to Cleveland High. The flashy playing of the Crimson backs was spoiled by continual fumbling.

Early in the first quarter, a fumble by Bill Hundhausen gave Cleveland the ball on Roosevelt's 20-yard line. After a short pass and a series of plunges, Don Thompson, Cleveland's quarterback, went over for the only score of the game. Throughout the rest of the game, Roosevelt had the ball in Cleveland territory with the exception of several exchanges of punts. Time and time again, the Rough Riders were in scoring position, but lost the ball either on downs or fumbles. The Crimson outplayed the Carondeleters in every department of the game, but did not have the punch to put the pigskin over the line. In the final quarter, Roosevelt was held for downs on the Orange and Blue 1-yard line.

Roosevelt lost the services of Belmont Norris for the rest of the season due to a fractured arm sustained in this battle.



One Hundred Eighty-nine



ROOSEVELT WRECKS BEAUMONT'S HOPES, 7-0

Due to Roosevelt's defeat by Cleveland, and Beaumont's victory over the Orange and Blue, 12-6, we went into the game decidedly the "under dogs." The teams were tied for second place with a victory and defeat apiece. Beaumont's light, fast team, with an excellent passing attack, was favored to sink the Rough Riders. However, an extremely high wind and a muddy field made the game a punting duel between Jack Barnes, Crimson fullback, and Weidner of Beaumont.

The team that had the wind behind it gained all of the yardage, and when the teams would change goals the advantage would switch from one squad to the other. The punting was fairly even up to the third period when Barnes uncorked a beautiful 55-yard kick, and Ralph Belter, playing "heads-up" football, downed the pigskin on Beaumont's 1-yard line. Weidner immediately punted from behind his own goal line, but kicking into the wind, he could only send the leather to his own 22-yard line where the Rough Riders started their march for the goal. Spectacular plunging by Captain Savage and Barnes put the ball on the 2-yard line, from where Barnes plunged through for the touchdown. A beautiful kick by Savage added the extra point.

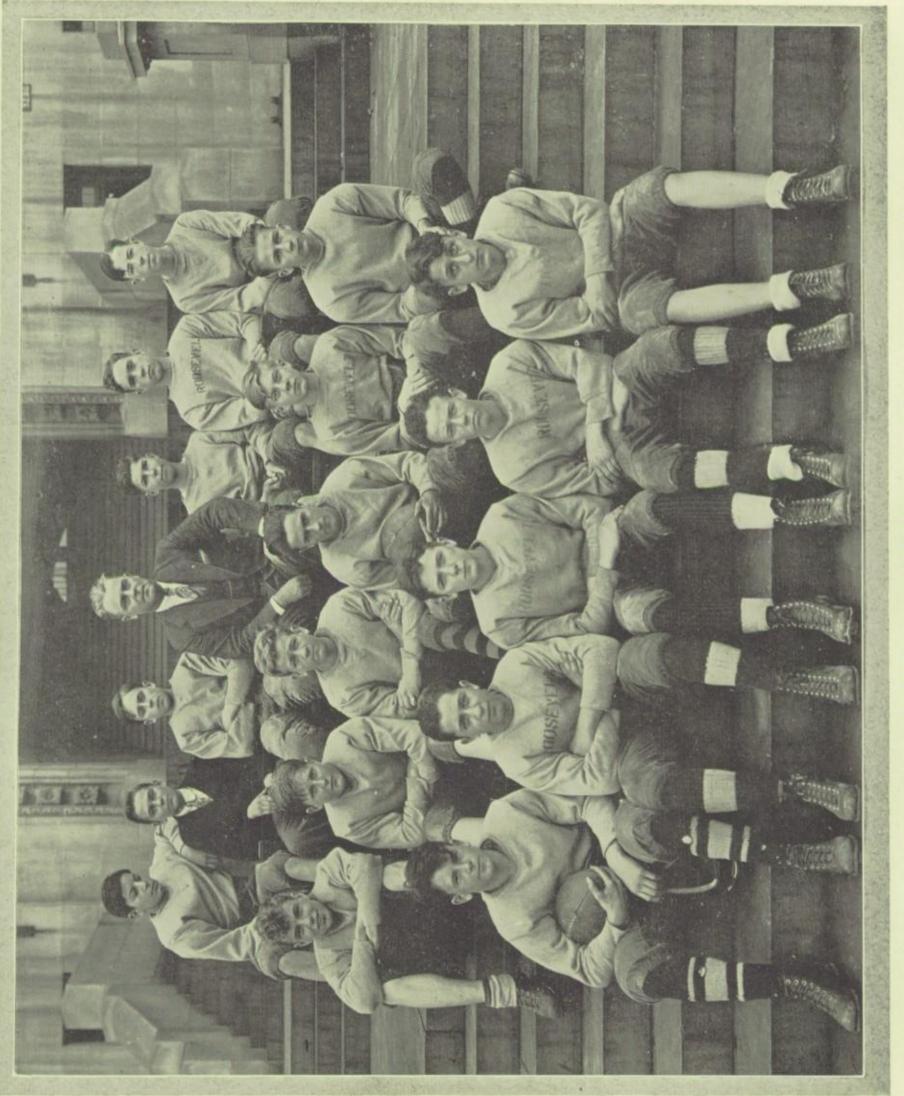
The victory gave Roosevelt undisputed possession of second place in the League, and a chance to tie for the championship by beating Soldan in the final game of the season.

ROOSEVELT TRIPS SOLDAN, 6-0, TO GAIN TIE FOR TITLE

The big chance was before the team in this final game of the season, and therefore Coach Carlson drove his men in strenuous practice sessions against the second team, who were using Soldan plays, the whole preceding week. Unfortunately the Rough Riders lost the services of Alex Montieth, who fractured his nose during the severe drill. However, when the Crimson squad trotted out upon the field, Roosevelt was in the peak of condition and outweighed the Soldan team. Soldan, led by the spectacular quarterback, Dave Cook, had scored 147 points to nothing for her opponents in seven straight victories, and naturally was favored to down Roosevelt, who had been defeated twice in six games.

However, playing a wonderful and inspired brand of football, Roosevelt High stopped the strong Soldan aggregation, 6-0, before some 8,000 frenzied fans. So well were the Cowboys trained in breaking up Soldan plays, that the Brown and Gold's offensive was smothered at every turn. Dave Cook could make but few substantial gains, being a "marked man" from the opening whistle to the finish. During the whole game, Soldan didn't get any nearer the Crimson goal-line than the 28-yard mark.

Roosevelt fans were given quite a scare in the first period when Lee Savage fumbled the opening kick-off, Soldan recovering on Roosevelt's 28-yard line. However, Roosevelt held, and Barnes kicked out of danger. Cook returned the ball 17 yards. The West Enders were again held and were forced



One Hundred Ninety-one



to kick. During the whole first period, Soldan tried the unexpected, attempting to pierce Roosevelt's line, but the Rough Riders' front wall was impregnable. Plunge after plunge was stopped with little or no gain. After two more exchanges of punts, the period ended. Opening the second quarter, Cook ripped off a 10-yard gain around right end, but Soldan was again stopped. Two more exchanges of punts followed. The mighty Soldan team could do nothing against the Crimson tide. Cook unleashed a rapid string of end runs and forward passes, only to find himself nailed on the end runs and his passes grounded. Finally one of Cook's punts went over the goalline, and the leather went to Roosevelt on their 20-yard line. Clark Wilson, Crimson left half, featured Roosevelt's first long march of the game. The drive was halted on Soldan's 45-yard line, and Barnes punted. Cook returned it to his own 30-yard line, and on the first play, Cook attempted to pass to Bray, Soldan's star end. Jack Barnes intercepted the pass on the 32-yard line, and raced 25 yards to the West Enders' 7-yard mark. On the next play, Savage skirted right end for the only touchdown scored upon Soldan this year. The place kick for the extra point was missed.

The Rough Riders were complete masters throughout the second half, making three long drives to come within scoring distance. Bill Hundhausen was the leader of the first assault, a 48-vard advance early in the third quarter. He started with a 10-yard gain off tackle from his own 35-yard line, and after a short gain by Savage, broke away for a 16-yard sprint around right end. A fumble that Roosevelt recovered, lost 5 yards, but Savage and Hundhausen renewed the attack to bring the ball to the 15-yard line. They were held there and Soldan punted out of danger. Captain Savage started both of the succeeding drives in the final quarter. Early in the final stanza, "the Helmetless Wonder" skirted right end for 25 yards. Hundhausen, Wilson, and Barnes contributed another first down before Dave Cook intercepted Savage's pass on his own 15-yard line. For a moment, it looked as if Dave were going to break away for a touchdown, but Savage hit him low and hard. Although Cook was hurt in this play, he got up and dashed 10 yards around end on the very next play. However, big Joe Becker smeared him for a 7-yard loss on the next play and Soldan punted to mid-field. The final whistle stopped Roosevelt's 35-yard advance, in which all four of the Crimson backs gained consistently. At the end of the game, Roosevelt had possession of the ball on Soldan's 12-yard line and was driving hard to put another one over. Thus Roosevelt successfully defended its title!





SIX ROUGH RIDERS MAKE ALL-STAR TEAM

Upon the mythical all-star Public High School team selected by the five coaches of the league, Roosevelt, co-title holder with Soldan, placed six men. Roosevelt dominated the whole left side of the line, Montieth, Becker, and Belter being chosen for the guard, tackle, and end positions, respectively.

Although Alex Montieth was unable to play in the championship game with Soldan, due to a broken nose, his play in the first three league games assured him of being placed on the All-Star Team for the second straight year.

Joe Becker had a great race with Anastasoff of Beaumont before he was chosen for left tackle position. Becker's greatest defensive work came in the Soldan battle when he smashed through the line time and again, and hurled a Soldan man for a loss. As an offensive tackle, no other tackle in the circuit could approach him. His blocking and his interference on end runs were great.

Ralph Belter played a clean, hard game for Roosevelt at left end, and surely deserved a place on the team. He was fast in getting down on punts, and a real factor in his success was his consistency.

On the other side of the line, we have the 228-pound Belmont Ehredt at right guard. Coach Jimmy Cook of Soldan attributes the defeat of his Brown and Gold team by Roosevelt to the fine line play of the Rough Riders, especially Ehredt. For a heavy man, Belmont was surprisingly active. He's always in the thick of the fight.

In the backfield, Lee Savage and Jack Barnes were chosen unanimously for the quarterback and fullback positions, respectively. Lee was second only to Dave Cook of Soldan in open-field running, and was a hard, vicious tackler. His defensive play was equal to that of any other quarterback in the circuit. He played a wonderful game at quarterback, calling his plays with precision. As a signal-caller, Savage proved superior to Cook in the final game of the season when the two men were pitted against each other.

Jack Barnes was chosen for fullback because he did what all great full-backs do, hit the line. His fierce plunging, backed by 185 pounds of brawn, tore the highly-touted Soldan line to pieces. Besides being a good punter, he played a great defensive game all year. His alertness played a great part in the defeat of Soldan when he intercepted Cook's pass and put the ball within scoring distance on the 7-yard line after a flashy sprint of 25 yards.

C. D. H.





BASKETBALL 1928-1929

OOSEVELT'S Rough Riding basketball team, the League champions for the last two years, is making a determined bid for its third consecutive title! The Crimson "hoopsters" have won six straight practise games, averaging about 32 points a game.

With the flashy Captain, Charles Bailey, and the veteran Bob Kessler at the forward positions, tall Ed Vogel at center, and Ed Doran and "Otts" Frazier at guard positions, the team looks as good as any team in the League. Coach Lorenzen is also equipped with fairly strong reserve material.

The first game was with Christian Brothers College and the Roosevelt five won, 25-15. The second game was a return engagement with the C. B. C. five, and, showing a marked improvement, the Rough Riders rode over the Brothers, 41-19. The Cadet team from Principia Military Academy took a 41-25 beating by Roosevelt a few days later. Then the strong team from St. Louis U. High invaded the Roosevelt court, and, after a good battle, retired nursing a 24-20 defeat. During the Christmas holidays, Roosevelt was entered in the four-team tournament held at Webster Groves High. In the first round, the Crimson quintet eliminated Clayton High easily, 33-16. Playing Kirkwood for the championship, Roosevelt avenged its football defeat by riding them down, 29-17.

As has been the case for the last two years, Soldan is again threatening with a strong, veteran team. However, the four games played against Soldan in 1927 and 1928 resulted in three Roosevelt victories, and, fired by the recent football triumph over the West Enders, the Rough Riders should successfully defend their title this year.

CARTER HILGARD

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE 1928-1929

INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE

Central February Central January 5 February 16 Soldan January 12 Soldan February 23 Beaumont January 19 Beaumont February 27 Cleveland February 2 Cleveland

"LITTLE SERIES" TOURNAMENT

Webster Groves Gymnasium

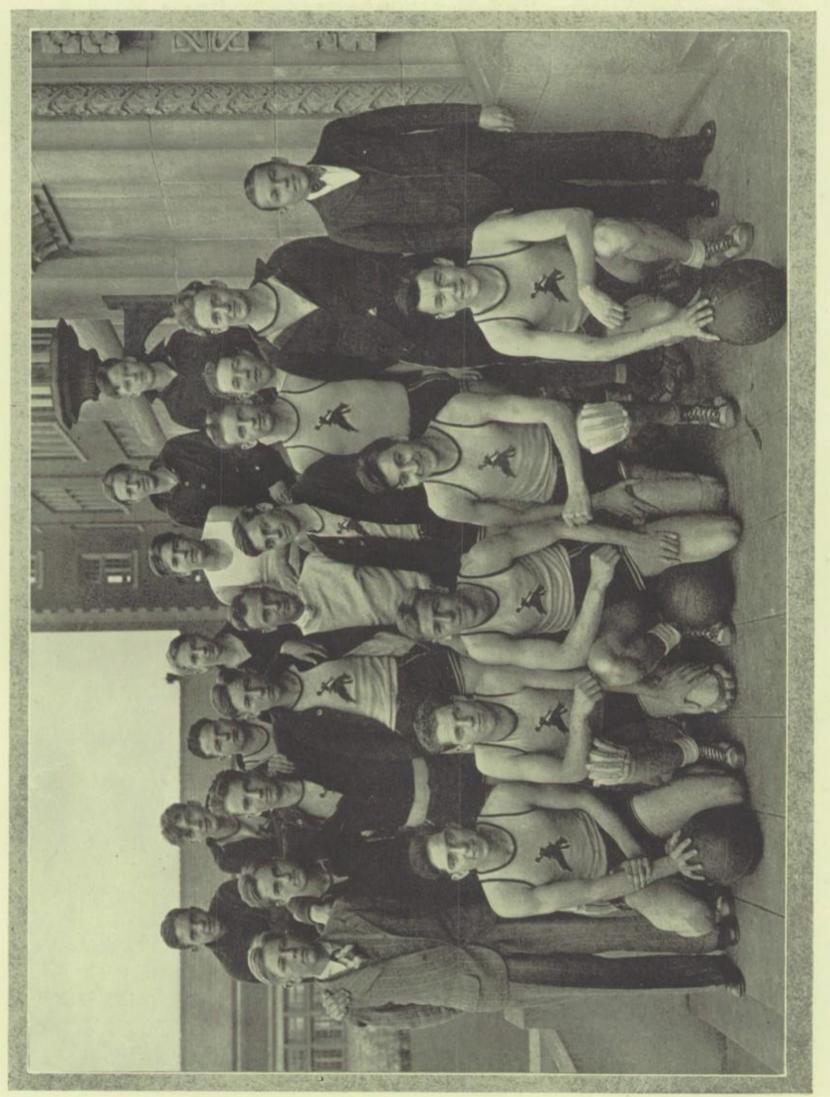
December 27 Roosevelt vs. Clayton

Kirkwood vs. Webster Groves

December 29 Winners of December 27

Losers of December 27

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT
Week of March 9th



BASKET BALL TEAM 1928-1929



"R" CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. R. M. Inbody

January 1928 to January 1929

President

Vice-President

Secretary and Treasurer

Le Roy Savage Burt Kauffmann

Roy Lang

The "R" Club is composed of the letter men of Roosevelt. Its purpose is to maintain high standards in athletics at Roosevelt.

- 1. Kauffmann, Burt-'27 Track
- 2. Snasdell, Alvin-'27 Track
- 3. Parker, Ward-Track, Tennis
- 4. Scobie, Donald-Track
- 5. Kessler, Robert-B. B. '28
- 6. Belter, Ralph-F. B.
- 7. Lang, Roy-Track McK., F. B. '27
- 8. Broe, Gorman-Track '27-'28
- 9. Heitz, Kelly-F. B., Track, B. B., B. B. 23. Brooks, Eddy-Swimming '28
- 10. Compton, Jack-Track '28
- 11. Jenkins, Gordon-F. B. '27-'28
- 12. Strugar, Philip-Track
- 13. Barnes, Jack-F. B. '27-'28
- 14. Sexauer, Albert-Track '27

- 15. Drabelle, Joe-Track '28
- 16. Butler, Paul-Track '27
- 17. Selden, Don-Track '26
- 18. Krueger, Bill—Tennis
- 19. Wyatt, William-Track
- 20. Gamble, James-Track
- 21. Brouk, Bernard—Track '26
- 22. Kaemmerer, E. R.—F. B. '26
- - 24. Yaeger, Charles—B. B.
- 25. Alvis, Albert-B. B.
- 26. Fox, Clifford-Track '25-'28
- 27. Jacobs, LeRoy-Track '26
- 28. Sertl, John-Track '28



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

OUR GIRLS

The girls of Roosevelt are not slackers, especially in athletics. We have champion basketball players, volley ball players, tennis stars, baseball players, swimmers, track stars, and even golf stars.

The basketball club has a great many good players. In fact, each team has a star, and there are eight teams. However, the senior team usually has the best players. I am sure others will agree with me that Mildred Schworm is the star basketeer. She is a quick and witty guard, a point-getting forward, and she surely can leap into the air.

The volley ball girls have also many "champs." There is not, however, a single person who is exceptionally better than the rest. Each girl is a good point-getter. Some of the best players are Mildred Schworm, Colette Graf, Harriet Lauback, and Mabel Hausmann.

The girls who go in for tennis are not so well-known because they have not been able to get together very well in that sport.

We have many a Frankie Frisch and Chick Hafey in our alma mater. We have home-run hitters that are batting "Babes," sharp fielders, and classy pitchers. Our star player, Babe Ruth's only rival, is Lillian Bernhardt.

Aphrodites are 'aplenty. We have fancy divers, distance swimmers, and other accomplished mermaids. Among the best and most accomplished are Doris Giesecke and Virginia Nordman.

We have track stars, but they are not able to show their speed. Really, the only way they can prove their mettle is by racing around the bases during a baseball game.

Our golf stars, too, are not able to show their skill. We do, though, have girls who get around the golf courses with not too many strokes. The golf-players are becoming better with each practice and will soon make the boys "take notice."

With such stars in all lines, we surely can prove that girls are not slow in the way of athletics. We should be as proud of our girl-athletes as we are of our cup-winning boy "champs."

VOLLEY BALL CLUB

Sponsor

Miss Rothman

Motto: Good sportsmanship

OFFICERS

President Vice-President Secretary and Treasurer Mildred Schworm
Isabelle Stricker
Irene Turina
(Vera Hoell
) Mildred Powers

Captains

One Hundred Ninety-seven



ROOSEVELT'S COACHES

Basketball Volleyball Swimming Baseball

Miss Varian Miss Rothman Miss Garesche Miss Ewers

BASKETBALL

Moderator

Miss Varian

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President

Mildred Schworm

Secretary and Treasurer

Winifred Herlinger

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Winifred C. Todd Mary Ellen Chipley

Secretary and Treasurer

The purpose of the Basketball Club is to promote sportsmanship among the girls.

The championship basketball team has not been decided as yet because the sevens and eights have not yet played each other. Both teams are very good and the contest promises to be very close. The other teams, who do not seem to be contesting the championship very much, might give some sudden surprises; in fact, both sevens and eights have received some jolts.

The two leading teams are:

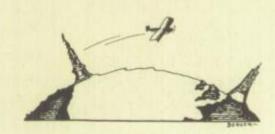
The Eights

Kate Landler Irene Turina Vera Hoell Mildred Schworm Diz. Powers Margaret Reber Winifred Herlinger Rose Joseph Mary Ellen Chipley Esther Carman

The Sevens

Virginia Rudicill Winnie Todd Colette Graf Marguerite Keller Isabel Stricker Lillian Bernhardt Vernelle Meissner Bessie Robinson Dot Scheer Alfretta Wilkening

Marion Pfleuger





BASKET BALL



BASKET BALL

One Hundred Ninety-nine



VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has attracted some unusually good players this term. The contest between the teams is closer than ever. The final teams as chosen by Miss Rothman are:

First Team (Swastika)

Capt. Vera Hoell
Harriet Laubach
Mabel Hausmann
Mildred Schworm
Isabel Stricker
Marie Lynch
Mildred Powers
Dorothy Schlensker
Joan Tulloch

Second Team (Triple N's)

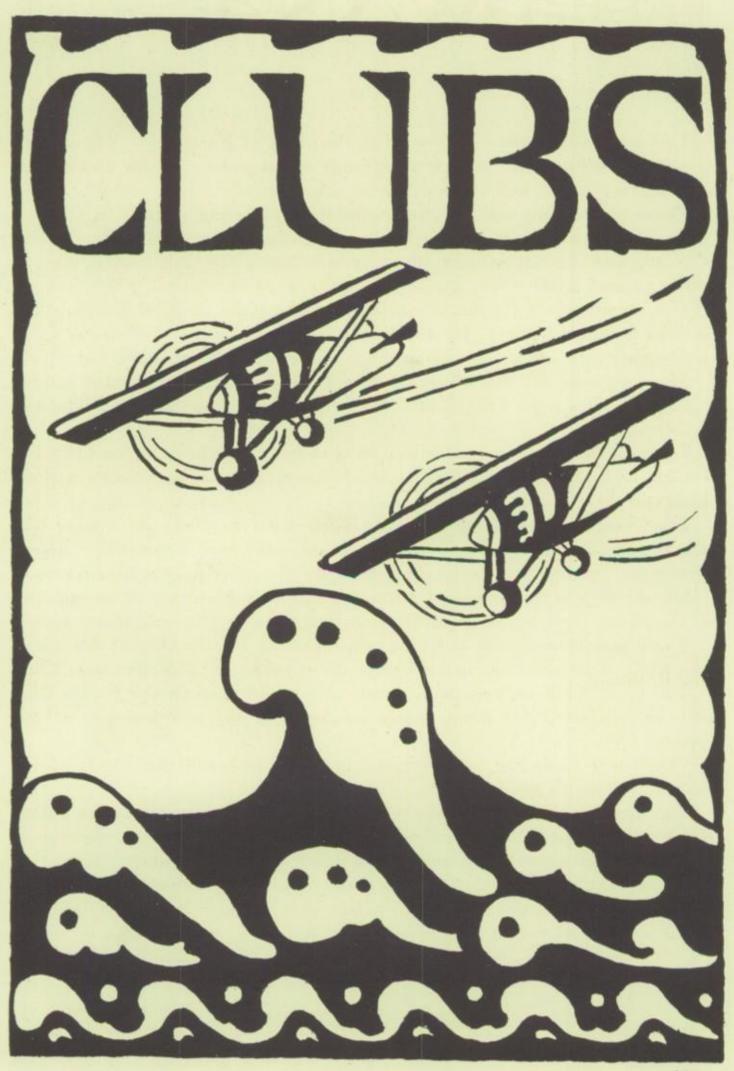
Capt. Colette Graf
Mabel Henke
Mabel Bick
Hildegarde Wittlich
Gladys Auer
Zerna Russler
Irene Turina
Vera Fox
Dorothy Waldeck

The final games were played on Friday, December 14, in spite of the absence of some members of both teams. The second team made a good showing against the powerful first team. Although their colors are black and blue, their feelings shouldn't be bruised because they did better than was expected. The first team will receive letters.

The team that won two out of three games was the winner, and the first team won by scores of 15 to 6 and 15 to 5.

ISABEL STRICKER.

Two Hundred



Flora Fox



CLUBS

This section of Bwana is devoted to the clubs of Roosevelt. These clubs are of many kinds and cover a wide range of purposes. There are athletic clubs, literary clubs, and clubs of many other types.

Those clubs organized for the purpose of furthering interest in athletics are, for the boys, the "R" Club; for the girls, the Volley Ball Club, the Pep "R" Club, and the Basketball Club. Membership in the Golf Club is open to both boys and girls.

The literary clubs for the school are, for the girls, the College Club and the O'ita Literary Society; for the boys, the Forum and the Literary.

The only girls' debating club in the school is the Round Table.

There are several clubs whose purpose it is to further the interest in foreign languages; such as the Latin Club, the French Club, the Spanish Club, and the German Club.

The only dramatic club at Roosevelt is called The Mask and Buskin. The Art Club and the Cartoon Club are devoted to those usually engaged in these subjects in their studies.

The Carol Club, the Glee Club, the Roosevelt Uke Club, the Ujuane Uke Club, the Band, the Novelty Orchestra, the Monday and Wednesday Orchestra, and the Tuesday and Friday Orchestra are the musical clubs of the school.

Membership in the Priscilla Club is open to girls interested in sewing, and the Vocations Club is composed of girls interested in choosing their careers.

Those pupils interested in typing constitute the membership of the Speed Club, while those interested in mechanics are members of the Engineering Club.

The Craft Club encourages interest in carpentry, while the Radio Club has been organized for those pupils interested in the development of this subject.

The Thrift Club has been formed in order to teach the pupils of the school the value of saving.

The Torch is the national honor society of Roosevelt and it is the aspiration of every pupil to become a member. The requisites for membership in this organization are: Scholarship, Leadership, Character, and Service.

There is at least one club among these that is sure to satisfy any pupil's tastes or talents. Every true Rooseveltian should show his school spirit by joining a club and taking an active part in it.

VICTORIA HERNAN.

CLUB SPONSORS

Bwana, in the name of the student body, wishes to thank the Club Sponsors for their assistance, so freely and tirelessly given. Without their efforts, there could be no extra-curricular activities.

Two Hundred Two



CLUBS

Art Club
Speed Club
Cartoon Club
Latin Club
Carol Club
Glee Club
Literary Club
Mask and Buskin
Pep "Rs"

Priscilla Club

Round Table
Spanish Club
Roosevelt Uke Club
Volley Ball
Ujuane Uke Club
Forum
The Band
Craft Club

Craft Club
Basketball
College Club
Engineering Club
French Club

Monday and Wednesday Orchestra

O'ita Literary Society "R" Club

Rough Rider

Golf Club
Sixes
Fives
Sevens
Seniors
Radio Club
Student Council
Torch

Vocations Club Novelty Orchestra Thrift Club

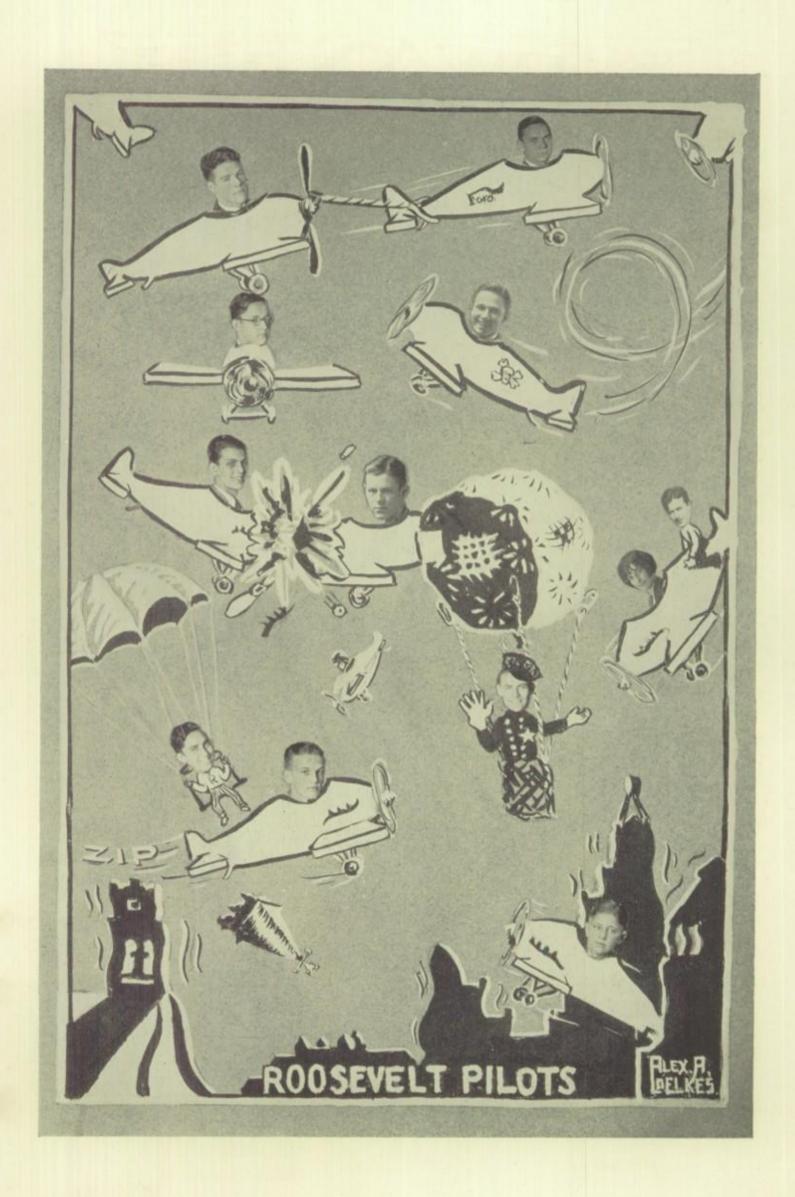
Bwana

SPONSORS

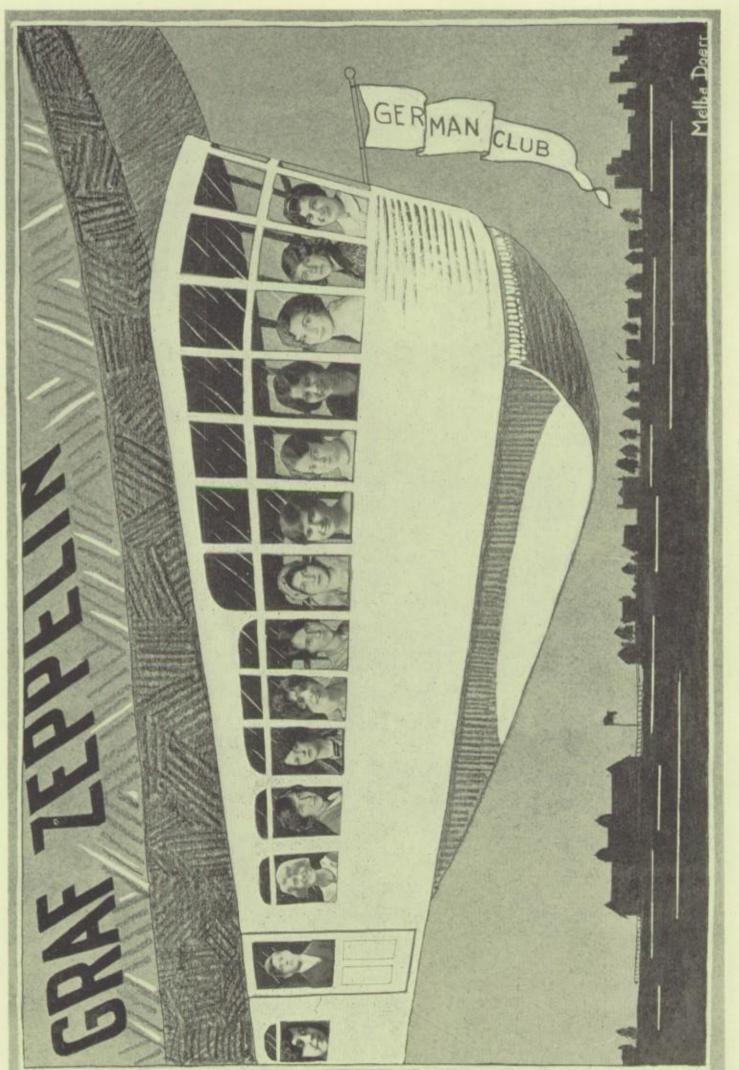
Miss Place Miss Johnson Miss Barbee Miss Meehan Miss Hilb Mr. Maginn Mr. Schmale Miss Manbeck Miss Schlutius Miss Gilmore Miss Mier Miss Smith Miss Comfort Miss Nicholson Miss Rothman Miss Peterson Mr. Tugel Mr. Maginn Mr. Reynolds Miss Varian Miss Dockery Mr. Gammeter Mr. de la Roche

Mr. Maginn Miss Remnitz Mr. Inbody Mr. Kammerer Miss Runge Mr. de la Roche Miss Long Mr. Tugel Miss Battle Miss Wade Mr. Brown Miss Crowder Miss Crowder Miss Simon Mr. Grossman Mr. Spaulding Miss Solfronk Miss Lawton

Two Hundred Three



Two Hundred Four

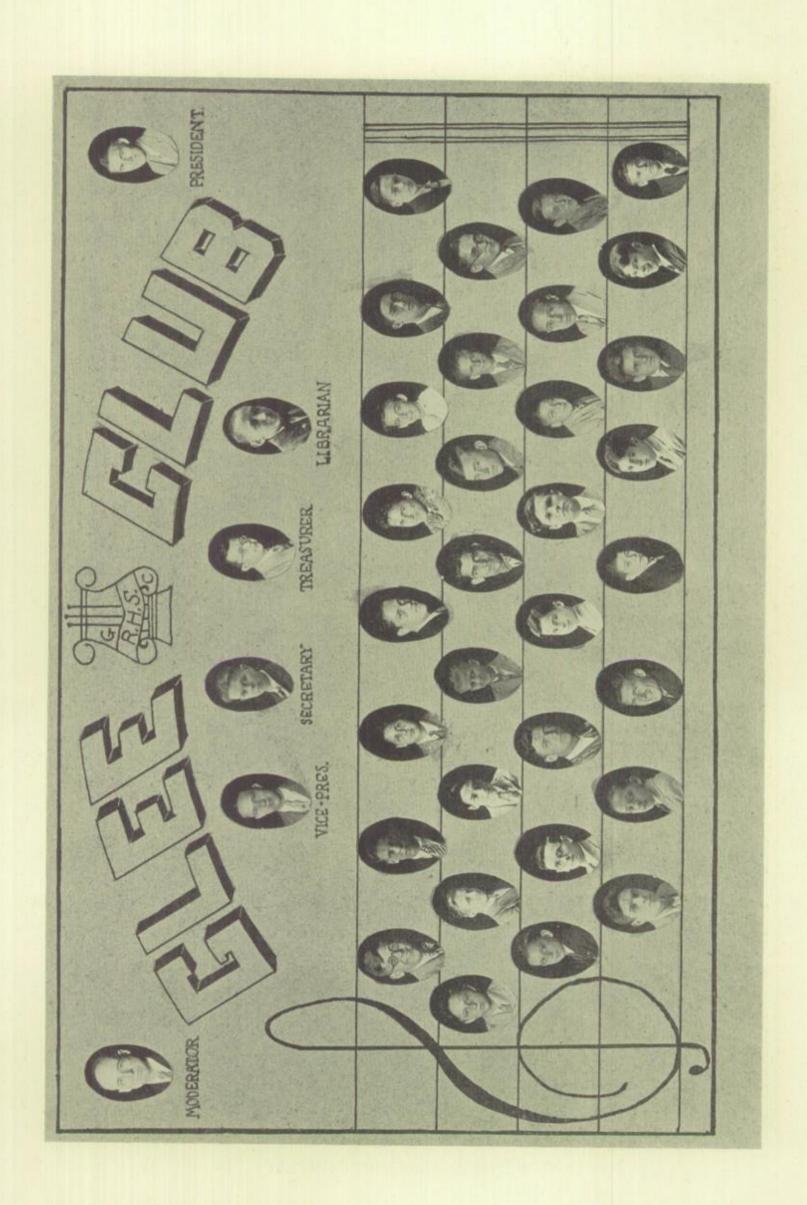


WON FIRST PLACE IN CONTEST

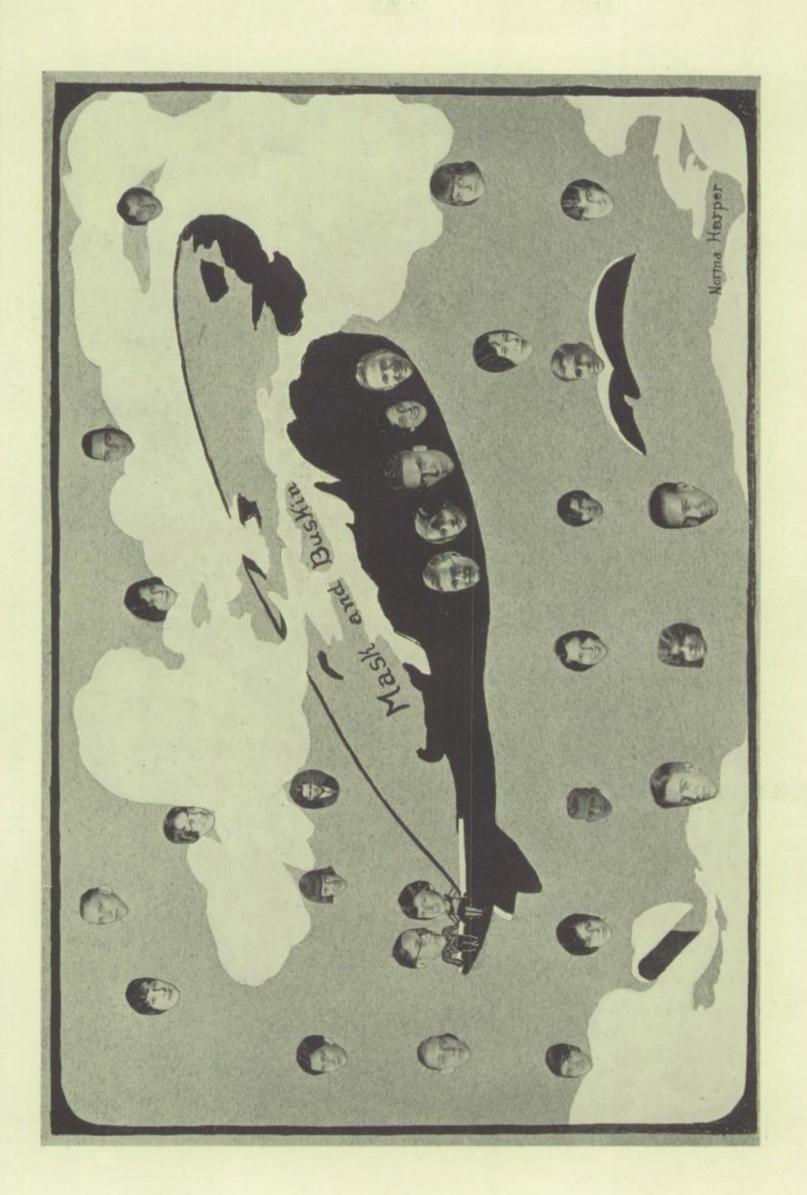


Two Hundred Six

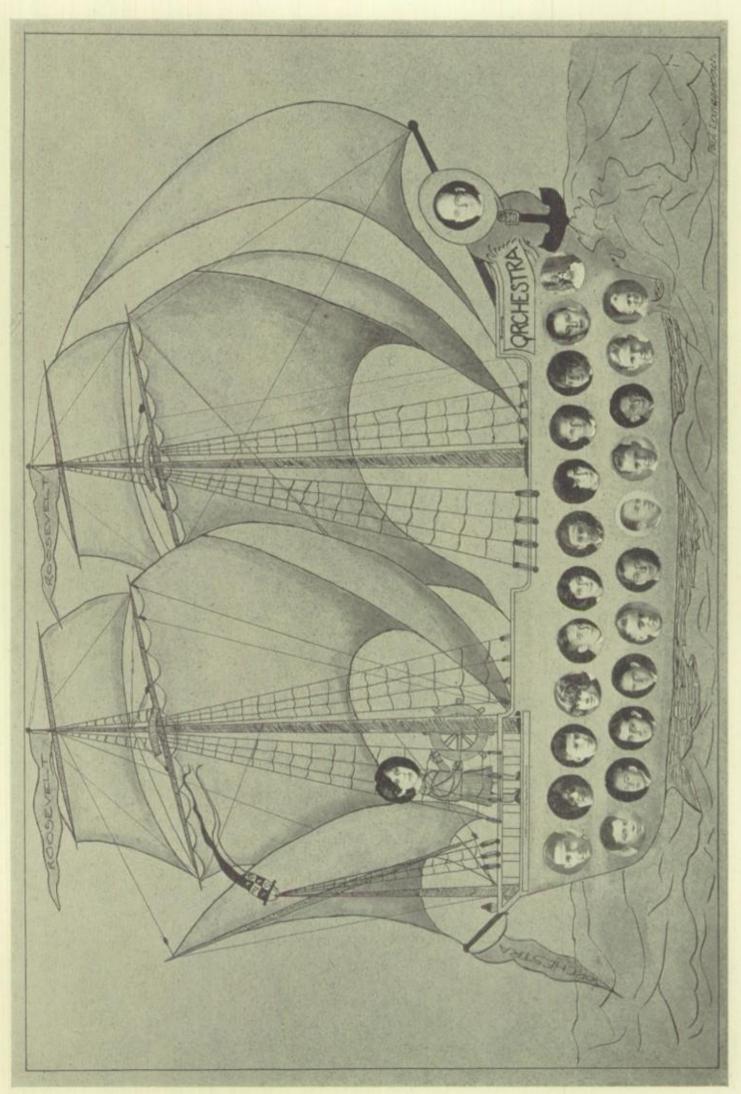




Two Hundred Eight

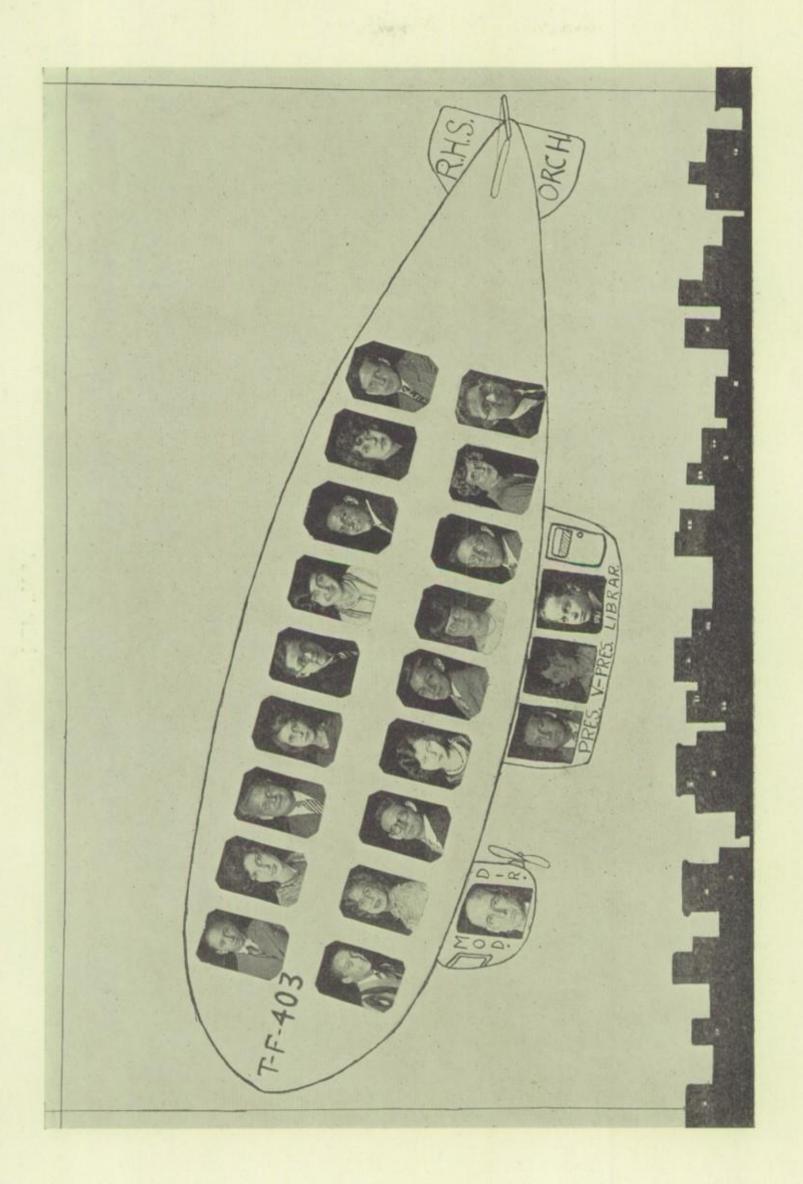


Two Hundred Nine

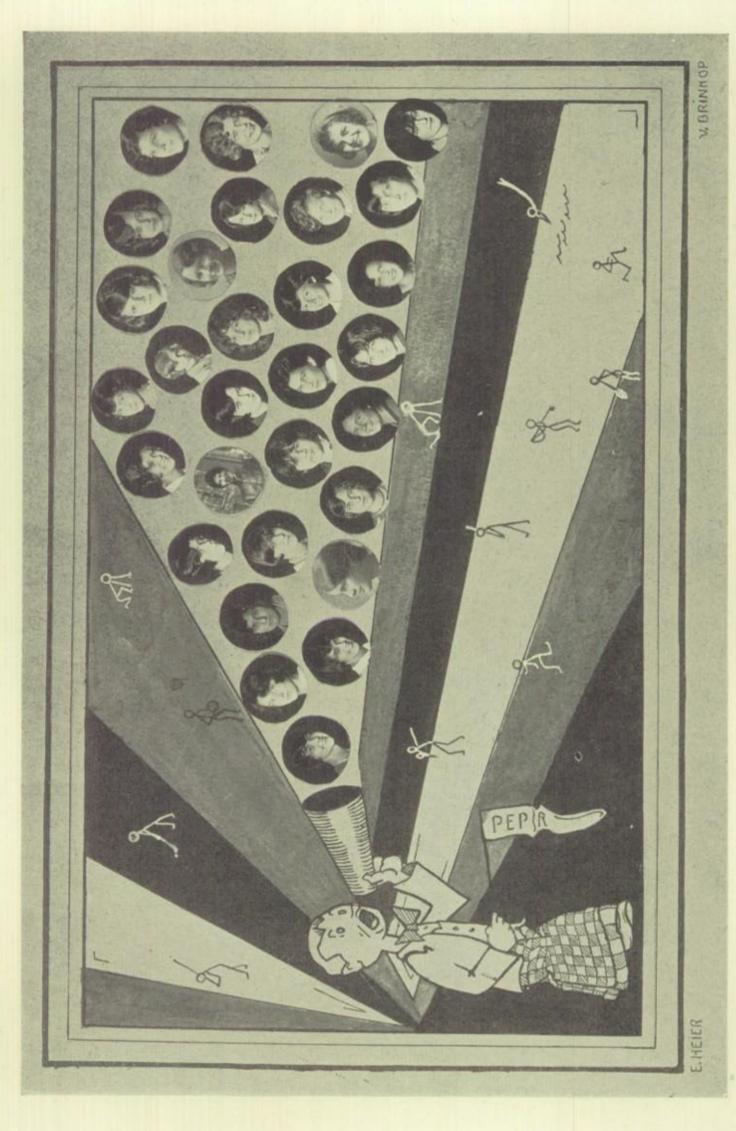


MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY ORCHESTRA

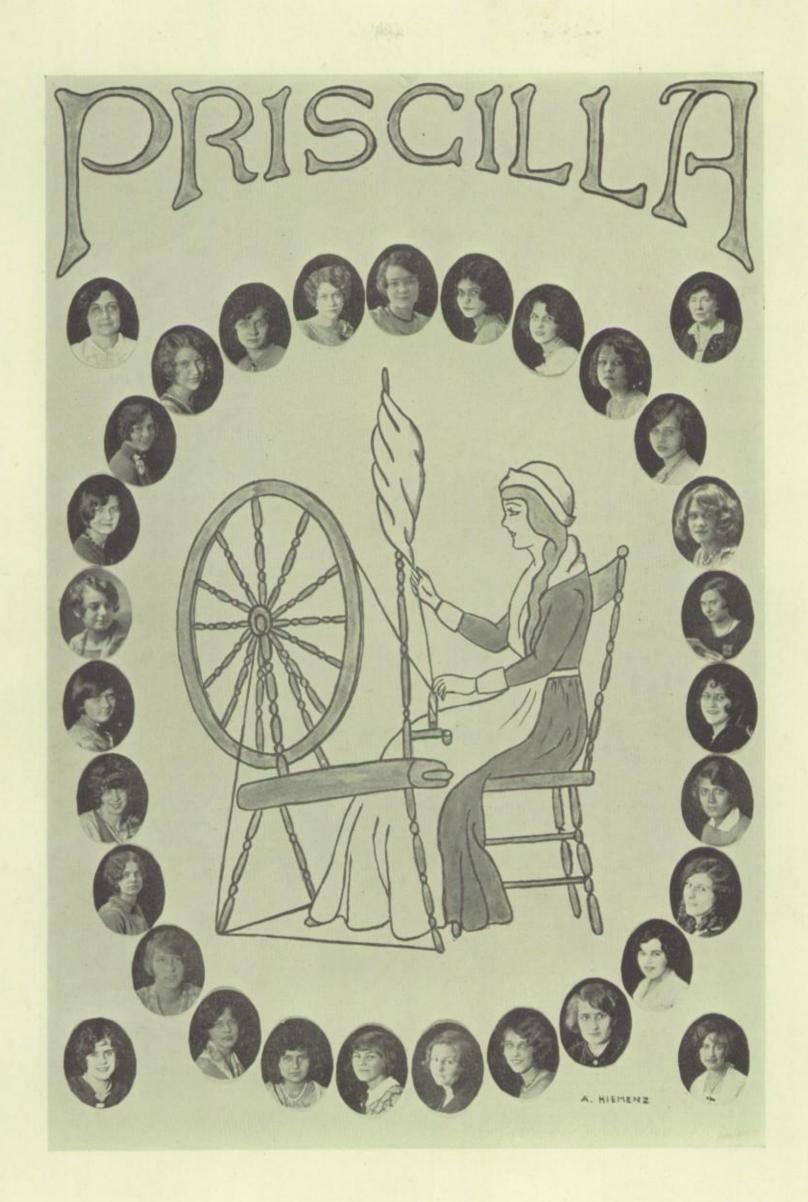
Two Hundred Tin



Two Hundred Eleven



Two Hundred Twelve





Two Hundred Fourteen



UJUANE UKE CLUB

Moderator

Miss H. C. Peterson

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Leader Secretary Ruth Drabelle Dorothy Dowling Margaret Wilkendorf

September 1928 to January 1929

President Leader Secretary Corinne Cammann Ida Finegan Irene Jacobs

Motto:

Let us sing, play, and have a good time, Let 318 ring with echoes that clash and chime.



GERMAN CLUB

Moderator Mrs. Hospes
President Mary Just

Vice-President Richard Anschuetz
Secretary Margot Voges
Treasurer Cornelia Boehlau

Achtung!!!! Sprechen sie Deutsch? If so, join the German Club.

CARTOON CLUB

Sponsor Miss Barbee

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Abraham Berger
Vice-President Baxter Pearson
Secretary Walter Dahlgreen
Treasurer Henry Burgherr

September 1928 to January 1929

President Walter Dahlgreen
Vice-President William Walsh
Secretary Elmer Elder
Treasurer Charles Roe

Purpose of the Club: To improve the cartoon work of the school and to give to the boys who are interested in cartoon work an opportunity for self expression.

ART CLUB

Sponsor Miss Place

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Margaret Gleave
Vice-President Dorothy Waldeck
Secretary Florence Braun
Treasurer Georgette Holmes
Librarian Aurelia Ecker

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian

Dorothy Waldeck
Aurelia Ecker
Georgette Holmes
Dorothy Hagerling
Carol Schotts

Purpose of the Club: To add to the cultural background of members by increasing their capacity to appreciate the best in art through trips to the museum. The more social side of the club activity is given attention at the "home" meetings.

Two Hundred Sixteen



GLEE CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. Maginn

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Treasurer

Librarian

John Miksicek Louis Horton Gilbert Meyer

September 1928 to January 1929

President Vice-President Secretary

John Roguski Gilbert Meyer Richard Ralls William Howell

Treasurer Librarian

Jack Weltin

THE SPEED CLUB

Motto: "Accuracy and Speed."

Moderator

Miss Johnston

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President

Florence Riek Barbara Altmeyer

Secretaries

Treasurer

Helen Keller Marie Sapper

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Colette Graf Dorothy Foster

Secretaries

Elsa Koelling

Treasurer

Isabel Stricker

The purpose of the Speed Club is to win efficiency awards offered by the various typewriting companies.

PEP "R" CLUB

Moderator

Miss Schlutius

Officers for January 1928

President

Evelyn Underwood Hermoine Hamel

Vice-President

Secretary

Ann Arpe

Treasurer

Genevieve Fitzsimmons

Officers for September 1928

President

Isabelle Bauer

Vice-President

Genevieve Fitzsimmons

Secretary

Elizabeth Heier

Treasurer

Violet Brinkop

The purpose of the Pep "R" Club is to create a greater school spirit and to back ALL school activities.



ORCHESTRAS

MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY

Moderator

Mr. Maginn

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Secretary

Michael Sciarra Lester Detwiler William Reese Sylvia Huff

Treasurer

September 1928 to January 1929

President Vice-President Thelma Young Warren von der Ahe

Secretary Treasurer

Robert Morris Florence Basskin

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Moderator

Mr. Maginn

January to June 1928

President

Leo Samet

Vice-President

Dorothy Young

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Leo Samet

Vice-President

Helen Smith

Secretary Treasurer Valentine Schmidt Michael Sciarra

PRISCILLA CLUB

Moderators

Miss Gilmore

Miss Mier

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Helen Wulfmeyer Melba Simmerman

Secretary Treasurer

Elizabeth Lisy Vera Joslin

Sergeant-at-Arms

Elda Schmidt

September 1928 to January 1929

President Vice-President Vera Joslin Berdelle Moch

Secretary

Margaret M. Johnson

Treasurer

Marie Hart

Sergeant-at-Arms

Jessie Mary Kulage

Motto: Up and Doing



MASK AND BUSKIN

Sponsor

Miss Grace

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Secretary

Treasurer

Ruth Elder Austin Daily Doris Giesecke George Schriever

Miss Manbeck

September 1928 to January 1929

Sponsor President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer Sergeant-at-Arms

George Schriever Eloise Burg Albert Marien Norma Harper Kirk Jeffrey (Sametta Coleman

Librarians

Price Reed

Purpose of the society: To have various reports, criticism and the presentation of plays and sketches.

"SIXES"

Sponsor

Miss Long

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Patricia Kelsey Price Reed Richard Hospes Helen Evans Henry Burgherr

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

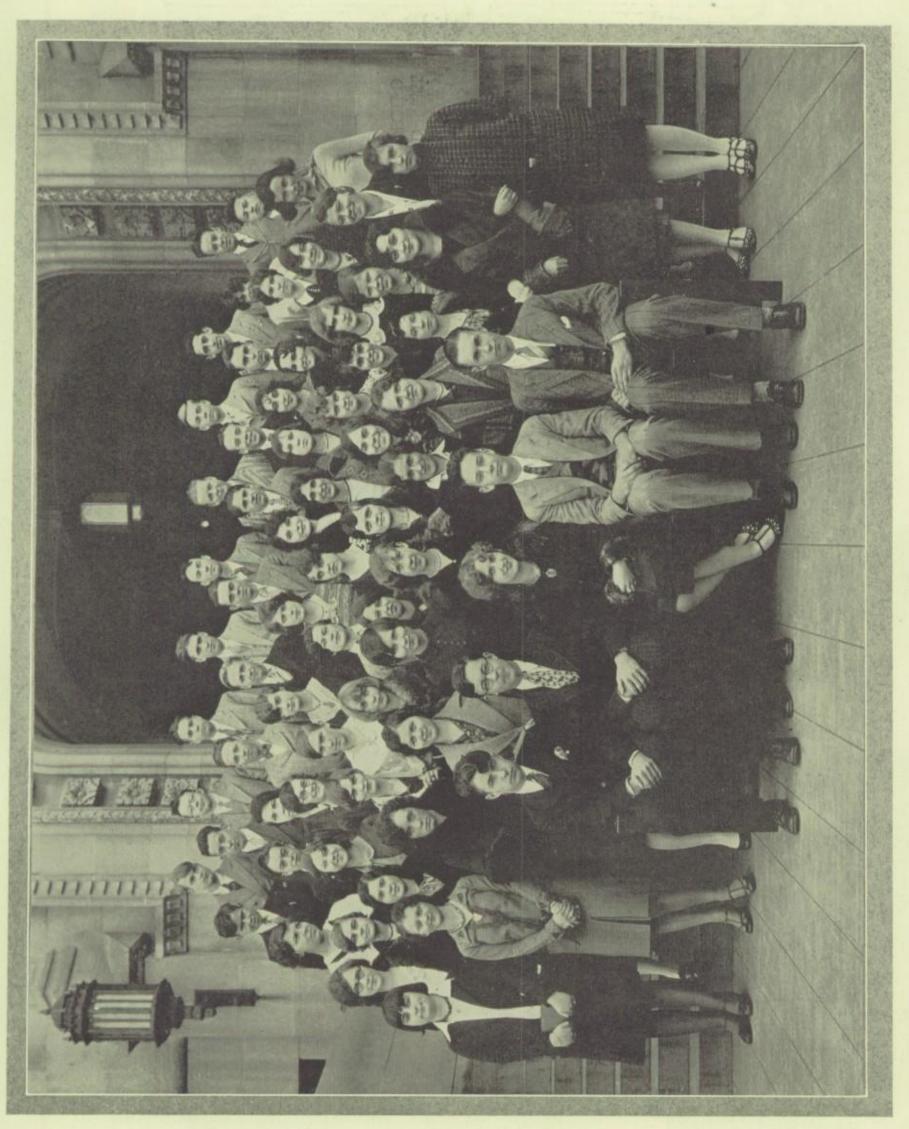
Price Reed Bernard Winkler Henry Burgherr Grace Kelly

William Nienhauser

Purpose: To promote fellowship among the members of the class.



Two Hundred Twenty



Two Hundred Twenty-one



THE FIVES

Moderator

Mr. D. E. Tugel

Motto: "Not saying, but doing."

OFFICERS

President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer

John Kane Dorothy Pappas Lara Semple Anita Kiechers

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

Moderator

Mr. Grossman

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Secretary Treasurer Martin Miller Arthur Lepper Henry Ritgerod

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Martin Miller

Secretary and Treasurer

Henry Ritgerod

RADIO CLUB

Moderator

Mr. Brown

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer Librarian Orville Fruth
Ramon Ellis
Jack Bratton
Emil Schwarz
James Durham

Orville Fruth

Jack Bratton

Emil Schwarz

Albert Miller

James Durham

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian

The Radio Club was formed to create interest in radio among the students of the school, and devotes itself to the study, and experiments in the science of radio.



Two Hundred Twenty-three



ROUGH RIDER STAFF

Moderators

Miss Runge
Mr. Kammerer

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

Editor
Associate Editor
Business Manager
Ass't Business Manager
Exchange Manager
Distribution Manager

Lewis Vandover
Anita Lewitz
Lawrence Varble
Dwight Lindley
Wallace Zelle
Jack Mitchell

REPORTERS

Max Feuerbacher Freda Crusius Virginia Horn Ed Groepper Mildred Powers Jack Lehmann Tony Messina Helen Jean Read Lois Barnes Edward Newman Rupert Allan Margaret Gleave Will Willert Patricia Kelsey Durand Stanley Emily McCallom Berenice Brenner Charles Schilling Belmont Norris Ann Arpe

CARTOONISTS

Richard Burg Bill Fogler

TYPISTS

Rose Joseph Harriet Noel Lucille Sorensen

DISTRIBUTORS

Paul O'Brien Wm. Rosenbaum
Willie Gubser Frank Sturgis
Hayward Morton Harry Weinberger
Bill Hedges Charles Yaeger
Emil Kracht Harold Maile

September 1928 to January 1929

Editor Belmont Norris
Associate Editor Rupert Allan
Business Manager Harold Maile
Exchange Manager Bill Hedges
Distribution Manager Bill Nienhauser

REPORTERS

Mildred Alexander Jack Lehmann
Ann Arpe Mary Moore
Lois Barnes Emily McCallum
Marge Battefeld Edward Newman



Two Hundred Twenty-five



Violet Brinkop
Prewitt Brookes
Freda Crusius
Corinne Cammann
Helen Evans
Max Feuerbacher
Elizabeth Heier
Patricia Kelsey
Harold Neuenberg

Marion Prichard
Ferguson Randall
Helen Jean Read
Daisy May Reed
Durand Stanley
Richard Taylor
Loretta Wadley
Virgil Wodicka
Bernard Winkler

CARTOONISTS

Richard Burg

Walter Dahlgreen

Bill Fogler

TYPISTS

Frances Gongora

Mildred Heafner

Margaret Reber
DISTRIBUTORS

Wm. Rosenbaum Frederick Mahne

Wm. Johnson Ed. Niblock Ralph Parker John DiBetta Dick Waters August Forst

Ken Stedlin

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Sponsor

Miss Crowder

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President

Vice-President Secretary

Sergeant-at-Arms

Sam Waymer

Armand Hoffstetter Ruth Elder

Howard Brimmer

OFFICERS

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Vice-President

Secretary Sergeant-at-Arms John Roguski

Jack Lehman Rose Joseph

Oliver Frazier

MEMBERS

Lois Barnes Margaret Battefeld Alice Belew Thelma Cartun

Sametta Coleman Freda Crusius Marion Lloyd Lutie Morris Dorothea Meyers Sarabelle Patterson Marion Pflueger Mildred Powers

Two Hundred Twenty-six



Two Hundred Twenty-seven



Arva Doan
Freda Fuller
Georgiana Gabbert
Anita Gremer
Marie Hart
Victoria Hernan
Dorothy Hummer
Lillian James

Rose Joseph

Evelyn Koenig

Harry Alberstein Rupert Allan Ben Audrain Earl Bartman Henry Blank Howard Brimmer Norman Brockmier Bernard Brouk Walwin Buchold Rov Busdiecker Maurice Buzzart Fred Denckhoff Louis Erdman George Fox Oliver Frazier Harold Green Barnett Hilton William Hoppe Robert Judah Jack Lehman Fred Litschel

Marion Pritchard
Madeline Raithel
Norma Schlake
Lucille Stark
Virginia Strandburg
Ruth Updike
Dorothy Waldeck
Betty Westrich
Ruth Wettengel

Alexander Loelkes Gilbert Meyer Alvin Minges Barney Morris William Obert Baxter Pearson Joe Pfeffer Ferguson Randall Richard Ray John Rosenbaum Hubert Rushkewitz Leroy Savage William Schemmer George Schriever Lawrence Sellers Carl Silber Durand Stanley Cornelius Stattler Melvin Strassner Carlysle Thomas John Vanderbeck

VOCATIONS CLUB

Moderator

Miss Simon

OFFICERS

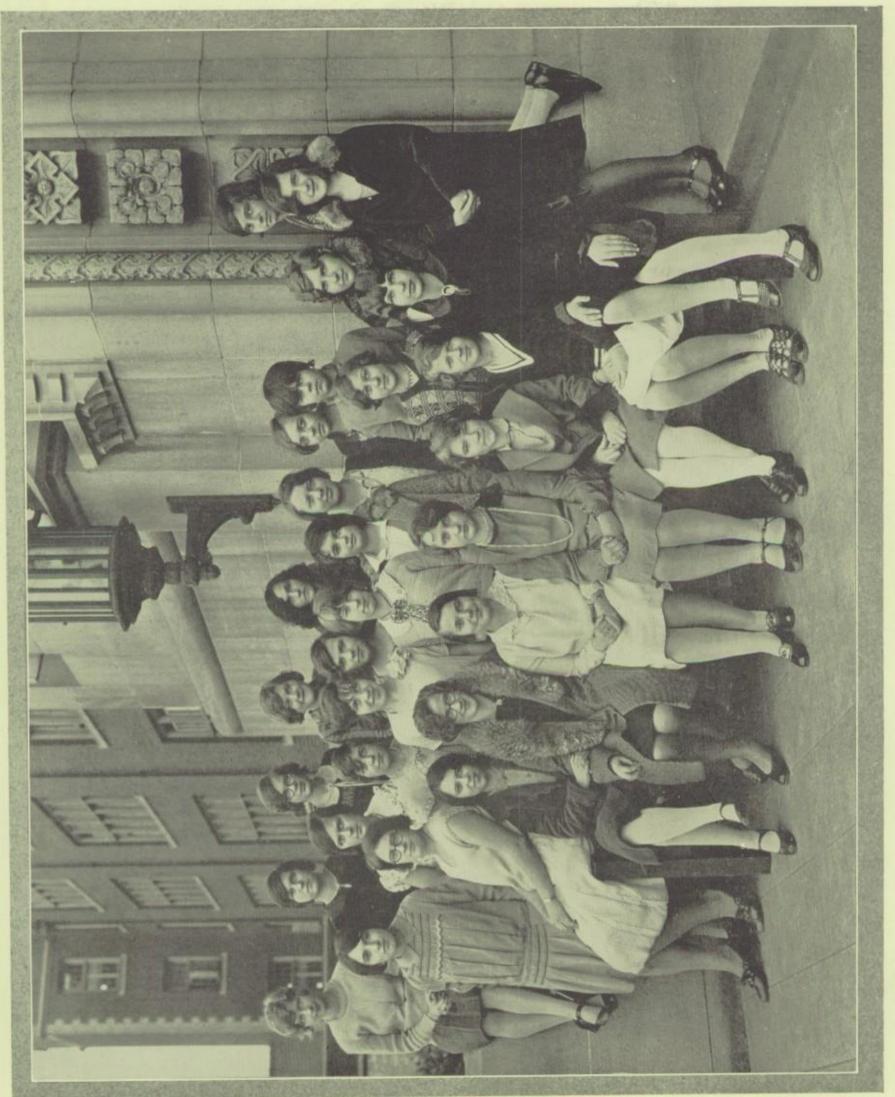
January to June 1928

President Secretary Treasurer Catherine Prutsman Marjorie Johnston

Jeane Engle

September 1928 to January 1929

President Secretary Treasurer Jane Russell Marie Lynch Velma Spindler



Two Hundred Twenty-nine



TORCH

President Durand Stanley
Secretary Winifred Herlinger
Treasurer Evelyn Koenig

SENIORS

Albert Marien

Norman Brockmeier

Bernice Brinkmeyer

Clarice Rutledge

Jack Lehmann

Elsa Koelling

Helen Jean Read
Roy Busdiecker

Selma Schnurr

Frances Surridge
Robert Judah
Jack Werber

NEW SENIORS

Rupert Allan John Miksicek
Ruth Bohle Dorothy Foster
Ferguson Randall Victoria Hernan
Placide Daues Prewitt Brookes

Virginia Rudicill

The following members were chosen last term for membership in Torch:

Catherine Filsinger John Roguski
Frances Gongora Charles Thorne
Olive Hartman George Uttley

Rose Joseph

COMITES

A Latin Club was formed in October, 1928, having for its purpose the promotion of interest in the history, customs, and institutions of ancient Rome. It operates under a constitution adopted by the members, and has as its motto, Semper Fidelis.

Sponsor Miss Meehan

OFFICERS-1928

First Consul
Second Consul
Scribe
Lictor
Quaestor
Aedile
Helen Jane Colvin
Placide Daues
Helen Boling
Katherine Smith
Virginia Mueller
Kathleen Wiggin

Two Hundred Thirty

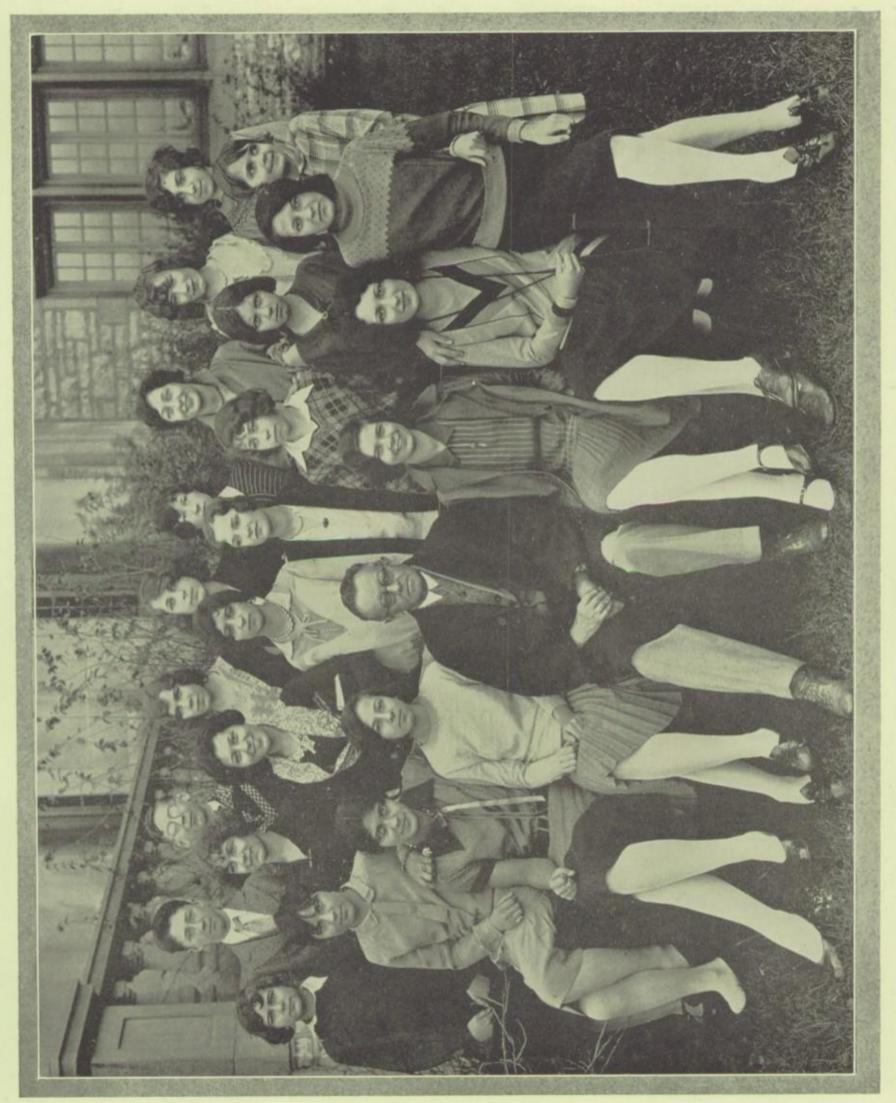




TORCH



Two Hundred Thirty-two



Two Hundred Thirty-three



CAROL CLUB

(Girls' Choral Club)

Sponsor

Miss Hilb

Purpose: To stimulate an appreciation for better music performance.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarians
Pianist
Ruth Mundt
Amy Chase
Lucille Sorenson
Dorothy Foster
Setty Westrich
Lillian James
Dorothy Semonin

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarians
Pianist
Tillia Bowman
Arva Doan
Ethel Dueringer
Colette Graf
(Anita Kieckers
Winifred Todd
Elfrieda Salzman

CERCLE FRANCAIS ANATOLE

Named after the great writer: Anatole France
Sponsor Mr. de la Roche

Colors: The French Flag-red, white, and blue.

Motto: Pas a pas—Step by step.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

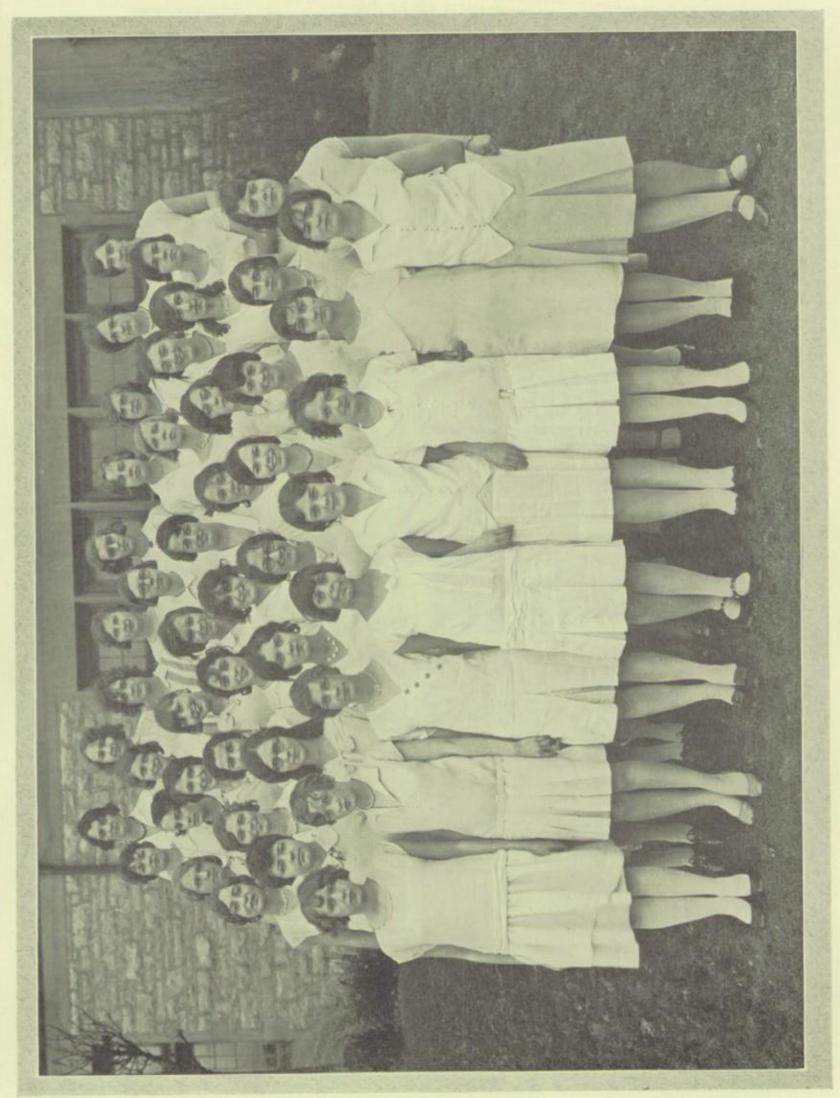
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Edith Landuyt
Melba Simmerman
Virginia Rudicill
Mary Redd
Everett Gordon

September 1928 to January 1929

President Frances Correnti
Vice-President Dixie Harrison
Secretary Caroline Riggis
Treasurer Madeline Sciarra
Sergeant-at-Arms Leo Tritchler

Two Hundred Thirty-four



Two Hundred Thirty-five



THE COLLEGE CLUB

Moderator

Miss Dockery

Colors: Green and White Motto: Always to excel.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Marian Mardorf Vice-President Amy Chase Recording Secretary Susan Rosskopf Corresponding Secretary Eloise Burg Treasurer Sue Gilbert Sergeant-at-Arms Martha Brownlee

September 1928 to January 1929

President Victoria Hernan Vice-President Mary Moore Recording Secretary Ann Arpe Corresponding Secretary Martha Brownlee

Treasurer Patricia Kelsey Sergeant-at-Arms Helen Evans

The purposes of the College Club are to give to its members a knowledge of the famous works and famous authors of English literature; to further any ability in public speaking or dramatics in its members, and to give to its members the poise which is needed in addressing an audience.

THE FORUM

Sponsor

Mr. Tugel

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Norman Moore Vice-President Durand Stanley Secretary Jack Werber Treasurer Rupert Allan Sergeant-at-Arms George Eisenberg

September 1928 to January 1929 President David Warren Vice-President George Eisenberg Secretary Albert Marien Treasurer Jack Lehmann Sergeant-at-Arms Durand Stanley

Motto: "Lux et Veritas"

Purpose of the club: To stimulate interest in the discussion and dissemination of current thought.

Two Hundred Thirty-six



Two Hundred Thirty-seven



Two Hundred Thirty-eight



CRAFT CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. E. S. Reynolds

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Vice-President Treasurer Secretary George Baumunk William Winterer Otto Goldmacher Ernest Scheuman

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Sergeant-at-Arms

Karl Bomanz Elmer Knudsen John Draton Walter Voelpel William Gubser



GOLF CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. de la Roche

Name: Roosevelt Golf Club

Motto: Fore

Emblem: Two club heads and an R on a piece of red cloth, shaped like a

heart and about six inches long and five inches wide.

Officers January 1928

President Norman Moore
Vice-President Arthur Zacker
Secretary Harold Green
Treasurer Alvin Snasdell
Captain Norman Moore

Officers September 1928

President Richard Waters
Vice-President Bernard Brouk
Secretary Harold Green
Treasurer Alvin Snasdell
Captain Vernon Whitman

O'ITA LITERARY SOCIETY

Moderator

Miss Remnitz

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President
Vice-President
Virginia Voit
Corresponding Secretary
Recording Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Editor of Gold Bug

Elizabeth Kausch
Virginia Voit
Clarice Rutledge
Katherine Bauer
Lillian James
Ruth Mundt
Selma Schnurr

Associate Editor
of Gold Bug Rose Joseph

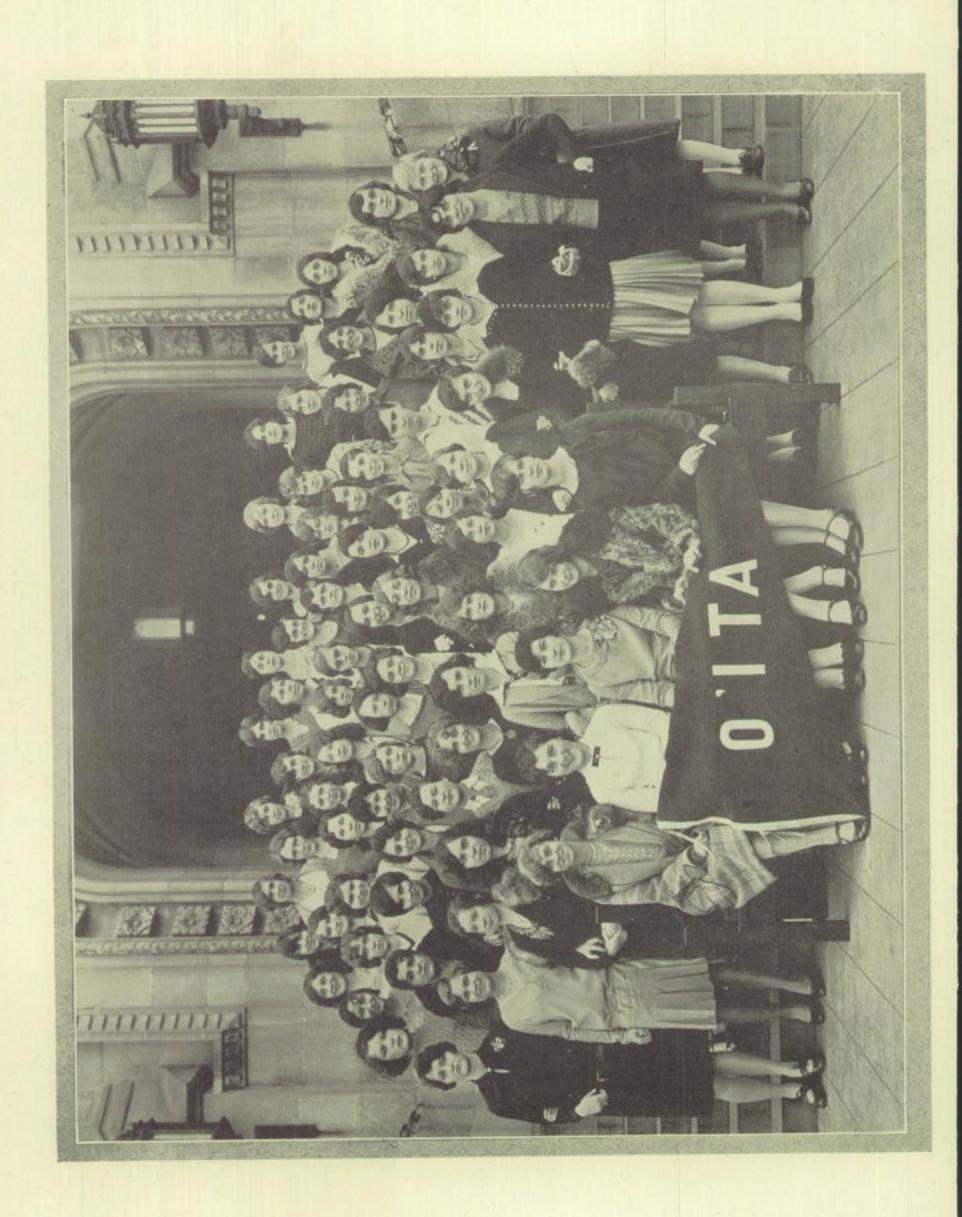
September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Recording Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Editor of Gold Bug
Rose Joseph
Dorothy Foster
Grace Larisey
Lillian James
Marian Pflueger
Anita Gremer
Daisy May Reed

Associate Editor
of Gold Bug
Anna Mossefin
Motto: "Vivere est cogitare." To live is to learn.



Two Hundred Forty-one



Two Hundred Forty-two



THE INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATING SQUAD

AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

Coach: Mr. D. E. Tugel

- 1. David Warren
- 2. Norman Moore
- 3. Sam Waymer

Alternate: George Eisenberg

NEGATIVE TEAM

Coach: Mr. J. E. Schmale

- 1. John Miksicek
- 2. John Roguski
- 3. Roland Miller

Alternate: Philip Becker

The question for the Interscholastic Debates of March 23, 1928, was, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a Cabinet Form of Government."

The affirmative team met Beaumont at Roosevelt and defeated them by a unanimous decision of the judges, while the negative defeated Central at Yeatman by a two-to-one decision. This was the first time in several years that Roosevelt won both of its debates; however, Cleveland also won both of its debates and so a second series of two debates was arranged to determine the winner of the Princeton Cup. Unfortunately Roosevelt was not so successful with these debates, which were held on April 28, 1928, at Cleveland and Roosevelt, for it lost both of them to Cleveland by unanimous decisions.

Nevertheless, we have good prospects this year for the 1929 debates. Let us support them all we can, for, if Cleveland wins the 1929 debates, the Princeton Cup will be permanently removed from competition. Rooseveltians—help your debaters!

J. E. M.



ROOSEVELT UKE CLUB

Moderator

Miss Nicholson

Colors: Red and White.

Motto: Music builds character.

Purpose: To encourage school spirit, and entertain.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Amy Chase
Vice-President Catherine Fox
Secretary Elvira Rau
Virginia Horn
Pianist Odessa Johnson
Leader Moneta Hoeber

September 1928 to January 1929

President Moneta Hoeber
Vice-President Frances Crowson
Secretary Odessa Johnson
Treasurer Elvira Rau
Pianist Odessa Johnson
Leader Grace Walz

ROUND TABLE

Sponsor

Eudora Smith

Aim: To develop logical thinkers and convincing speakers.

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

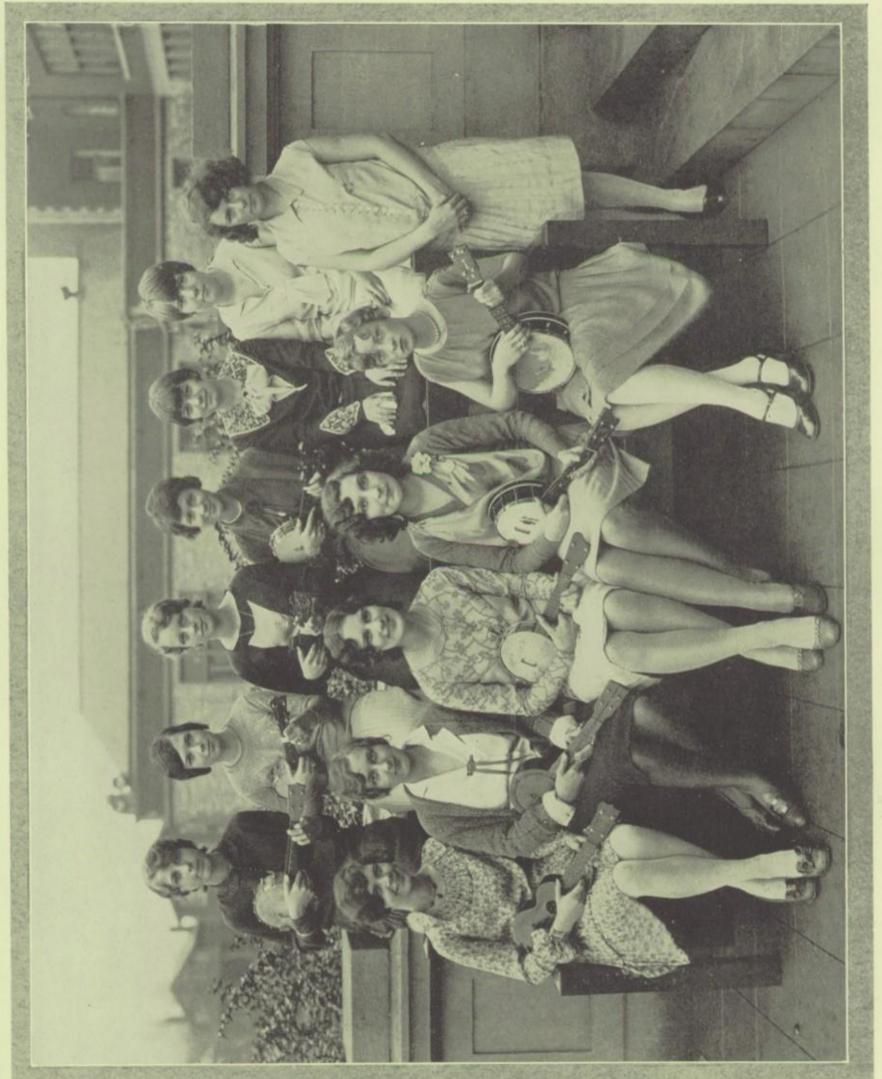
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeants-at-Arms

Betty Westrich
Lois Barnes
Ann Arpe
Elvira Rau

Mary Moore
Jessie Paine

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeants-at-Arms
Ann Arpe
Marie Hart
Mary Moore
Evelyn Underwood
(Loretta Wadley)
Ruth Hoffman



Two Hundred Forty-five



Two Hundred Forty-six



ROOSEVELT LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: "Vita sine litteris mors est."

Sponsor

Mr. Schmale

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Librarian

Roland Miller Melvin Strassner John Miksicek John Roguski Baxter Pearson James Coil

September 1928 to January 1929

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms
Librarian
News Editor

John Roguski
Virgil Wodicka
Baxter Pearson
Prewitt Brookes
Richard Ray
Richard Ralls
Melvin Strassner

Two Hundred Forty-seven



THRIFT CLUB

Moderator

Mr. Spaulding

January to June, 1928

BANK CLERKS

Mary Erickson
Barbara Fuchs
Mollie Fogleman
Jessie Cummings
Mildred Blowen
Bessie Robinson
Marie Sapper
Marjorie Thompson
Irene Turina
Catherine Weber

Maude Wooten
Esther Haven
Louise Born
Sarahbelle Patterson
Elsa Koelling
Ernestine Lesche
Edna Danner
Cornelia Wiget
Audrey Hiemenz
Virginia Peschke

Berenice Brinkmeyer

September 1928 to January 1929

General Bookkeeper Cash Clerk

Elsa Koelling Catherine Weber



ADDING MACHINE OPERATORS

Mary Erickson Locker Key Clerk Cash Register Slips

Esther Haven Mildred Blower Bernice Brinkmeyer

TELLERS-A. M.

Louise Born

Sarahbelle Patterson

Maude Wooten

TELLERS-Lunch Period

Ruth Londe Edna Kromer

Virginia Peschke Jessie Cummings

Grace Bollman

ENGINEERING CLUB

Moderator

Mr. Gammeter

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President Secretary

Treasurer

Robert Best

Byron Thompson Alvin Minges

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Byron Thompson

Secretary Treasurer

Robert Best William McCully

The purpose of the club is to give vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them work and conditions of the various engineering professions.

SPANISH CLUB

Moderator

Miss Comfort

OFFICERS

January to June 1928

President

Marjorie Fuez Frances Gongora

Vice-President Secretary

Bernice Brinkmeyer Wesley Lauter

Treasurer Sergeant-at-Arms

Lucille Aude

September 1928 to January 1929

President

Bernice Brinkmeyer

Vice-President

Anna Berkov

Secretary

Frances Gongora

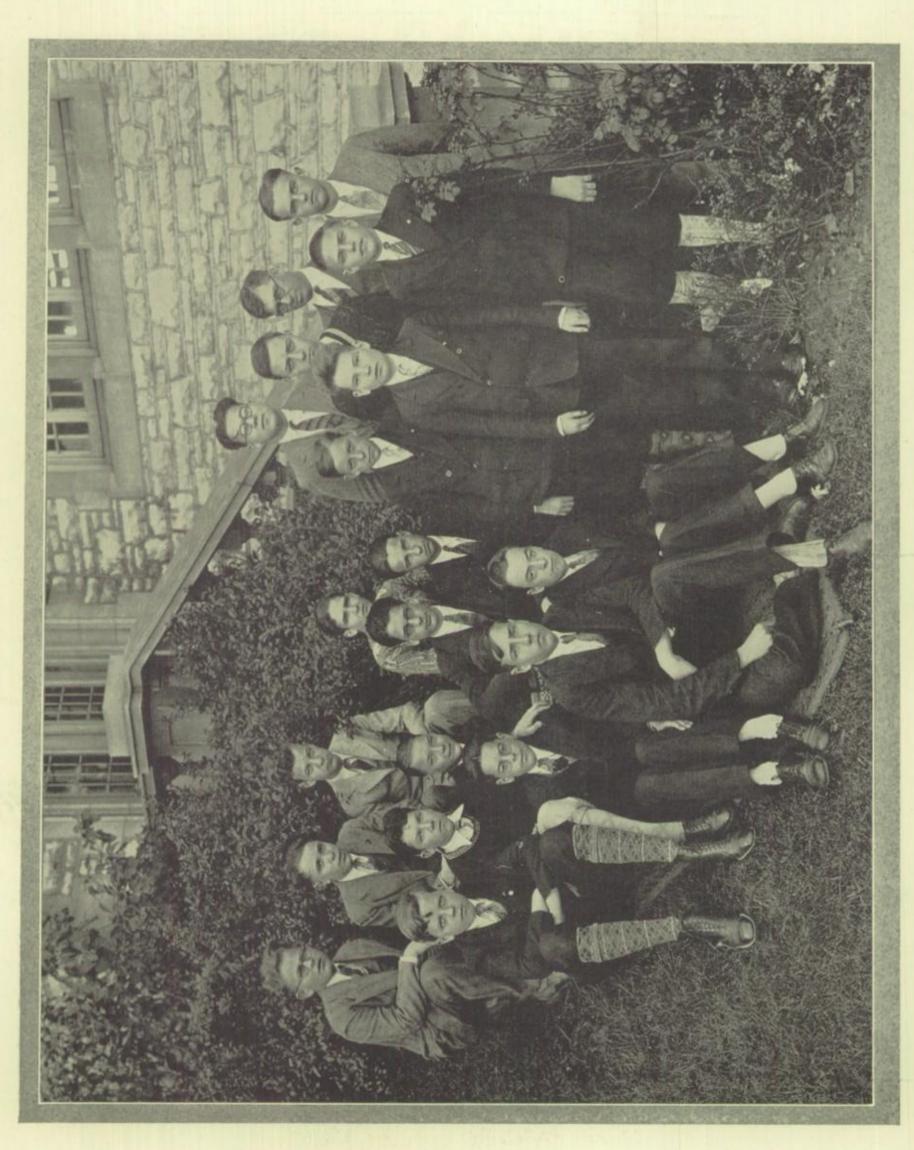
Treasurer

Genevieve Peschke

Sergeant-at-Arms

Virginia Peschke

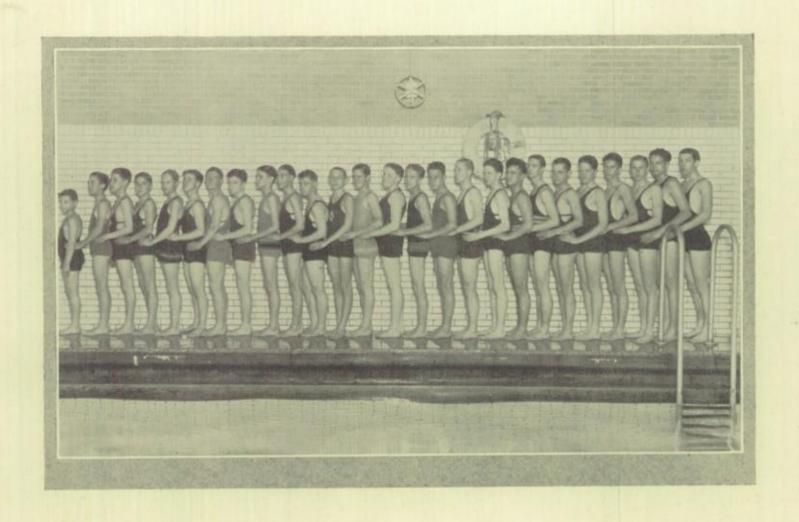
Motto: ¡Adelante, siempre adelante!



Two Hundred Fifty



Two Hundred Fifty-one

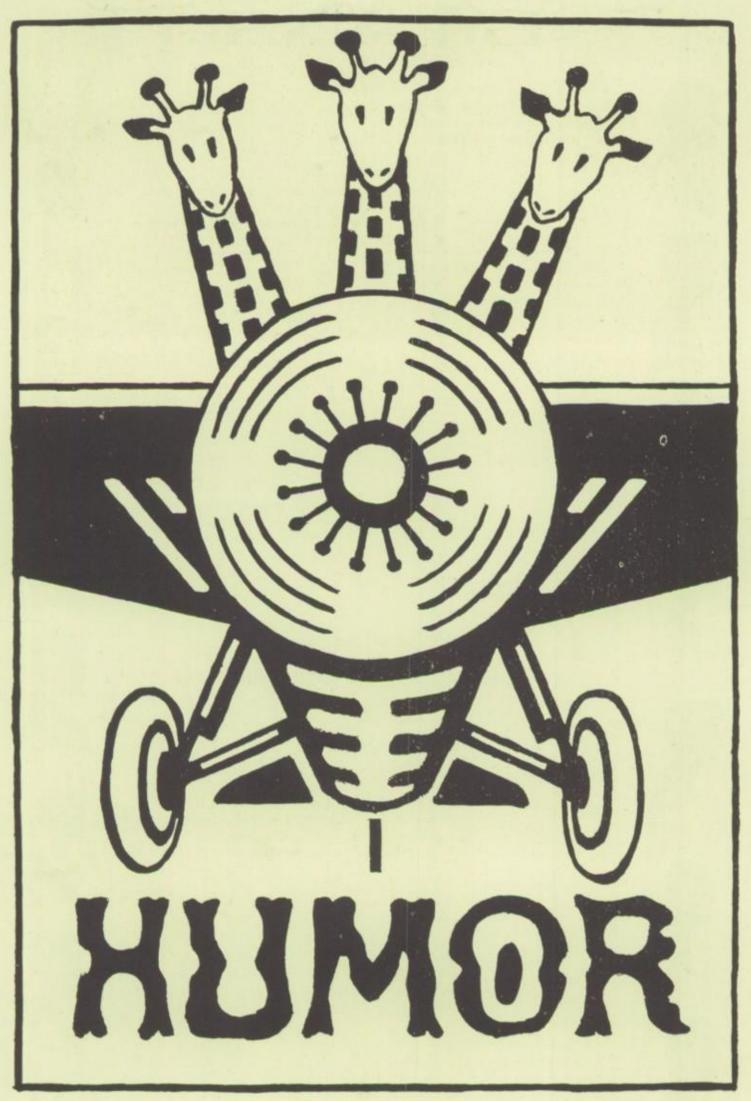


SWIMMING CLUB

OFFICERS

President Vice-President Treasurer Secretary Burton Bohannan Roland Cowan Emil Szevery Charles Todebush





NORMAN WEISE

Mr. B is six feet tall,



This boy's name begins with A, We wonder how he got that way. He's rather tall and rather fat, Can you guess his name from that?





Here's a pretty flapper C-And, oh, but she does paint! She never is the silent one, And never one called quaint.



Miss D is short and slightly plump. At her feet the sheiks do jump. Sassy is her little nose, Maybe that's the bait for beaux.

Thin as a match and sharp as an awl.

Will he know us then? Just wait and see.

An actor great some day he'll be.



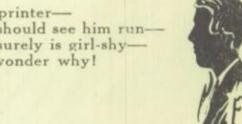
A and E are much alike-E is broad and A is bright. E plays on our team each fall-It's hard to tell him from the ball.



F is a sprinter-You should see him run-But he surely is girl-shy-We wonder why!



G is a little girl-A brunette-even so Should men prefer blondes? Looking at her-we'd say no.



H is a hero-Ship ahoy! What a boy! At football and track-Oil Oil



Me, myself, and I, She holds her head a trifle high. But "chic" she is, we all agree. Some day a Clara Bow I'll be.



Our maiden "J" is a blossom rare-Who frequently adorns an officer's chair. Her skin is fair, but raven her hair. Now you have the maiden—so there.



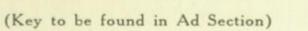
"K" is a chatterbox, But a worker too is she. She can study while talking-And grabs every E.

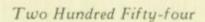


"L" is tender, slender, and meek To those who don't attempt to seek A better description, such as fair and rare, With sparkling eyes and ruddy hair.



The girl pictured here has a beautiful head All covered with hair of fiery red. She owns a fine old Scotch name beginning with "M"-We're telling you, boys, she's a perfect gem.









Young "N" is popular with all the females, At breaking their hearts, he never fails; He's a football star of considerable fame-And the way he tackles is a perfect shame.





This fair lady has a son, Goliath. He and his brother are both known to uth. We see her each Sunday in the Globe-Democrat, And she ain't Winnie Winkle-you can bet your hat.

> "P" has curly hair and a shiny nose-Girls follow where er he goes. He loves himself and others, too-From the faculty's rebuffs he's black and blue!



We could not find a "Q" Well known to you; So here's a boy-he knows it, too, Queer enough to do.

> "R" is a gallant student. I'll tell how he may be known; He walks as though he might be proud, And talks with a haughty tone.



"S" through football is known to fame-He is the hero of every game, He is the idol of the school-He plays the game according to rule.

> This world is filled with funny ones, And here's one known as "T" His hair is light—his form is slight, Now who could this boy be?

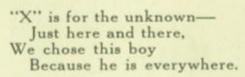


"U" has a voice like thunder. He's so bright he makes pedagogues wonder. With the girls he's so rough. They fall down in a huff. But they like him in spite of every blunder.

> Curly hair and shiny eyes, He's studious, to be sure. Not many ever reach his size-He's easy to admire.

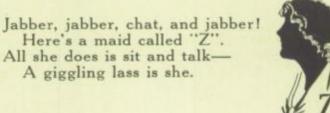


"W" is a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed maid, With the years her charms will never fade, Her hair is long, light brown in hue, And her name contains the alphabet through.

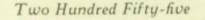


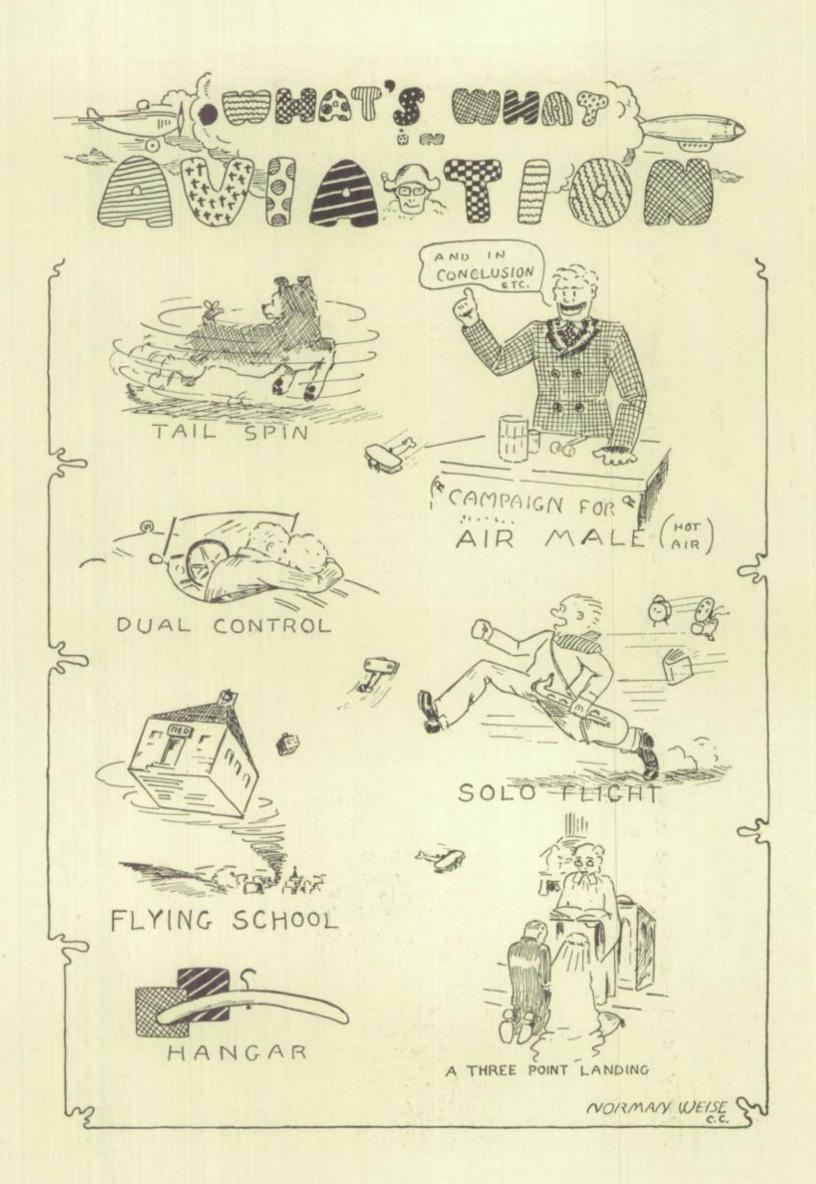


"Y" is tall and dignified, She's never failed at what she's tried. Her eyes are dark, expressive, too-Her long hair is of raven hue.









Two Hundred Fifty-six





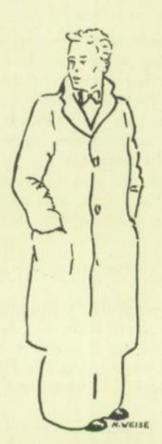
THE MODERN FLAPPER

Perfectly dumb, perfectly lovable—the modern flappers. With a language all their own, with beautifully-painted faces, with expensive waves in their hair, with abbreviated dresses, with shoes whose heels range from a half inch to six inches, and with characters as variable as the wind, we display our beloved flappers. It might sound like a sideshow, but really it isn't. Critics "yelp" and "carry on something terrible," but right here let me say, in a flapper's own words, "They're all wet."

My ideas are naturally those of 1928, but, at that, it is beyond the scope of my imagination to comprehend how the sheik of 1890 could escort the girl with clothes bulged out all over the place, the girl who was shocked if her ankles showed. It's all over now, and I don't mean water on the bottom of the ocean. The modern flapper has now replaced our bashful, timid girl of yesterday, and is the world better? I should say so.

HAROLD LEUENBERG.

Frazier: "I can't get my locker shut."
Bennett: "Take out your shoes."



THE MODERN SHEIK

If you happen to be walking along a busy street and notice one of the male sex (between the ages of fifteen and twenty) standing on a corner, in such a position that one can not help seeing him, with a patent leather hair cut, a red bow tie, and clothes that "holler" out loud, you are probably gazing on a modern sheik.

One must not get the impression that all sheiks are good looking-some use their clothes as bait. Their main use in life is to amuse girls, a type, who, as a rule, are as dumb as the sheiks. Of course, they have other uses, they may start a new style or fad, or, if a style creator designs something in the way of wearing apparel, so noisy or "goofy" that no one else will wear it, the sheik comes in and grabs it up. Clothes of that type are his dish, something to attract some of the fair sex (and disgust others), something to make children point and snicker and to make the old folks laugh, or become shocked. In the case of the old folks, the result is often a sermon to some poor normal young fellow, on anyone of a hundred subjects referring to the sheik.

BWANAS

Some people get the sheik mixed up with the drug store rancher. They are wrong there, for a sheik generally travels alone, while the drug store cowboys generally act in droves; that is, about ten cowboys try to make a hit with one girl by their bright remarks.

But why crab about them—they are both having their fun, and as long as they are enjoying themselves, let's let them alone.

ROY LANG.

CLASSY-FIED ADDS

For Sale—About 80 lbs. of very good beef. Apply Benjamin K. Audrain.

For Sale—6 or 8 academic R's. Very good scratch paper. Apply Rupert Allan. Wanted—\$1000 worth of silence—by

Mr. Tugel.

Wanted—A date by everyone for any time. Call any member before 8:45 or after 2:45.

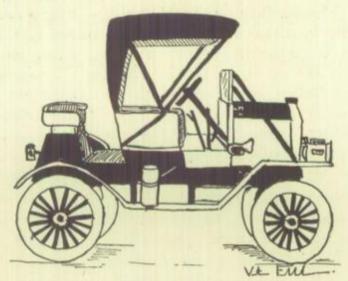
For Sale—A safety razor. Am selling because we finished cutting the linoleum. Apply Leroy Garner.

For Sale Cheap—A tuxedo. Reason for selling: I haven't used it since I joined the army. See Rupert Allan.

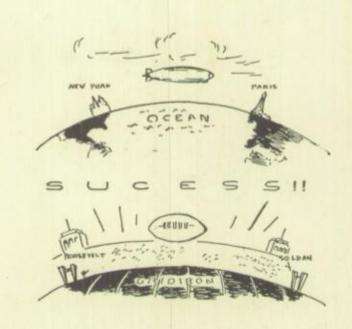
Wanted-A new playroom and more

rattles by the New Juniors.

Wanted—More serious talks in "Aud" sessions. See anyone in the school.



First Roadster With Rumble Seat.



SIMILE ? MUEIS

RECIPE FOR FUDGE

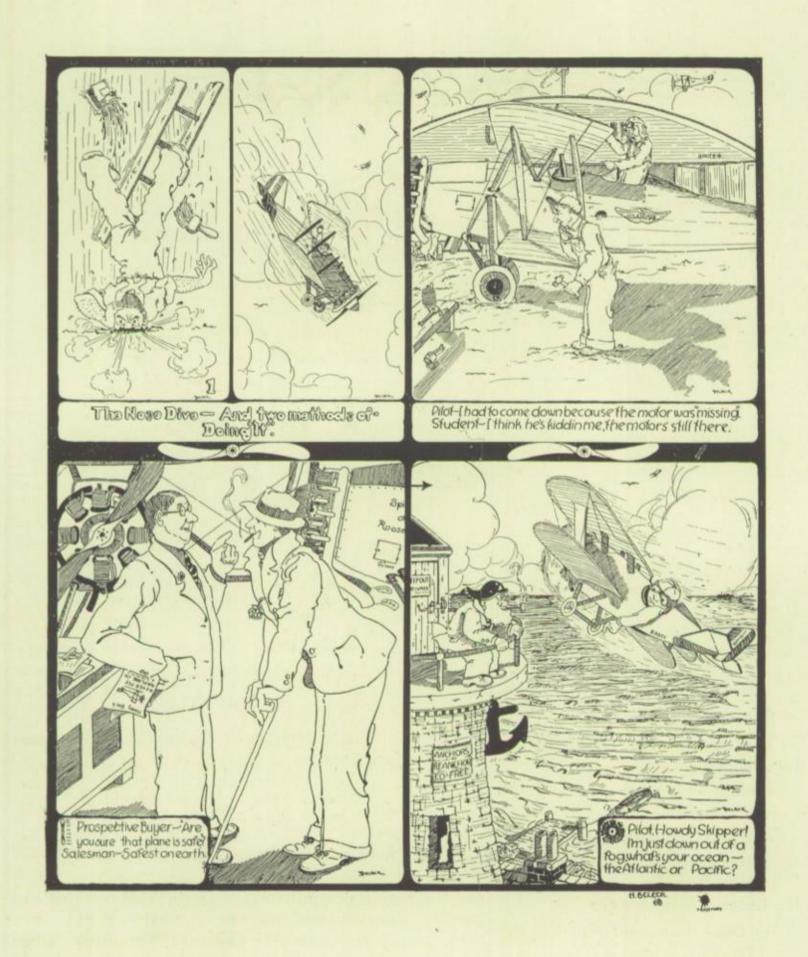
"Now, Listerine, dearest, I want you to fight hard for dear old Kirkwood Chiropractors today," said his sweetheart, Lizzie. With these words, Listerine Frog, star hunchback on the solitaire team, went rushing into the game with only four more hours to play.

Listerine made a beautiful punt right into the basket, putting the ball on second base. But the time was so short everyone was expecting Congress to adjourn with nothing done to solve the farm problem. Nevertheless, Listerine, with typical Kirkwood Chiropractor's spirit, picked up the racket, skated down over the hurdles to a strategic position directly under the basket, and hit a beautiful home run right into the swimming pool. The score stood tied at 21 to 0 when in walked the detective. "Who murdered the Victrola?" he chirped. "Sam, the Old Accordian Man," answered Santa Claus as the curtain lowered.

Miss Runge: "What is a loon?"

Jeffrey (half asleep): "Me?"

Miss Runge: "Yes, but I want another definition."

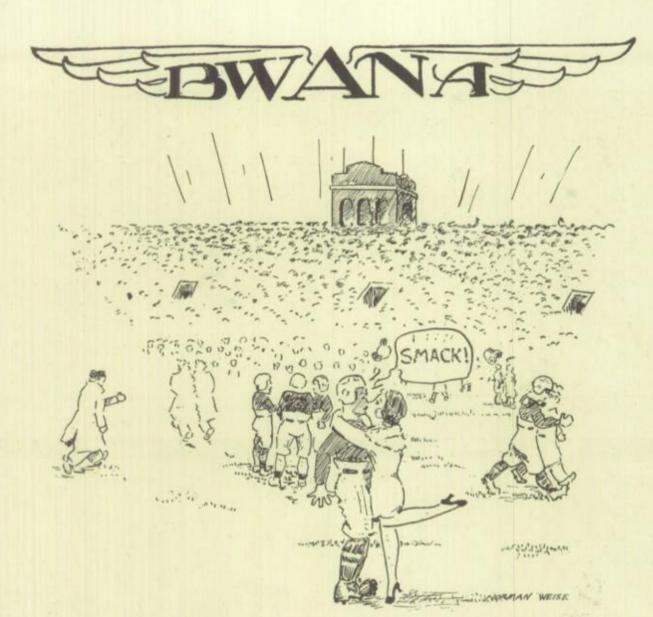


Schriever: "I felt like two cents today."

Lou Stark: "My, things are expensive lately, aren't they?"

Traffic Officer: "What's the idea of balling up traffic! Why don't you use your noodle?"

V. Ziegler: "I didn't know the car had one."



THE CLIMAX OF THE SEASON

POPULAR HITS

Beau Geste-Bob Judah.

The Importance of Being Earnest — Lawrence Sellers.

The Wise Guy-James Durham.

Main Street-First Floor Corridor.

The Sea Hawk-Carter Hilgard.

Scaramouche-Howard Geraghty.

Little Women-Miss Crowder, Miss Rothman, Miss Connor.

So Big-Ben Audrain.

"IT"-Elroy Lang.

What Price Glory—Ferguson Randall.

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The Silent Doer-Gordon Jenkins.

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Kelly Heitz—Roosevelt's most permanent senior.

Gail Potter-Old enough to vote.

Alice Garvin—A modest violet.
Rupert Allan—Yes, once I made a

Bump Fuerbacher-So did I!

Miss Runge—You see?

Evelyn Koenig—Every one of us can get at least one ad.

Bob Judah—This is the only good article in the book—he had absolutely nothing to do with it.

Phil Becker—Why don't you try reducing?

Ben Audrain-Ditto.

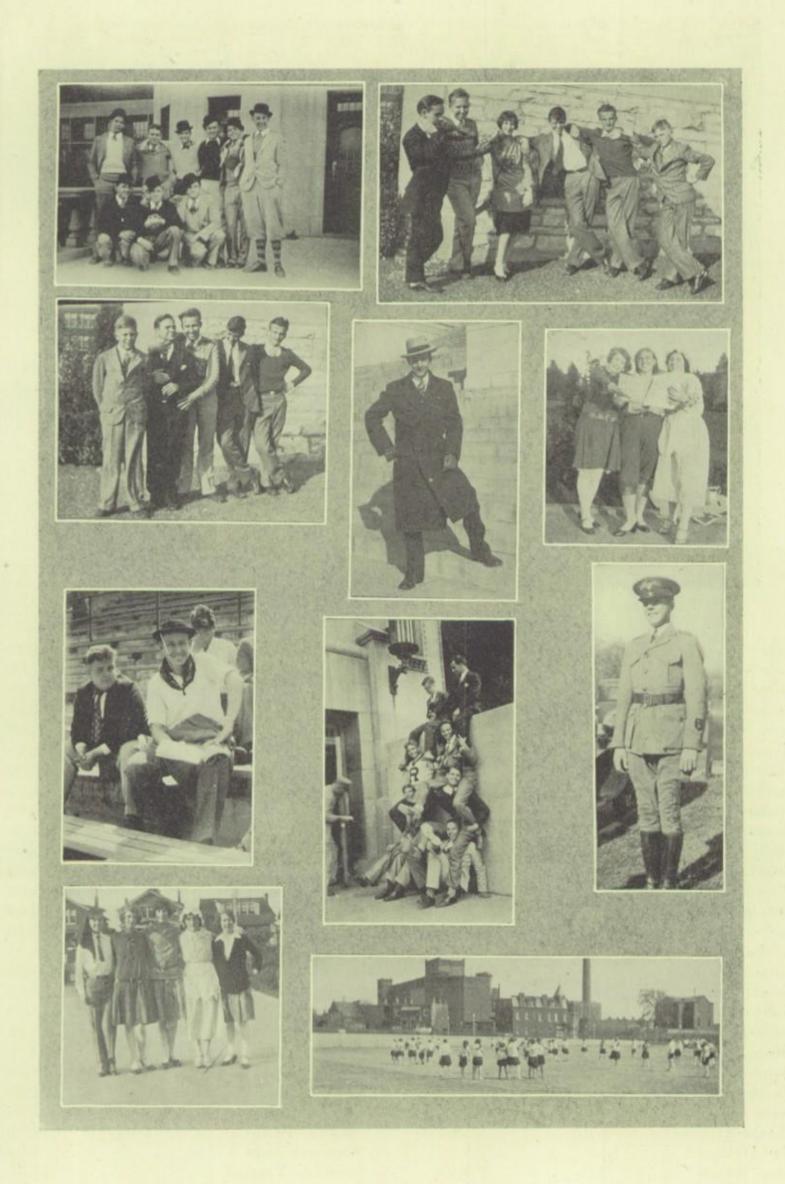
George Schriever—His posy (flower). Seniors—When do we graduate?

New Jay-When do we eat?

Mary Lou Dimand—The look in her eyes when she powders her nose.

Belmont Norris—He at least tries to stay awake.

Two Hundred Sixty



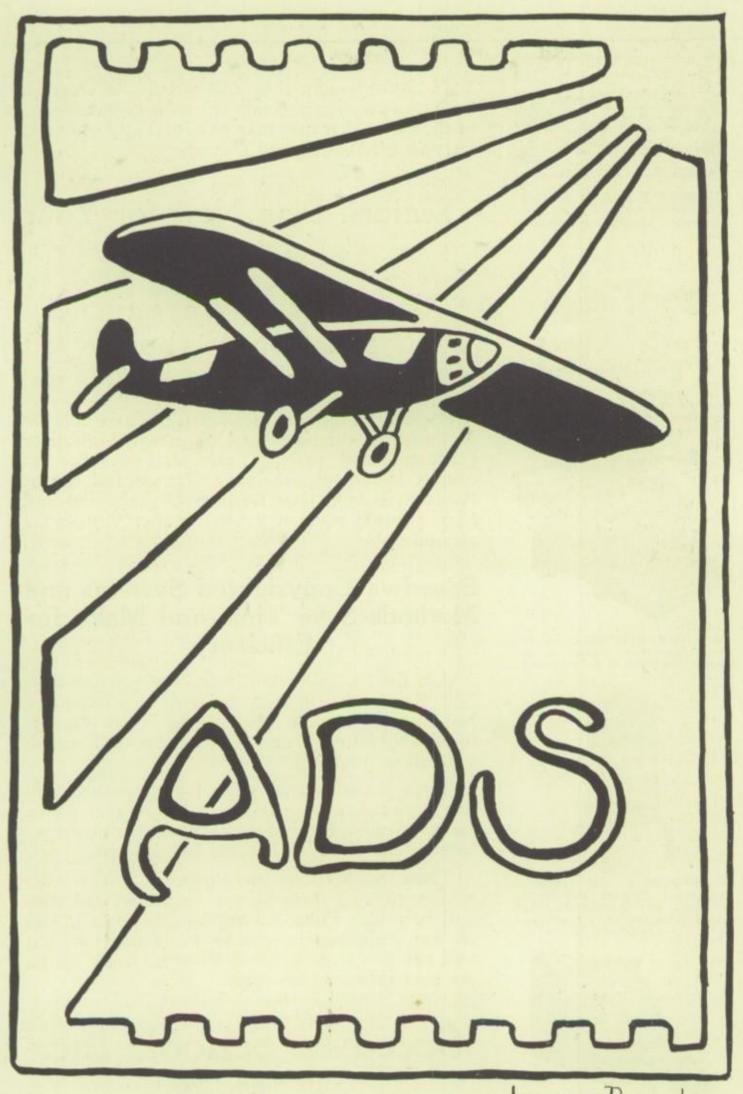
Two Hundred Sixty-one



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Freda Marie Degler	25.00	Baxter Pearson	5.00
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Two Hundred Sixty-two



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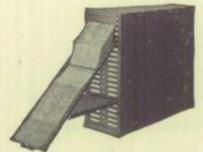
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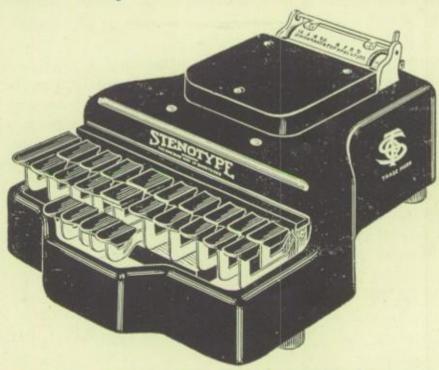
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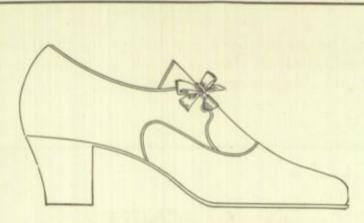
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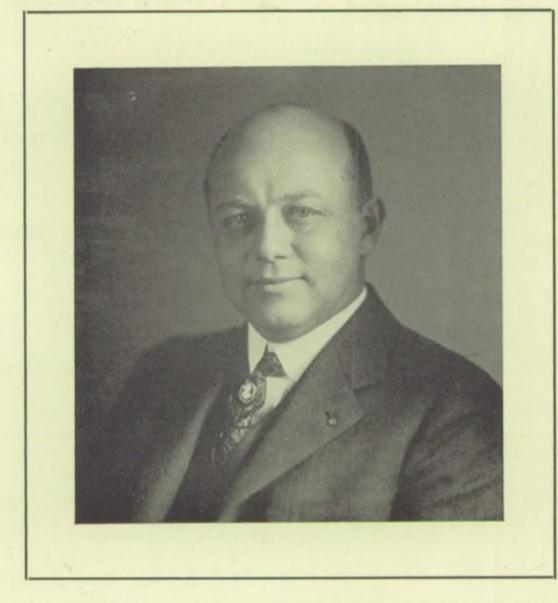
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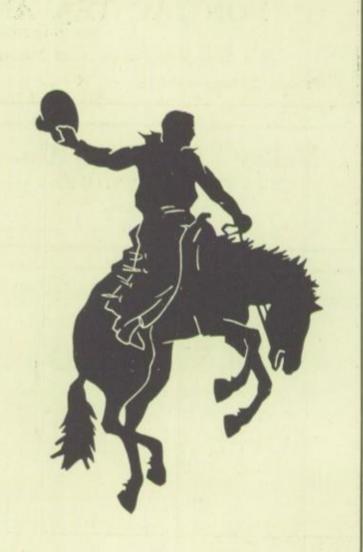


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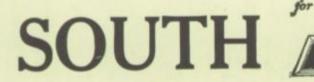
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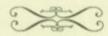
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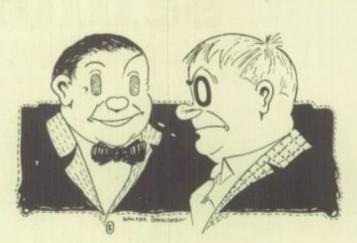
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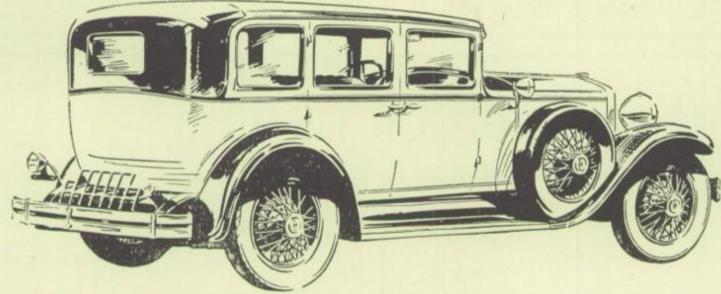
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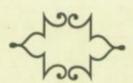
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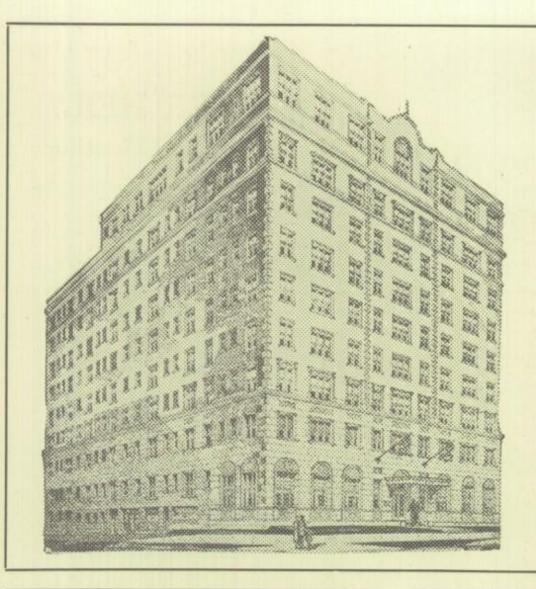
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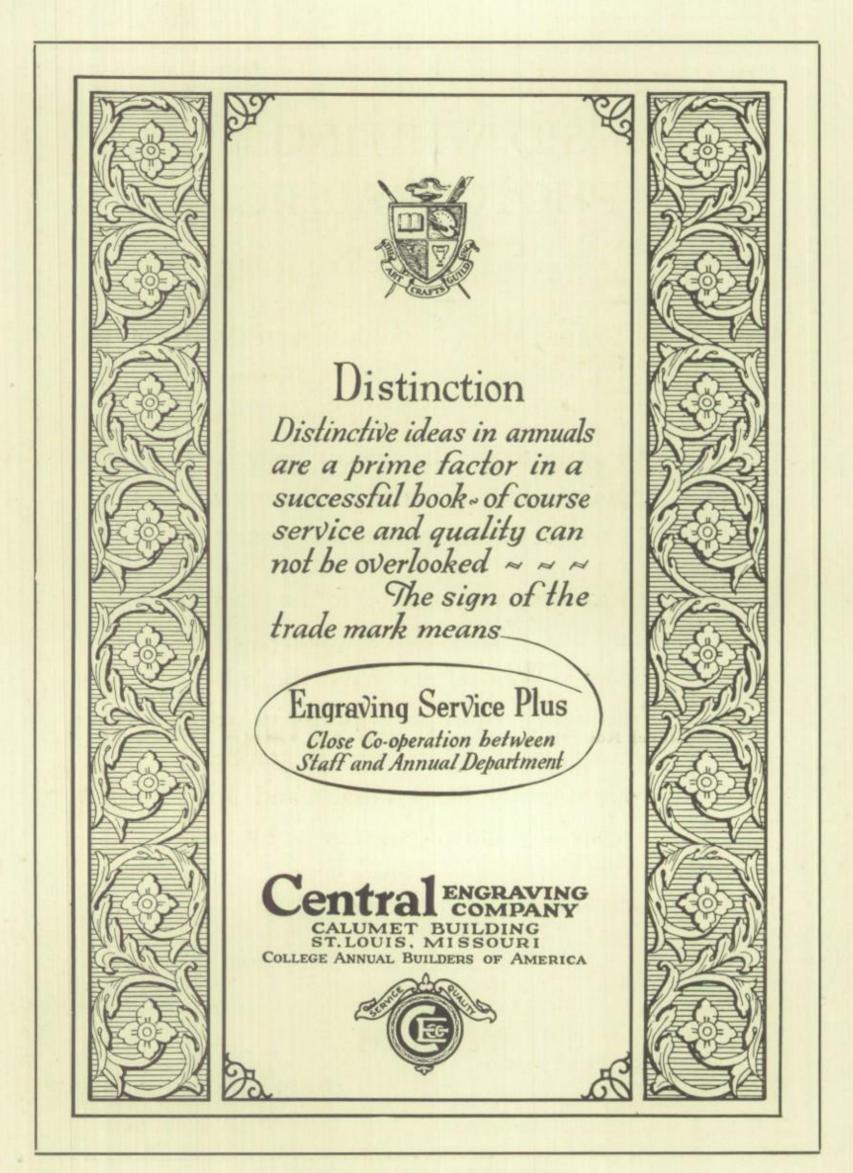
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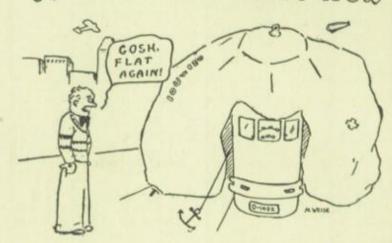
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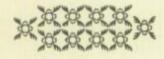
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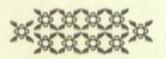
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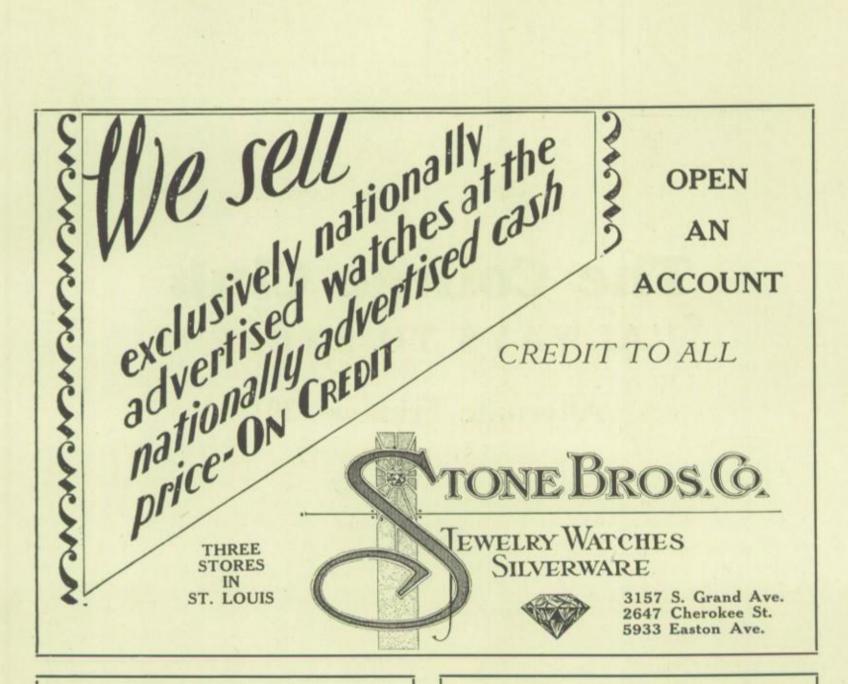
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JANUARY 12	BEAUMONT-CENTRAL
	SOLDAN-ROOSEVELT
JANUARY 19	ROOSEVELT-BEAUMONT
	CENTRAL-CLEVELAND
JANUARY 26	CENTRAL-SOLDAN
J	CLEVELAND-BEAUMONT
FEBRUARY 2	CLEVELAND-ROOSEVELT
LEDROPRI Z	BEAUMONT-SOLDAN
FEBRUARY 9	CENTRAL-ROOSEVELT
PEDRUARI 9	CLEVELAND-SOLDAN
FEBRUARY 16	ROOSEVELT-SOLDAN
LEDROART 10	CENTRAL-BEAUMONT
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